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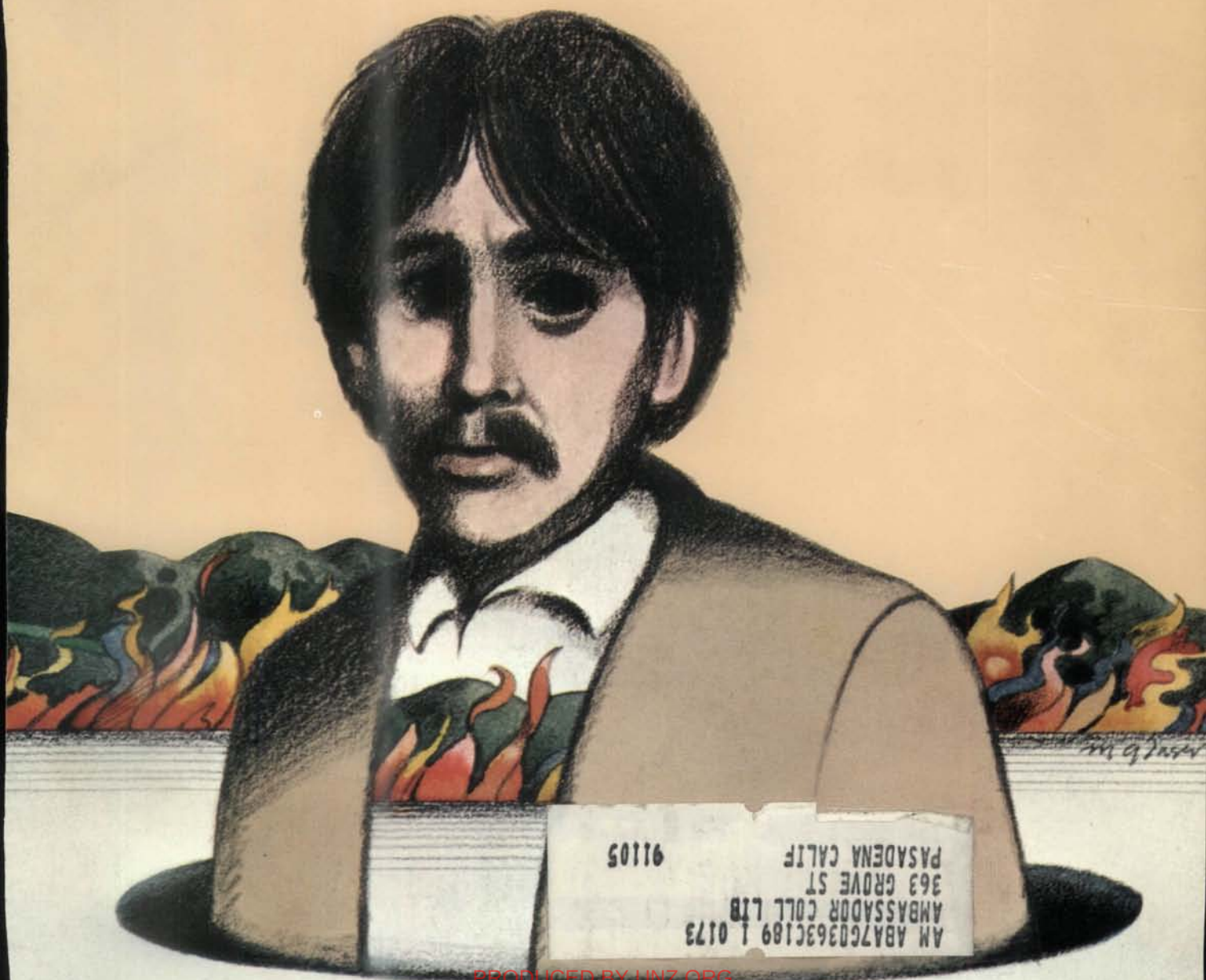
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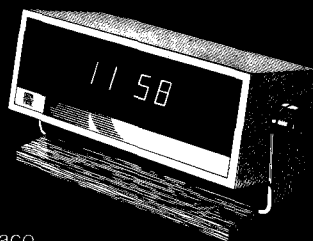
MONTHLY

HOME FROM THE WAR

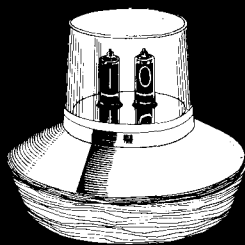
The Psychology of Survival by Robert Jay Lifton



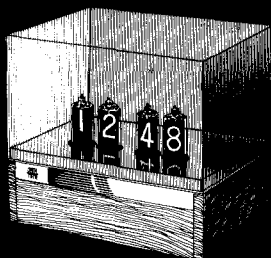




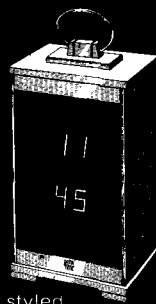
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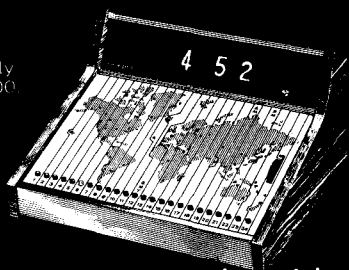
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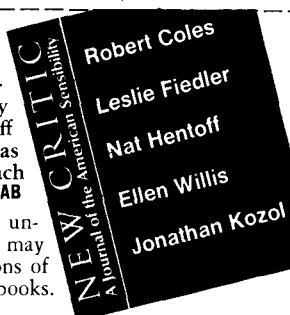
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surveillance problem or to let it be-
come a potential point on appeal
should Ellsberg and Russo be con-
victed.

Under the circumstances, the trial
could not proceed. The jury was put
"on leash" (the government's term)
for at least three months, a situation
unprecedented in the history of
American jurisprudence. Byrne
warned the jurors not to read or listen
to anything about the case during
that time, and then he and the de-
fense and prosecution settled back for
the same suspenseful wait. For the
time being at least, the long and pe-
culiar saga of the Pentagon Papers
was denied its next act.

—SANFORD J. UNGAR

PARIS

When they decreed the death of
the old market, Les Halles, in 1969,
they wiped out the belly of Paris.
Now they're after the heart.

"They" are those who insist that
the automobile is a viable mode of
mass transportation in a city that
boasts some of the most labyrinthine
streets in the Old World. "They" are
those who agree with President
Georges Pompidou's recent impera-
tive, "We must adapt Paris to the au-
tomobile and stop clinging to out-
moded aesthetic ideals."

The Ile de la Cité, where Paris was
born some two thousand years ago, is
the heart of the capital. Seat of tem-
poral authority in the Palais de Jus-
tice and spiritual authority in Notre
Dame Cathedral, the Cité seen from
the Left Bank is one of the most fa-
mous urban landscapes in the world.
In an effort to ease Paris' chronic traf-
fic situation, the French government
is planning to sacrifice that landscape
to the voracious appetite of the auto-
mobile. The construction of the Left
Bank expressway, a seven-mile rib-
bon of concrete snaking down the
Seine, will mutilate the Left Bank.
(The Right Bank has had its ex-
pressway since 1967.) The Seine will
then be lined on both sides by an
endless procession of cars adding
their exhaust fumes and roar to the
already congested center. The river
that gave birth to Paris will soon be
little more than a narrow canal be-
tween two expressways, and Notre
Dame an elaborate tollbooth at the
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The Airlines of America

The Shortest Distance Between People

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PENTAGON PAPERS

views, and two seemed to support President Nixon's conduct of American policy in Southeast Asia. Eight insisted that they held absolutely no opinion on the subject. Much the same profile was true of the six alternate jurors later selected, except that they included two Chicano women and a black man.

It is perhaps the essence of the American judicial system that juries, after hearing the evidence, may surprise their admirers and detractors; the "Chicago Seven" and Harrisburg conspiracy defendants had learned that lesson. But as the Pentagon Papers jury was sworn, the prosecution seemed elated and the defense discouraged. In theory, as Russo put it, "any twelve people should be able to acquit us." Ellsberg, on the other hand, admitted, "I did have a fantasy that there would be twelve people on the final jury who had read substantial portions of the Pentagon Papers."

The defendants, each thirsting for the opportunity to explain his moti-

vation and his personal conversion on the war from the witness stand, had come to envision the trial as a veritable seminar, an election-year reenactment of the painful debate over American policy in Southeast Asia. But it was not at all clear whether this jury was willing to cooperate in such an undertaking. Ellsberg's and Russo's lawyers began to reexamine their once confident strategy for defending the case.

Waiting game

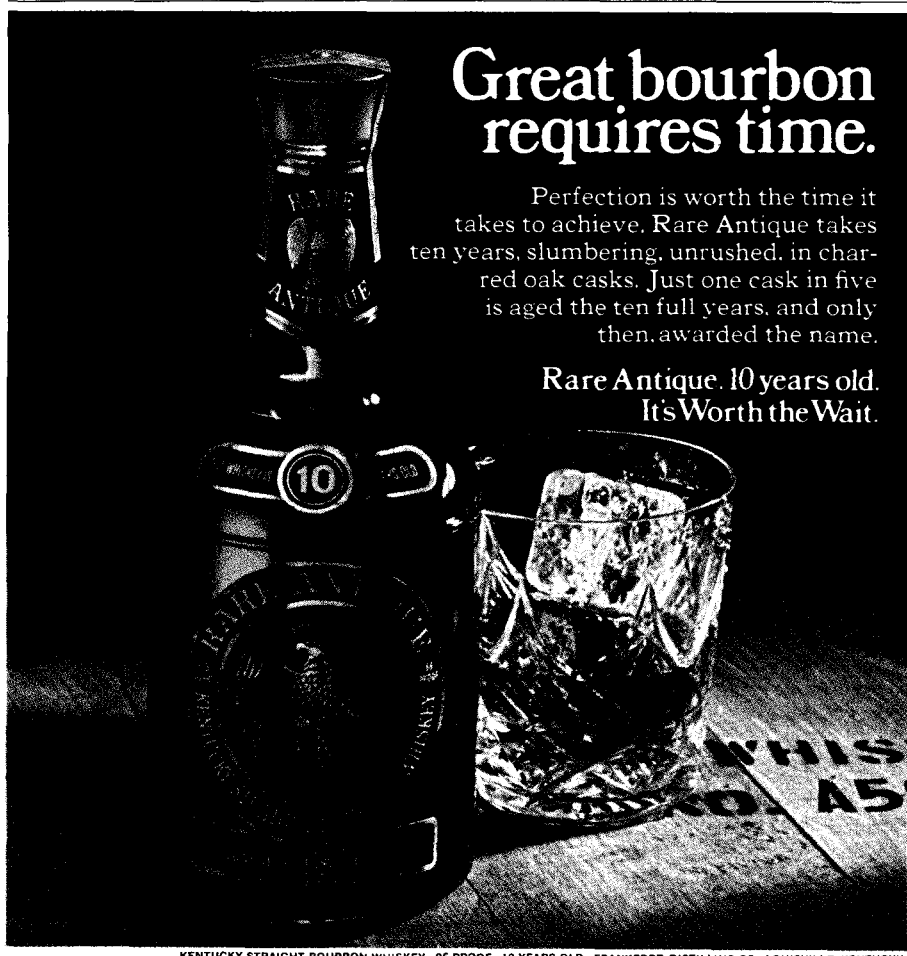
On the eve of the trial, with the jury finally chosen and already sworn, there came a bizarre interruption. After months of haggling over the issue of wiretapping, the prosecutors responded just one hour before their deadline to a unique order from the judge requiring disclosure of any electronic "overhearings" of sixteen defense attorneys and consultants (including several former government officials and anti-war activists who had been reading and analyzing the Papers for Ellsberg and Russo). According to Nissen's publicly filed affidavit, there had

been none, "except as may hereafter be disclosed to the court" in secret. Within an hour, the government made a private filing with the judge, revealing that one of the sixteen was overheard during a non-court-authorized wiretap installed on the order of the Attorney General on "foreign intelligence" grounds. The defense, learning of this secret filing, demanded full details and the opportunity to help determine whether the intercepted conversation could have any bearing on the case.

Byrne, after a private inspection of the electronic surveillance log, declared that the conversation at issue was "utterly without significance or relation in any way to this case" and "could not conceivably relate to the attorney-client privilege." He endorsed the prosecution's refusal to reveal who on the defense staff had been overheard (informed speculation later centered on Boudin, who is the American attorney for the governments of Chile and Cuba), and ordered that the trial proceed.

The defense, however, seizing upon the mysterious wiretapping revelation as a possible opportunity to expand the rights of criminal defendants under the Fourth and Sixth Amendments, obtained a stay from the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit. A three-judge panel quickly heard the appeal on its merits and upheld Byrne's decision. Although the defendants themselves were not at all sure that they approved, Ellsberg's and Russo's lawyers then went to Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, pulling him out of a cocktail party at a judicial conference in Pasadena. Douglas ordered both sides to follow him to Yakima, Washington, near his mountain retreat in Goose Prairie, for a hearing the next day.

After pondering the matter overnight, the justice ruled that "the powerful electronic ear of the government" might have heard too much. He said that the trial must stop until the full Supreme Court could decide whether to take the defense appeal over wiretapping. Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold tried but failed to get the Court to convene in special session to consider immediately setting aside the stay granted by Douglas. The Court replied that in due course, but only then, the justices would decide whether to hold up the trial for a solution of the electronic



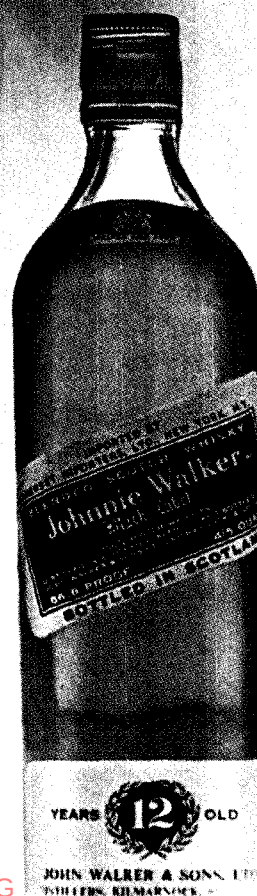
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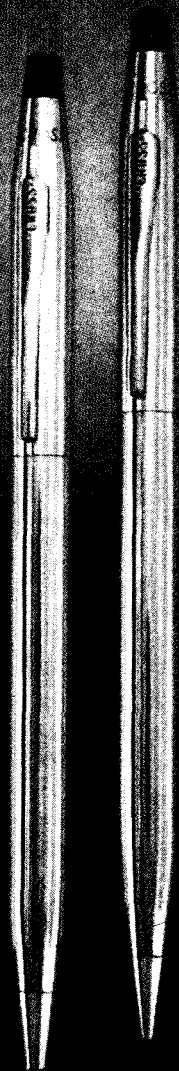
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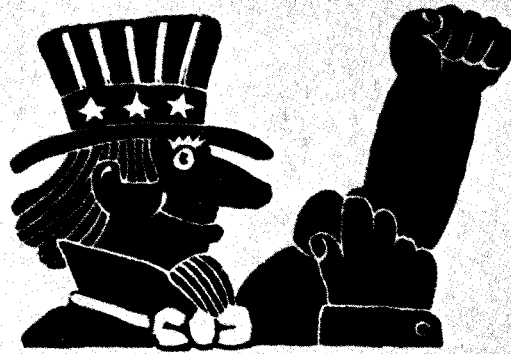
firm: "not very demanding." He said he subscribed to no magazines because he did not like to get onto "lists." He was the only person in the one hundred who said that he had even read "fractions" of the Pentagon Papers, where he found "revelations that I was not aware of. . . . I felt sort of had as a citizen—you know, duped. I felt that I was misled as an American citizen. . . . Certain things were done or said or told that were not true." Pressed by the judge, he finally acknowledged that "I would find it very hard, regardless of the evidence, to punish someone that severely for something that I felt was justified."

Travers was dismissed for cause, on the judge's own motion. Mrs. Baldwin was eliminated on a peremptory challenge by the defense, Mrs. Sirois on a peremptory challenge by the prosecution.

Altogether, the defense had fourteen peremptory challenges to exercise and the prosecution six. Nissen used his to excuse the mothers of draft-age sons, relatively young people who said they were against the American war effort, and when the jury seemed to him to be getting overwhelmingly female, other women. The defense picked off some of the oldest members of the panel, those who seemed enthusiastic about the war, men with military backgrounds or defense jobs, women from such families, those deemed too assertive of their ability to be "fair and impartial" as demanded by the judge, and presumably others whose mouths were tightly closed. Only a few people, including two whom Judge Byrne felt were too thoroughly "indoctrinated" about the security classification system, were excused for cause.

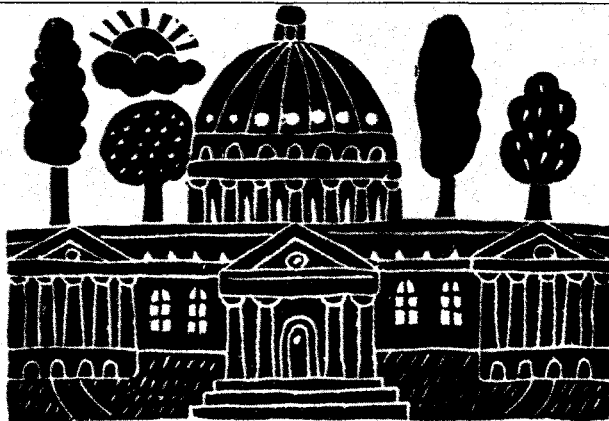
The process ultimately placed a low premium on awareness and provided a reward, a spot on the jury, for relative ignorance of the Pentagon Papers controversy. The impaneled jury included eight women and four men of an average age well over fifty. Eleven were whites and one a Japanese-American. There were no college graduates, and none of the jurors had read any of the Papers in the more than a year that they had been public. Two expressed mild antiwar

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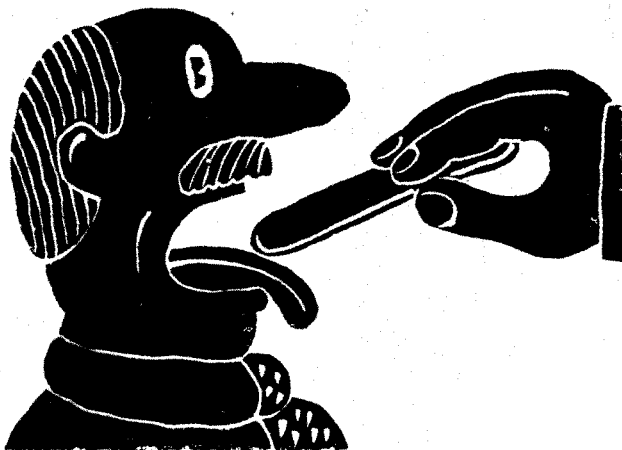
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PENTAGON PAPERS

tising woman who rented them a Xerox machine; and Vu Van Thai, the former South Vietnamese Ambassador to Washington who was a close confidant of Ellsberg's; "conspiring to defraud the United States" of its "lawful" governmental function of controlling the distribution of material stamped "classified."

The assumption was that the summary would be sufficiently understood by everyone to form the basis for answers to specific questions later. Mrs. Goldstein complained subsequently, however, that she, and presumably many of the others who knew less about the case, found the summary incomprehensible. She felt that the judge had not adequately "explained the accusations" against the defendants.

According to the chatter in the jury assembly room of the courthouse when the veniremen first arrived, "all you have to do is say you've got a vacation planned or say you're biased and you can get excused." About two dozen people did stand up in reaction to Byrne's initial questions on those points; and after offering a perfunctory explanation of the nature of their vacation plans or the seriousness of their bias, they were promptly dismissed. The rest, most of them ostensibly anxious to be selected or, more properly stated, to avoid elimination—settled in for as long as three weeks while the voir dire proceeded.

About sixteen at a time, they were summoned to the jury box, first for group questioning and then, each out of the presence of all others, for individual interrogation. The delays were long and tedious. One group, tired of games of pinochle and hearts, spent its excess energy marching around the table in the tiny jury room.

One thing that became clear early in the process was that most potential jurors, despite the judge's protestations to the contrary, did associate the charges against Ellsberg and Russo with newspaper publication of the Pentagon Papers. If they had ever heard of Ellsberg at all, it was during June, 1971, or since that time. The careful wording of the indictment notwithstanding, they could perhaps be excused for that impression. Although the prosecutors labored to structure the affair as a simple,

straightforward criminal case unrelated to freedom of the press or embarrassment of the federal bureaucracy, the fact was that the original indictment against Ellsberg was returned while the Supreme Court was still deliberating whether to restrain the newspapers from publishing. And when the trial went forward, the jurors would also learn that although nine months before the Papers first appeared in the *New York Times* the FBI had investigated Ellsberg for taking them from the Rand Corporation, the Justice Department did nothing with that information until June, 1971.

Most perplexing to Ellsberg's and Russo's attorneys, as time went on, was the extent to which the men and women provided an accurate reflection of the population and the economy of Southern California. A substantial majority had close and sustained relationships with the American military establishment, and many depended for their livelihood on defense plants in the Los Angeles area. There was, for example, Richard Grunenwald, who had had access to secret documents for at least ten years and felt that the entire case involved "a breach of security"; Richard G. Duenkel, who had served as a radio operator with the National Security Agency while in the Air Force and now worked for Lockheed; Dorothy J. Berkey, a housewife whose husband had been with North American Rockwell for twenty-two years and was helping develop the new B-1 bomber; and Elizabeth H. McNamara, wife of the president of North American Rockwell's space division, which received the contract for the new space shuttle while she was sitting in the jury box.

Boudin erupted with the complaint that the trial was taking on overtones of a court-martial. As he left the courthouse one evening, he sputtered that it might be necessary to file an eleventh-hour motion for a change of venue. Instead, the defense raised a blanket challenge for cause against all persons who had ever held government security clearances. Byrne ruled against the defense, saying, in effect, that Ellsberg and Russo would have to deal with the military-industrial complex through their peremptory challenges.

Relatively few prospective jurors seemed to be avid followers of the

news. Those who subscribed to a daily newspaper generally said that they did not read it very carefully. Frances Morgan, a retired supermarket checker and recent widow of a sheet-metal worker, assured the court in a good-humored aside that she never believes what she reads in the papers anyway. A number who got their information from television said that they rely upon George Putnam, a conservative Los Angeles commentator who not only avidly supports American policy in Southeast Asia but also urges a similar active effort in the Middle East.

Rewarding ignorance

There were, inevitably, some individuals who spoke up eloquently, providing dramatic courtroom examples of Americana and of the war's impact upon society.

Jan Sirois, a twenty-four-year-old divorced mother of two from a military family, said that the only publication she ever read was *Hairdo* magazine, a supplement to studies at a beauticians' school. Her brother had served with the CIA in Vietnam, she revealed; but she insisted upon her ability to disregard his opinion or that of her father, who "has strong feelings on things like secrecy at the top." Just as she was leaving the courtroom after her second round of individual questioning, she blurted out, "I think a person who has access, if they find something wrong, they have a moral obligation and should let the public know. . . ."

Frieda H. Baldwin smiled broadly and spoke sweetly, if clumsily. She was a nighttime supermarket worker who said that she had been held up at gunpoint on the job several times. Because she had raised four children of her own plus several others, she said she had no time to read anything in the newspapers except "the funnies and 'Dear Abby' and 'The Trouleshooters.'" Her favorite on television was Lawrence Welk. Was she troubled over the fact that her son's closest friend had died in action in Vietnam? "We are quite a religious family," she explained. "If he was supposed to have gone, he would have gone, whether here or over there."

Carl Travers, an émigré from San Francisco, had a simple description for his job with a market research

ing to do with the newspapers or with the merits of American policy in Vietnam. "This is not politics, this is a lawsuit," he would warn repeatedly.

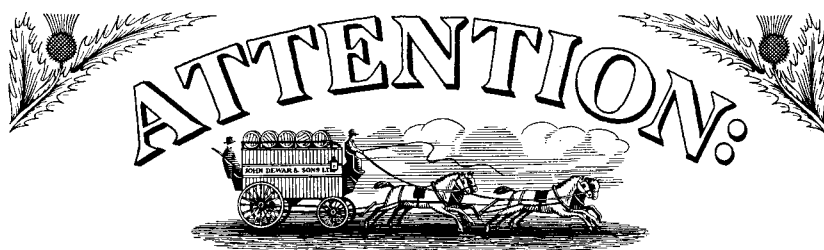
Supported only halfheartedly by Ellsberg's side of the defense (Ellsberg himself did not even bother coming to court while it was being argued), Russo's lawyers mounted a full-scale attack on the jury selection system in the U.S. District Court for the Central District of California. They complained that students, minorities, and those with little education and low income were systematically excluded from jury duty.

The defense's data were weak, its statistical analysis sloppy; its definition of "youth" mysteriously drew the line at twenty-nine. Spared the necessity and embarrassment of repudiating a system established by his chief judge, Byrne ruled against the jury selection challenge. He also refused a novel defense suggestion that the jurors be permitted to pose their own questions to witnesses, something that Russo's chief counsel, Leonard I. Weinglass, said was necessary to give them a full sense of "participation" in the trial.

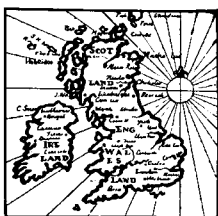
"Military atmosphere"

The opening day of jury selection was like a nightmare for the Ellsberg-Russo defense. The one hundred people who filed into the cavernous courtroom past deputy U.S. marshals and signs warning that they might be searched—"a military atmosphere," complained Boudin—seemed to vindicate the unsuccessful jury challenge. They were overwhelmingly middle-aged, middle-class whites. There was a scattering of Mexican-Americans and but four blacks in the group. As if to rub in their statistical underrepresentation, the four blacks were among the last twelve persons randomly summoned to the jury box for questioning during the voir dire.

Initially, the judge read to the group a summary of the complex fifteen-count indictment, every comma of which had been fought over by the prosecution and defense. The summary purported to explain in simple language that Ellsberg and Russo were charged with keeping eighteen volumes of a government study back in 1969; passing it without authority to "persons not entitled to receive" it (each other; Lynda Sinay, the adver-



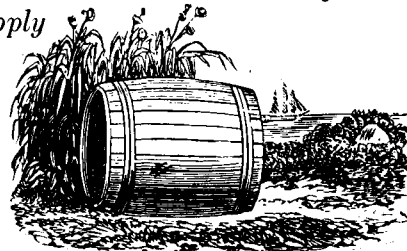
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each person. The questions were grouped into categories and intended to probe such areas as the "juror's attitudes toward acts of conscience": "Is it ever justifiable, in your opinion, for an individual to refuse to go along with the actions of his government as a matter of conscience, while that government is engaged in military conflict?" "Do you believe it is ever justifiable for an American citizen to break the law?" "Do you believe the Boston Tea Party was a justifiable act?" "Do you believe it was correct for many Americans to help free black slaves prior to the Civil War even though it was against the law at that time?" "Do you believe that Jesus Christ was justified in throwing the money changers out of the temple by force?"

Another category sought to probe "attitudes toward authority": "Do you believe that overpermissiveness on the part of parents and schools contributes to the breakdown of order in the country?" "Do you believe that the revival of capital punishment in California would contribute toward reducing the crime rate in the state?" "Do you think prison administrators should take into consideration the views of the inmate population in determining prison policy?"

Others dealt with the media: "Do you believe that a free and independent press is essential to the proper functioning of a democracy?" "Do you believe the government of the United States should have the right to censor the news?"

Byrne was irritated by the defense's forty-four pages of proposed questions, and he refused to ask any except the basic ones about the prospective juror's background, job, and military experience, and whether he had ever been a juror or the victim of a crime. Since both sides wanted it, he also queried each prospective juror about his or her views on the war.

The defense often came up with additional questions that it wanted posed to particular jurors. Typically, the judge would reject the request, but on his own initiative later would begin asking the same questions of others summoned to the jury box.

From the start, the prosecution weighed in with its own nonnegotiable demands. Insisting that the

press had cooperated with Ellsberg and Russo to distort the meaning and substance of the case, the Justice Department demanded that Byrne correct any "false impressions" among the jurors that it had something to do with, among other things, "newspaper publication of the stolen documents in the summer of 1971, freedom of the press, and the public's right to know . . . the morality, course and conduct of the U.S. military in Vietnam . . . Congress' right to, and demand for, the documents and the Executive's refusal to furnish them . . . defendants' motives, purposes and goals." The jury must be alerted in advance, it was argued, that the Ellsberg-Russo trial had nothing to do with those subjects, with the Supreme Court's decision in June, 1971, to permit newspaper publication of the Papers, or indeed with the Pentagon's own eventual declassification and publication of most of the historical study's contents.

Nissen's team also urged that every prospective juror be quizzed on whether he believes "that the use of military force to oppose Communist conquest is wrong," on whether any friends or relatives belong to the American Civil Liberties Union, and on what his personal reading habits are. The prosecution said that it was especially on the lookout for readers of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *The Atlantic*, *Saturday Review*, *Look*, *Harper's*, *Esquire*, and *Ramparts*, because all had published material dealing with the Papers.

In addition, the government asked that the defendants and their lawyers be prospectively banned from mentioning in open court, without specific permission in advance, such matters as "any so-called public right to know . . . any opinion, assessment or evaluation of United States military involvement in the war in Vietnam, or of the responsibility or guilt of any individuals, groups or nations in connection with such involvement . . . leaked disclosures of other government documents by other persons . . . allegations of impropriety in the investigation, including issuance of search warrants, subpoenas, questioning of defendants' friends or relatives before the grand jury."

Byrne refused to place restrictions on what the defense could discuss in court, but he agreed to caution each potential juror that the trial had noth-

PENTAGON PAPERS

to the public like a controversial, notorious, even exciting one. To many prospective jurors it would seem the opportunity for a brush with fame and publicity. This was the kind of jury on which all but the most timid or nervous among those who were called seemed eager to serve.

Musical chairs

The defense attorneys, so numerous that they had to take care not to stumble over each other while playing musical chairs at the defense table, insisted that the only way to select a fair jury would be to allow defense and prosecuting attorneys to participate personally in the voir dire, the process by which each venireman is questioned to elicit information about his background and attitudes. They repeatedly pressed Judge Byrne to permit them to interrogate the prospective jurors.

Standard practice in the federal courts is for the judge to conduct the voir dire himself. But, as Ellsberg's chief counsel, Leonard B. Boudin, often reminded Byrne, Judge R. Dixon Herman had only recently departed from that procedure in the Harrisburg conspiracy case. As a result, five weeks were spent in picking the Harrisburg jury.

Herman's indulgence was exactly what Byrne, a brand-new judge with obvious concern about judicial efficiency, intended not to emulate. With a characteristic glance at the clock, he estimated before the start of questioning on July 10, no doubt wishfully, that a jury could be selected in perhaps three days.

That estimate dropped the jaws of even the three prosecutors, led by David R. Nissen. A slight, dapper man, he achieved his reputation for toughness while handling racketeering cases for Byrne when the judge was United States Attorney in Los Angeles. As the federal courts have increasingly become a forum for political issues over the past several years, and have been used for criminal cases testing the limits and styles of dissent and protest against national policy, jury selection has developed into a complex and sophisticated process.

Prosecution and defense attorneys

generally find out in advance far more about the individuals summoned for jury duty in such cases than they tell about themselves from the jury box during voir dire. For example, federal prosecutors have the increasingly computerized resources of the FBI at their command. In California it is a simple matter for the defense to learn each juror's party registration, when he voted, and whether he ever signed referendum petitions on such issues as the death penalty, pollution control, and open housing.

Sometimes both sides case the prospective jurors' neighborhoods and find out how and with whom they spend their spare time. During jury selection in the Pentagon Papers case, Ellsberg's and Russo's attorneys discovered that one man, eliminated from the panel, was "probably gay." Another was peremptorily excused by the defense, despite his avid complaint during voir dire that while in the service he saw many documents classified which should not have been, because a background investigation portrayed him as a "Gold-water type."

As each new group of veniremen

was called to the jury box, staff from each side—FBI agents and members of the defense "law commune"—nearly collided with each other as they scurried in and out of the courtroom to assemble information for the lawyers. Aware that the jury which acquitted Angela Davis in a California state court had been selected with the help of a panel of black psychologists sitting in the courtroom, the Ellsberg-Russo defense brought in psychiatrists to watch from the audience and sort out the people they considered authoritarian personalities from those who seemed to be soft-hearted souls. One lawyer for Russo was offered this guideline by a San Francisco area psychological consultant: "If all else fails, watch the mouth—if it is closed and tight, reject; if it is irregular and open, take the juror."

Twenty questions

The defense, frustrated in its attempt to quiz the jurors directly, was also relying on information that might be adduced by a list of 268 questions it wanted the judge to ask



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willing to try busing . . ." the young have quickly and repeatedly assumed the initiative. A press conference was called by a senior high school's student government to refute rumors that blacks continually harassed and intimidated whites. At a junior high, eighth-graders regularly intervene if a racial scuffle seems imminent. A series of seminars and discussions for student leaders did much to make the second year of desegregation more harmonious than the first; the third should be even quieter. Still, a principal whose school has had no violence says, "I'll be glad when we get back to worrying about the curriculum rather than how we're going to keep everyone in the classroom."

Just before commencement march last June, a woman's advice to a line of graduates was, "Don't cry." That prompted a girl, later writing an essay on her experiences with busing, to ask, "Cry? About what? I felt very unsentimental in comparison to those who had described to me their own feelings of loneliness and sadness at leaving so much behind at graduations past."

Widespread change has taken place in Charlotte's educational system, from the obvious addition of better playground equipment at schools that were once all black to the subtle new mood of solemnity articulated by a graduating senior. The worst seems to be past. Some four thousand parents are actively involved as teacher's aides. As classes grow more accustomed to busing and desegregation and move upward, they gain stability.

Nonetheless, Charlotte's progress proves little about busing in cities substantially larger, cities where the school system is not so good, cities afflicted with more severe racial tensions. A simplistic interpretation of busing in Charlotte was propounded when an Associated Press reporter quoted a member of the Community Relations Committee: "If it can work here," read the widely printed article, "it can work anywhere in the nation."

What the man, a liberal, actually said was, "If it can work anywhere, it can work in Charlotte. Some cities are going to have a terrible time with it; and because busing has so many disadvantages to begin with, I just can't see it becoming the uniform policy on desegregation across the country."

It would also be incorrect to think that total desegregation is fully and unanimously accepted in Charlotte. No, the discontented are still there, encouraged by President Nixon's antibusing speech in March, listening to congressional proposals in September.

On the third floor of a building in downtown Charlotte is the office of Julius Chambers, the civil rights attorney who prosecuted *Swann v. Mecklenburg*. A short and bespectacled man, undaunted by a firebomb which destroyed his office, he too watches the antibusing agitation in the high places of government. Leaning back in his swivel-based leather chair, he ponders a question about the future of busing. "What you are asking," he says, "is whether the schools in the South are going to have desegregation. I'm not any kind of prophet. But if they are to be desegregated, meaningfully, there will have to be transportation. Buses."

It is late on a Friday afternoon, his staff has departed, and Chambers himself is weary. For a moment he is silent.

"There is," he says, "a growing respect, small though it may be, between black kids and white kids, an appreciation for each other as humans. If you look beyond the lawsuits, the court decisions, the protesters' debates, all of it, that's what you find—that growing respect. To me, it's worth anything."

—FRANK BARROWS

THE PENTAGON PAPERS TRIAL

"When a juror says he's going to be fair, he doesn't really know if he is," observes Marie Goldstein with a long sigh. She is something of a newly self-discovered expert on the subject. After sitting for several days as a tentative juror in the Pentagon Papers trial in Los Angeles, she became the first person excused for cause by U.S. District Court Judge W. Matt Byrne, Jr. What did her in was the frank admission that if she were not a juror in the case, she would have "definite sympathy" for the defendants, Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo.

Mrs. Goldstein was disappointed to be dismissed so quickly. "I think I ought to be able to be a good juror,"

she says with a trace of good-citizen indignation. So willing, indeed enthusiastic, was she to serve that she had decided to give up a scheduled vacation trip to Japan if she were chosen for the final panel. She would have preferred to be the object of a peremptory challenge by the government prosecutors (peremptories require no statement of reasons and are merely an indication of each side's preferences and prejudices) rather than a declaration by the judge, in effect, that she was unfit to serve. Reflecting on the experience, she acknowledged that "I did it to myself by what I said. . . . But then my husband [a doctor in Pomona, thirty-three miles east of Los Angeles] said maybe this was just my subconscious way of telling them I could not be a good juror."

There was, in fact, no chance that Mrs. Goldstein might have had to forgo her trip to Japan for jury duty. Had she not been the first potential juror eliminated for cause, she would surely have been the government's first peremptory choice. What she "did to herself" was to reveal that her daughter demonstrated at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago, that she herself had a college degree in economics, that she supports George McGovern for President, and that she has a draft-age son (with Selective Service lottery number 10, although that fact never surfaced). For a murder, rape, burglary, or personal injury case, she would be fine; but not for this case.

Although Judge Byrne and various lawyers on both sides would insist from time to time, when it was useful for the point they were trying to make, that the case must be treated just like any other one in every respect, jury selection for the Ellsberg-Russo trial posed some very special problems. Inevitably political, the Pentagon Papers case is a decisive test of the federal government's capacity to control the disclosure of information stamped "secret," of an individual's right to defy the security classification system, and at least peripherally, of the press's ability to rely on "leaks" in government circles.

Neither the prosecution nor the defense was about to let onto the jury anyone who seemed to share ideological bonds with the other side. The problems were complicated, doubtless, by the fact that the case looked



Catherine Deneuve for Chanel

SCHOOL BUSING

the school board's unwillingness to do so. At one of the dozens of antibusing rallies held in school auditoriums, an ex-soldier said, "I served in Korea, I served in Vietnam, and I'll serve in Charlotte if I need to."

"The important thing"

Staging those rallies, dispatching envoys to Washington to plead Charlotte's case before selected congressmen, and accumulating eighty thousand signatures on antibusing petitions was the task of a new organization, the Concerned Parents Association (CPA). Not all its supporters were racist; many of the stoutest of liberal consciences were put to the test by busing. Some CPA supporters didn't care for the inconvenience of busing; some were afraid that their children would be exposed to the crime and drugs of the ghetto; some resented judicial interference with a school system which as early as 1966 was able to boast that every student was taught, at one time or another, by an instructor of another race. Nevertheless, the CPA's rabid emotionalism had the sound and feel of racism, and its rhetoric was an exacerbating and divisive force, offering its backers the ill-founded hope that the Supreme Court would reverse *Swann v. Mecklenburg* and bring to an end the busing that began in September, 1970. "Though we were busing," says Self, "the city was not committed to the program. Many felt it would be over with as soon as the Supreme Court ruled."

The CPA's influence began to diminish even before news of the Court's landmark decision, validating busing so long as the distances to be traveled are reasonable, flashed onto teletype machines at Charlotte's radio stations one afternoon in April, 1971. After their planned boycott fell short of predictions, even CPA spokesmen began to send their children to school during the second week of that first semester of busing. Throughout Charlotte over the next several months, obstinacy mellowed into resignation. A woman who had been involved in the planning of private classes to circumvent busing chose instead to allow the public schools a trial. "It hasn't upset my child like I

expected," she said. "And though I'm surprised to hear myself saying this, I think in years to come, we'll see that it's something that had to be done." A beleaguered CPA fund raiser was told by another mother, "I wouldn't care if they bused my children to South Carolina, I'm so tired of it all." EDUCATION IS THE IMPORTANT THING lapel buttons popped up across the city.

The CPA, a single-issue political phenomenon, shrank and split into factions, finally dropping from sight. Later, although three of the CPA's antibusing candidates were elected to the school board, one of them, William Booe, went so far as to write a letter to the editor, pleading for less emotionalism on the subject of school bus safety.

Minor breakdowns and delays, chiefly in the older vehicles hurriedly pressed into use to double the school system's transportation capacity, are not at all uncommon; but the 47,000 students who ride buses each morning and afternoon are accustomed to rattles and squeaks. The steering and braking mechanisms are kept in good repair, and serious accidents are exceptionally rare.

The buses operate under a now stabilized plan in which every white school district has a corresponding satellite district in a black community. Basically, of the 25 percent of the students who are bused solely for desegregation, black children in grades one through four are taken to white neighborhoods, and white fifth- and sixth-graders are carried to predominantly black areas. With six elementary schools feeding two junior high schools, which in turn supply a single senior high school, a pupil can tell from the day he enters the system where he will attend classes in any given year.

It is sheer fiction to depict the school bus as a gloomy yellow dungeon on wheels. The average one-way trip takes only thirty-five minutes. Some drivers throw picnics for their passengers, and mothers often realize that eight-year-olds would rather ride home boisterously aboard the bus than meet the family station wagon in front of the school.

Elementary school teachers report that slow learners are becoming increasingly competitive and inquisitive and that white-black barriers are virtually nonexistent. It is in the high

schools, where the races tend to segregate themselves purposely in classroom and cafeteria, that major obstacles are yet to be overcome. For instance, as achievement tests show, students in all-black schools can fall four semesters behind those who attend desegregated classes; and once they reach adolescence, many are unable to catch up. Educationally thwarted, some develop discipline problems. Tension multiplies when a black feels that he is slighted in extra-curricular activities because he must get on a bus immediately after the dismissal bell rings; when a white resents attending a high school other than the one in his neighborhood to which he developed an allegiance; when the charged atmosphere leads an oversensitive student to interpret a teacher's careless words as racist comment.

Such human variables also enabled three black girls, participating in a panel discussion of busing, to conclude that it had brought the races closer and fostered brotherhood, while a fourth shouted, "Like hell it has."

"Worth anything"

Disturbances, large and small, have flared at most of Charlotte's junior and senior high schools. A riot which swept across one campus a year ago especially underscored the point that racial progress is not without setbacks.

Located in the city's plush southeastern section, Myers Park High School has long been the flagship of Charlotte's educational system, known for its legions of National Merit Scholars and All-State quarterbacks. During the spring of 1971, when violence struck several other schools, Myers Park's student body had spontaneously trooped to its football stadium for a singing, clapping, swaying demonstration of interracial unity. But one day last fall, fighting broke out on the Myers Park campus. Before it was quelled by police, twenty-two persons had been injured and sixty-eight windows smashed.

To a heartening extent, though, students have striven to make the revolution work. From the night a high school boy took the floor at an early CPA meeting and, speaking through a barrage of catcalls, said, "We'd be

first time fly to Charlotte and seek to use it as a primer. The best concise answer to their questions that can be given at the school system's headquarters is that busing is working slightly better than its opponents feared, not quite as well as its backers hoped, and considering the furor of the last three years, probably as smoothly as could be expected.

The Education Center two blocks from downtown Charlotte was among the targets of picketers who took to the streets almost as soon as U.S. District Court Judge James McMillan's original desegregation order was announced in April, 1969. Just on the other side of the skyline of high-rise bank buildings lies the black community, the city's teeming northwestern quarter. Essentially, after lengthy hearings, McMillan ruled that discriminatory laws enforced by local government had concentrated most of the black population in a single section, that a dual system had been maintained because integration had not been actively sought (42 percent of the schools were, for all intents and purposes, segregated), and that busing could be used to correct the educational inequities.

The decision set off a sociological earthquake. Sign-carrying crowds gathered at the U.S. post office and courthouse, on the lawn of McMillan's home, and in front of the *Charlotte Observer*, a newspaper which had staunchly supported busing until the economic effect of a drop in circulation caused a tempering of its position. Groups of all sizes, from the Queen City Jaycees to the Classroom Teachers Association, came out against busing, as did the vocal school board chairman, William Poe, whose intransigence was primarily responsible for the system's inability to comply with the court order or to draw up a workable desegregation plan of its own. Ultimately a plan was blueprinted by a court-appointed educational expert.

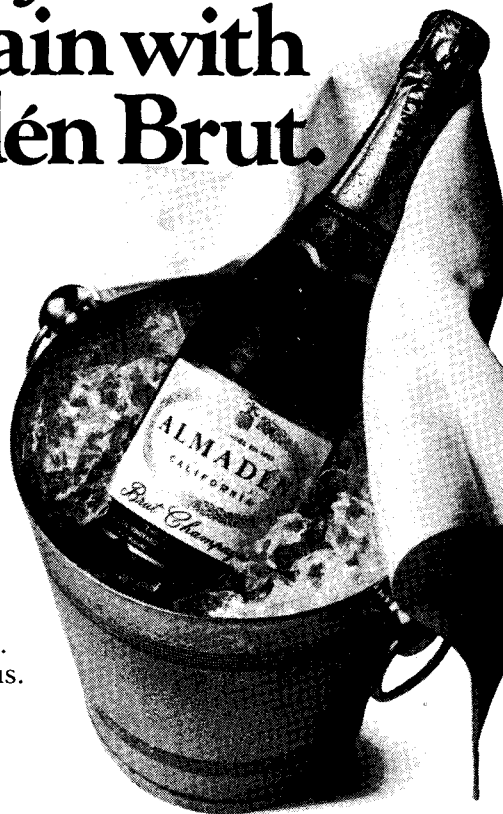
Ministers denounced busing from the pulpit. The *Charlotte News* condemned McMillan—a successful local lawyer, a pillar of the community for twenty-two years before he rose to the federal bench in 1968—on its editorial pages. Poe launched a blistering face-to-face attack against school superintendent William Self, who found himself caught between a judge's mandate to desegregate and

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SCHOOL BUSING

wearily resigned themselves to it. Moreover, in the schools, where telephoned bomb threats are commonplace and overt white-black tension occasionally erupts into violence, teachers have discovered that neither educational nor racial problems are being solved by the mere reassignment of pupils.

Still, that bleak evidence is offset by some encouraging signs. Organized opposition has withered and died. In the latest school board elections, outspoken antibusing candidates fared poorly. A poll revealed that only 35 percent of the adults in Charlotte cite busing as the aspect of the schools that most bothers them. Numbers of high school students, seemingly oblivious to the heated rhetoric that made headlines for months, have struggled diligently to promote harmony and understanding. In the elementary schools, there are indications that black children are learning to read with greater speed and comprehension than formerly. And now, as antibusing legislation is debated in Congress and talk of a possible constitutional amendment is in the air, there is a distinct uneasiness, a fear that the progress which has been achieved by the school system may be wiped out.

That system, a consolidated one, serves Charlotte and surrounding Mecklenburg County, a prosperous urban area in central North Carolina with a population of 360,000, distinguished by its fanatical devotion to a championship minor-league ice hockey team and its equally fanatical devotion to native-son evangelist Billy Graham. Moderately conservative, the city finally approved liquor by the drink in a referendum just a year ago; but the matter is ensnarled in the courts, and there are no bars amidst the sprawl of new apartment complexes, Holiday Inns, shopping malls, and interstate highways. What there is, however, is an assortment of 82,500 students, 3600 teachers, and 104 schools, not to mention some 530 buses, and the charred remains of the offices of Julius Chambers, the black civil rights attorney whose handling of the desegregation suit resulted in an arsonist's midnight attack in February, 1971.

Charlotte supports the forty-third

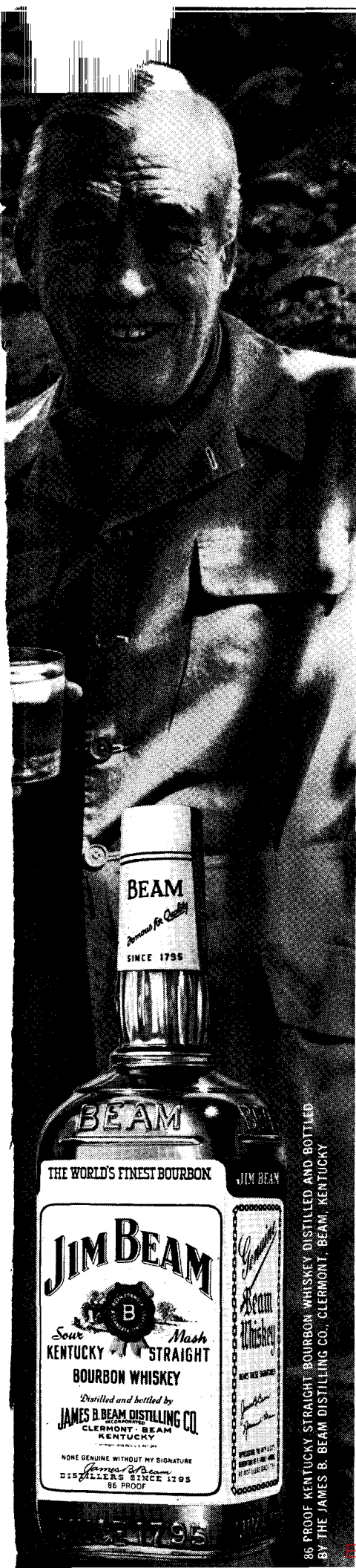
largest school system in the United States, and is the first of such size to implement extensive cross-busing. And its name is permanently inscribed on the 1971 decision in which the Supreme Court unanimously upheld busing as a means of desegregating dual school systems throughout the South: *James E. Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education*, or as lawyers abbreviate it, *Swann v. Mecklenburg*.

Despite the gradual subsidence of hysteria, it is still unusual to discuss the case in Charlotte without arousing an emotional response. I talked to one distressed woman who lives next door to an elementary school but must rise before dawn to be sure that her children catch the 7:40 A.M. bus which carries them to another school nine miles away. One teacher told me of her deep professional satisfaction when she showed vacation slides to her desegregated class and then realized that six of her black second-graders had not previously heard of the Grand Canyon. And there was the strange combination of sadness and *déjà vu* on the part of parents who had circulated protest petitions in 1970 and now hear news reports of similar efforts in Detroit and Richmond.

Shorthand

The results of two and a half years of busing in Mecklenburg County are most difficult to assess. To begin with, busing, the very term, is actually a shorthand symbol for the redistribution of a city's student population, leaving no school segregated and, in certain localities, each school with an enrollment approximating the white-to-black ratio in the population at large—about seven to three in Charlotte. Furthermore, not all students are assigned beyond their own neighborhoods, not all parents who express dissenting opinions are bigots, and not all blacks are necessarily in favor of busing. An incidental irony is the fact that the school bus, pictured in the mind's eye as it bounces down a narrow road lined by cornfields, has until recently been a source of pride for Americans, especially in North Carolina, which during the 1950s labeled itself as "the school-busingest state in the Union."

School administrators from cities now facing total desegregation for the



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some, usher in an attitude on the part of the Court that has not been in evidence since the New Deal.

In the area of civil rights, the next appointment could be crucial. In June of this year, the four Nixon appointees dissented from a Court decision that a small Southern town, Emporia, Virginia, had violated the Constitution by establishing its own school district so as to avoid county-wide desegregation. The 5-4 decision was the first school desegregation case in which the Court divided in the eighteen years since it held state-enforced segregation of schools unconstitutional. In another decision, the Burger Court held that a private club, in this case a Moose lodge, is not obliged to desegregate simply because it holds a state liquor license. The Court held, by a 6-3 vote, that liquor licensing does not constitute the sort of state involvement with private conduct that imposes a constitutional duty not to discriminate. Some civil rights lawyers also believed that the licensing power was a tenuous basis for requiring desegregation.

The Court also limited the recourse, under the voting rights law, for blacks to challenge plans for reapportionment of Southern state legislatures. In earlier decisions, the Court had indicated that it was more reluctant than was the Warren Court to intervene in reapportionment cases. On the other hand, it has upheld legislation requiring equal employment opportunities.

It is difficult to foretell how the Court will proceed on the issue of busing. The issue will be before it as a result of lower court decisions, and, perhaps at a later time, as a result of legislation by the Congress. The Court upheld busing in a unanimous opinion written by Chief Justice Burger in 1971. However, Mr. Burger subsequently appended to a routine order—the sort that is usually handed down without comment—a statement giving his own view that the busing opinion should not be interpreted too broadly by lower courts. The Congress is considering antibusing legislation which would, among other things, reopen old court decisions. If it is enacted, it may well be upheld. The Burger Court appears less inclined than previous ones to overrule congressional legislation.

It is possible to read too much into the decisions of a single term, yet

some important changes of outlook on the part of the Supreme Court already seem clear. These could be still more pronounced if additional justices are named who share the philosophy of the four most recent appointees. There would be exceptions, of course, but the Supreme Court might then be expected to take a series of positions that could have profound effects on our national life: While constitutional rights would be maintained in principle, the remedies available to individuals making claims under those rights might be narrowed or even denied. There might be greater reluctance to overturn the actions of either the executive branch or the Congress, even when they are responding to popular passions. At a time when popular passions are running high, the question could arise as to whatever happened to checks and balances.

—ELIZABETH DREW

SCHOOL BUSING

Charlotte, N.C.

Gone from the thoroughfares of Charlotte, North Carolina, are the thousands of NO FORCED BUSING bumper stickers which appeared two years ago during the city's bitter but futile stand against a court order demanding total desegregation of the public schools. On the streets today a giant fleet of buses can be seen transporting white students into the ghetto and black students into the suburbs calmly, regularly, and efficiently.

The disappearance of protest slogans and the sight of children laughing and shouting normally as they wait at the corner might lead to the assumption that all eventually went well here, that indignation has matured into consent, that the integrated classroom is an accomplished goal and the school bus ride an accepted fact.

Signs

Unfortunately, in the middle of a third full year of extensive busing, Charlotte belies such facile judgments. Appearances aside, the vast majority of those parents whose automobiles sported angry stickers still think busing an outrageous injustice. But, tired and frustrated, they have

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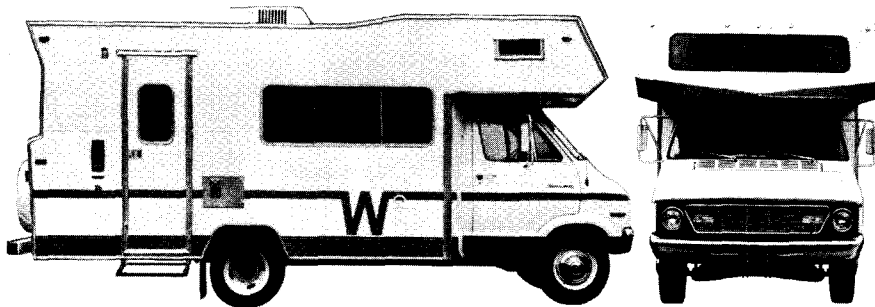
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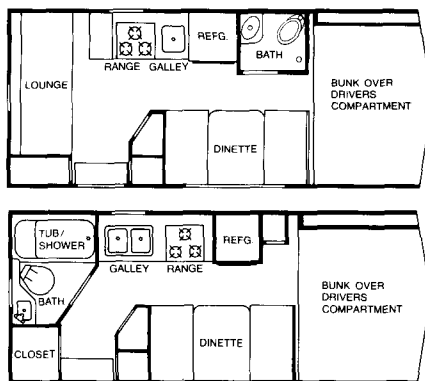
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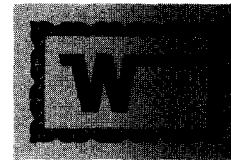
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WASHINGTON

In other decisions, the Court affirmed and expanded the government's investigative powers. The Court held that the doctrine of congressional immunity did not protect Senator Mike Gravel, Democrat of Alaska, or his aides from having to tell a grand jury how they acquired and arranged for the publication of the Pentagon Papers. Justice White, writing for the majority, said that the senator's revelation of the Papers was not in connection with a legislative act, and therefore not immune. Some argue, nevertheless, that the decision opened the way for grand jury inquiries into the manner in which members of Congress come by information which the executive branch considers damaging to itself.

The right to publish

On the same day that it ruled on the Gravel case, the Court also held that journalists had no right under the First Amendment to refuse to provide grand juries with information given them in confidence or the names of confidential sources. In a dissent in which he was joined by Justices Brennan and Marshall, Justice Stewart said that the action of the Court "invites state and federal authorities to undermine the historic independence of the press by attempting to annex the journalistic profession as an investigative arm of the government." He wrote that the right to publish had to include the right to gather news and to maintain a confidential relationship between a reporter and his source.

But the dissenters did disagree over the extent to which the First Amendment protects journalists. Stewart outlined some circumstances under which a reporter might be subpoenaed; Justice Douglas, in a separate dissent, argued that a reporter "has an absolute right not to appear before a grand jury." (Justice Rehnquist participated in the decisions on newsmen's immunity, the Gravel case, and army surveillance, despite the fact that they involved policies he helped to fashion or defend while a Justice Department official. In all three cases, his vote broke a tie, providing a 5-4 decision. Rehnquist's involvement in these cases might be im-

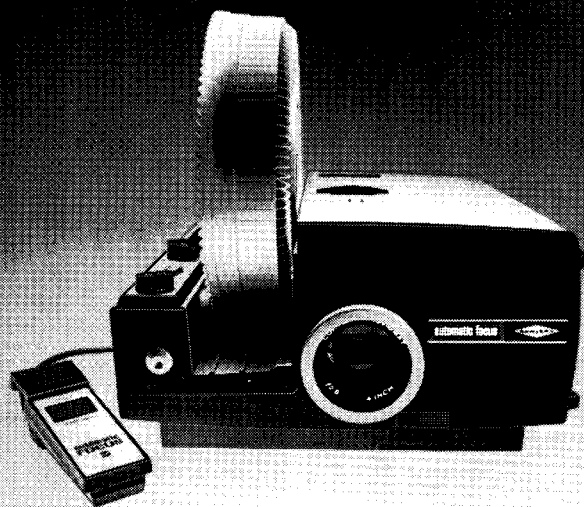
proper under a new ABA code adopted, as it happens, in the wake of the Fortas controversy. Some attorneys think that his action was in violation of the old code as well. The Court has been asked to rehear two of the cases on the grounds that Rehnquist should not have participated.)

In another decision, the Court narrowed the immunity from prosecution which must be granted a witness who is compelled to testify. Previously, it had been held that the constitutional right against self-incrimination required immunity from any prosecution for the crime which the testimony concerns. The Burger Court permitted prosecution, as long as the testimony or evidence derived from the testimony was not used. Critics of this decision argued that a prosecutor would find ways of using the testimony without appearing to do so.

The decision of the Court to permit publication of the Pentagon Papers was made in 1971, before Powell and Rehnquist joined the Court. It was, as has been noted, less than a total victory for the newspapers (see "Paper Victory" by Charles Rembar in the November, 1971, *Atlantic*). In the course of stating that publication could proceed, a majority of the justices indicated that there were circumstances under which they would approve government suppression of news. Moreover, since newspapers did, on the order of a lower court, suspend publication of the Pentagon Papers until the Supreme Court ruled, the precedent was established that the government could temporarily restrain publication of certain information by newspapers.

A Court decision that certain political pamphlets could not be distributed at shopping centers was attributed by some Court observers to the Court's increased sympathy for the interests of business. This decision was written by Powell and based on the concept of private property. Powell also wrote two other decisions in which the Court, as it very rarely has, ruled against the government in tax cases. The Court is now believed to be so closely divided on questions of antitrust and consumer rights and the powers of regulatory agencies that the addition of one more justice inclined to rule for business would bring about a historic turnaround in this area. It would, in the view of

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WASHINGTON

proper instruments for expanding social, political, and individual rights, as the Warren Court did; but neither are true judicial conservatives quick to strike down previous court decisions. There is thus a potential internal conflict, one that presents itself on questions of overturning prior liberal decisions.

Turnabout

The Burger Court's solution to this dilemma in dealing with two of the most controversial Warren Court decisions (*Miranda* and *Wade*) has been not to overturn them explicitly but to limit their scope. It is often some time before the practical effect of many court decisions, including these, can be determined. But some constitutional lawyers believe that the Warren decisions remain in form only, their substance largely negated. The Burger Court may have found a way, in other words, of overturning decisions without overturning them.

In *Miranda v. Arizona*, the Warren Court had held that no statement made by an arrested suspect could be used against him in court unless he had been told of his rights to remain silent and to have a lawyer. In 1971 the Burger Court ruled that such confessions could be used to contradict the testimony of an accused person who takes the stand in his own defense. This leaves a defendant who has confessed without having been advised of his rights the option of not testifying in court. It is widely agreed among lawyers that juries often suspect that a defendant who does not speak in his own behalf is hiding something.

In *Wade*, the Warren Court had held that suspects had a right to counsel at police lineups. The Burger Court restricted this protection, holding that it applied only after indictments had been made. Since most lineups occur before indictment, this decision, in the view of several court observers, effectively negated *Wade* while claiming to uphold it. The Nixon appointees showed more inclination than did their predecessors to excuse as a "harmless error" a violation of a constitutional guarantee in the course of a prosecution. When the Supreme Court signals a change of

attitude of this sort, lower court judges take note.

The Court also held that state juries need not be unanimous in order for a defendant to be found guilty. This would reduce the burden on prosecutors, and diminish the number of trials that end with hung juries. Unanimous jury verdicts have always been required in federal trials. The Warren Court and its predecessors had held in a number of decisions that the Bill of Rights applied no less to the states than it did to the federal government. The result of the Burger Court's ruling was that the right to a unanimous verdict of guilty did not apply to those being tried in state courts. Four of the justices also said that they did not believe that there was a constitutional right to unanimity in state or federal courts. (This view was taken by three of four Nixon appointees—Powell excepted—and White.) The addition of one more justice who shares this view could also eliminate the requirement of unanimous verdicts in federal trials.

Wiretapping

There are now pending before the Supreme Court some cases that could have still greater impact on the legal protections of the accused. One would circumscribe the opportunities for those who had been convicted in state courts to turn to the federal courts (habeas corpus) on the grounds that their constitutional rights had been denied. Another has to do with the concept that illegally obtained evidence cannot be used in trials. This "exclusionary rule" has been in effect for over fifty years. It is described, depending upon one's point of view, as "policing the police" or "handcuffing the police." There is a case before the Court that would narrow its scope; and Burger, in a highly unusual action for a justice, has urged the Congress to write legislation which would practically eliminate the rule. The Justice Department and the new Director of the FBI, L. Patrick Gray, are also urging that the exclusionary rule be relaxed. If it is, through either legislative or judicial action, this would be a major turnabout in the area of criminal law.

Not all of the decisions of the Burger Court have come down against the accused. It expanded the right to

free counsel to cover lesser crimes, and strengthened the rights of prisoners and the criminally insane. And it abolished the death penalty, 5-4.

In most instances where the Burger Court considered broad questions of the power of the government over individuals, it ruled in favor of the government. The major exception was its rejection of the Nixon Administration's assertion of the right, without having to seek a court order, to wiretap those it suspects of domestic subversion. The vote on the wiretapping decision was 8-0. (Rehnquist, having been an official of the Justice Department which fashioned the policy, did not participate. He was not, however, always so punctilious.)

While the decision pleased civil libertarians, it did not give them cause for unrestrained rejoicing. It is widely believed among students of the Court that the justices were not really unanimous, that Burger and Blackmun went along with the majority when they found themselves on the losing side. Moreover, the decision did not say that the government could not wiretap those it suspected of domestic subversion; it said that the government could not do so without getting a permit from a judge. The government does not ordinarily have difficulty in finding judges who can be persuaded to accede to such requests.

The Justice Department's contention that internal security matters are too complicated for judges was an affront to the judiciary. "If the threat is too subtle or complex for our senior law enforcement officers to convey its significance to a court," wrote Justice Powell for the majority, "one may question whether there is probable cause for surveillance." Moreover, wrote Powell, "the price of lawful public dissent must not be a dread of subjection to an unchecked surveillance power."

Yet one week later, the Court ruled that military surveillance could not be challenged by its civilian subjects simply on the grounds that it discouraged dissent. The Court held that the challengers would have to show that the surveillance had harmed them in some more concrete way. Justice Burger, writing for the majority, said that otherwise such challenges would make federal courts "virtually continuing monitors of the wisdom and soundness of executive action."



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WASHINGTON

G. Harrold Carswell; and upon his rejection by the Senate, Burger's old friend Harry Blackmun was nominated.

In September, 1971, Justices Hugo Black and John Marshall Harlan, both ill, resigned from the Court. The Nixon Administration floated the names of several people, of whom it was seriously considering four: Congressman Richard Poff, Republican of Virginia, a conservative, who had practiced law for only four years; Senator Robert Byrd, Democrat of West Virginia, a former member of the Ku Klux Klan, who hadn't practiced law at all; Mildred Lillie, a controversial California state judge; and Herschel Friday, a bond lawyer who had represented the Little Rock, Arkansas, school board in its efforts to resist school desegregation. But all four were shot down by the American Bar Association and others in the legal profession. The Administration announced that the ABA would not be consulted in the future. The President finally settled upon Lewis Powell, a respected Virginia attorney, and William Rehnquist, a bright and very conservative official of the Justice Department. (All of this had its effect on the human beings who were at the time on the Court. Nina Totenberg of the *National Observer*, who has a fine eye for such things, reported during the uproar over the President's putative nominations: "The Supreme Court Justices reacted too. Justice Harlan, often described as the Court's conservative conscience, was so outraged that he seriously considered writing the President a letter of protest from his hospital bed. The seven active Justices were extremely perturbed. Even the more conservative Justices began wondering aloud whether the President was trying to 'denigrate the Court.' One liberal Justice read some of Judge Lillie's opinions that night, and promptly got drunk.")*

The concept of judicial conservatism cuts two ways. Judicial conservatives do not consider the courts

*The "liberals" remaining on the Court are of the following ages: William J. Brennan, 66; William O. Douglas, 74; Thurgood Marshall, 64; Potter Stewart, 57. Warren Burger is 65, Lewis Powell is 65, Harry Blackmun is 63, and William Rehnquist, the youngest, is 48. Byron White is 55.

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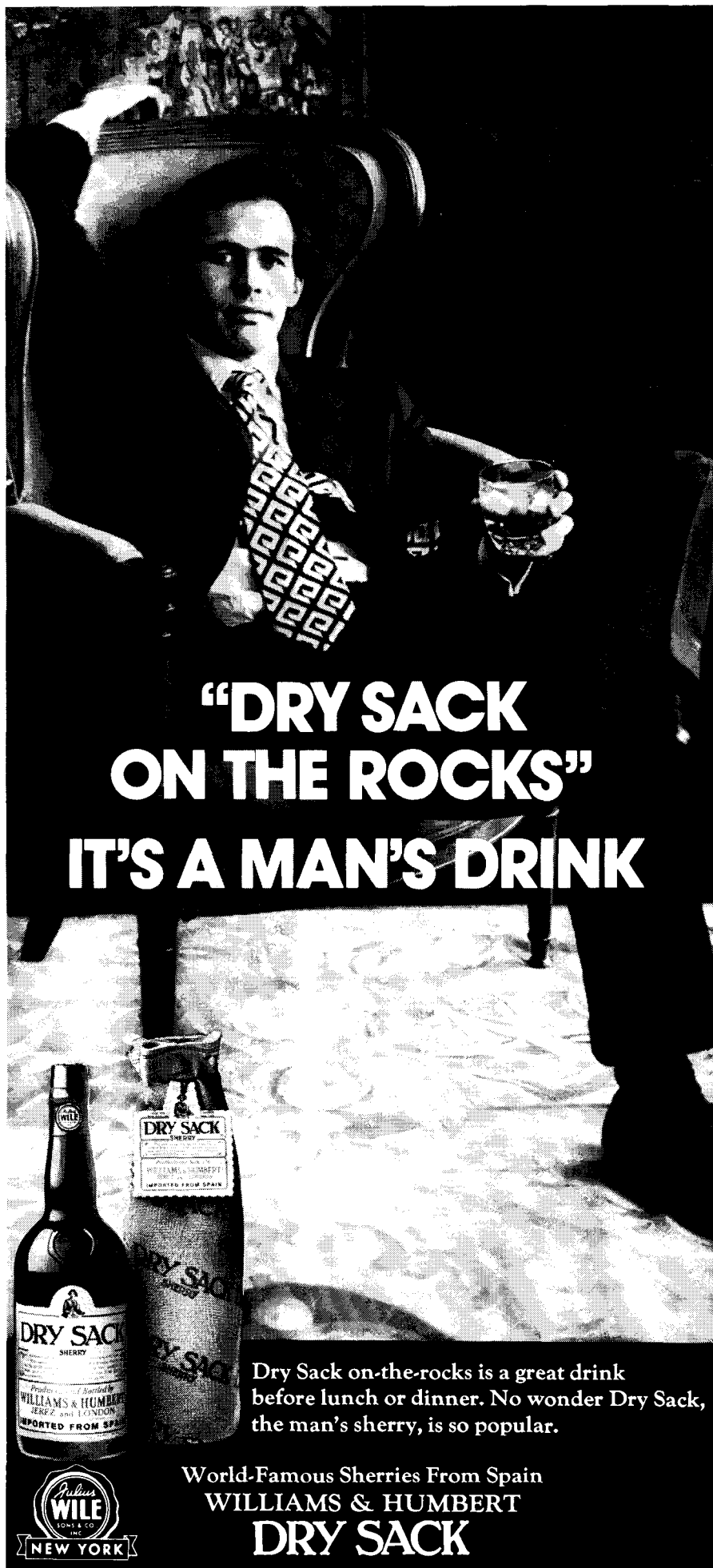
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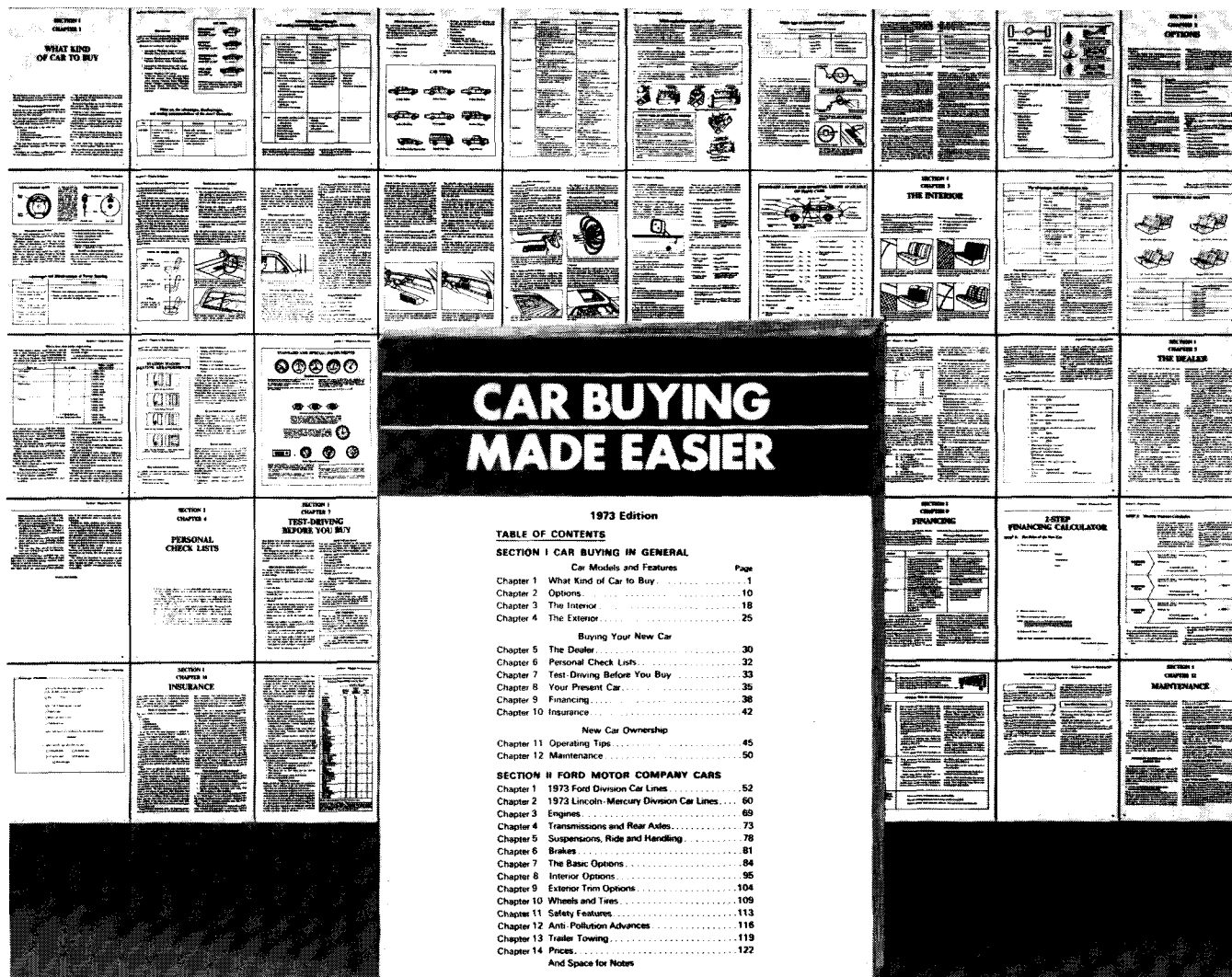
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WASHINGTON

dent decided to promote Justice Fortas to Chief Justice and name Homer Thornberry to Fortas' seat. Thornberry, also a friend of Johnson's, a federal court judge and former congressman, is one of the nearly forgotten footnotes of the recent stormy history of the Court. The proposed Fortas elevation became suspended amidst crossfire stirred by Fortas' own record and activities while on the Court, his relationship with the President, Lyndon Johnson's sinking prestige, and election-year politics.

Fortas was expected to continue to lead the Court in the ideological direction of Warren. At the same time, Richard Nixon was running for the presidency, and the Warren Court was one of his issues. "I believe in a strict interpretation of the Supreme Court's functions," Mr. Nixon said in the course of the campaign. "In a sense this means I believe we need a Court which looks upon its function as being that of interpretation, rather than of breaking through into new areas that are really the prerogative of the Congress of the United States." The implication was that Nixon appointees would take a less expansive view of the role of the Court in the areas of crime and race. Nixon suggested that the decision to replace the Chief Justice should await the outcome of the presidential election. A combination of Southern Democratic and Republican opposition forced the withdrawal of Fortas' nomination to be Chief Justice. Fortas remained an associate justice, and Warren postponed his retirement until after the election. So much for Homer Thornberry.

Shortly after Richard Nixon's election to the presidency in 1968, *Life* magazine's disclosure that Fortas had, while on the Court, accepted a fee from Louis Wolfson's foundation led to Fortas' resignation from the Court. (The painful Fortas story and its impact on the Court's recent history is superbly told in Robert Shogan's book, *A Question of Judgment*.) Shortly afterward, President Nixon named Warren Burger to replace Earl Warren. His first nominee to replace Fortas was Clement Haynsworth. Upon his rejection by the Senate, the President nominated



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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

The Nixon Court

Nothing Richard Nixon does, if he is reelected for four more years, is likely to be more important than the appointments he makes to the Supreme Court. Barring unforeseeable domestic or international upheavals, no other actions he might take would have as profound and lasting consequences. The impact of Supreme Court justices outlasts that of the Administration which appoints them. Unlike the President or members of Congress, they are not subject to electoral approval, but serve until death or retirement. Their rulings are, by the nature of the judicial process, less susceptible to change than are the laws of the Congress or the administrative actions of the executive branch. The very purpose of the Court is to act as a counter to immediate popular will and pressures. It was designed so as not to be accountable to the people at any given time. It was intended to serve as a check on the actions of the legislative and the executive branches.

The Supreme Court has already undergone a sea change as a result of the four appointments that President Nixon made to it in his first term. Because of the advanced age and poor health of several of the current nine justices, it is possible that as many as four more could be named to the Court over the next four years.

There can be little question concerning the nature of the appointments that Mr. Nixon would make. He has fulfilled his campaign pledge

of 1968 that his nominees to the Court would share a conservative philosophy, and he has promised that if he is reelected, this policy will be continued. Whatever skepticism is due campaign promises in general, there is no reason to doubt Mr. Nixon's word on this particular subject.

It is risky to speculate about how Supreme Court justices might rule on any given question. Nevertheless, the consistency of Mr. Nixon's appointees has been such that some hypotheses can be made about the consequences of his having the opportunity to name more. For example, it is reasonable to speculate that if Mr. Nixon had made one more appointment during his first term, the death penalty would have been retained. The present Court, with the addition of one Nixon appointee, might have suppressed the Pentagon Papers. Moreover, the Court was closely divided on many other major issues.

"Peace forces"

Mr. Nixon describes the effect he wants to have on the Court as strengthening the "peace forces as against the criminal forces." The direction of the Warren Court toward broadening the rights of the accused has been reversed, and some of the previous Court's decisions have been substantially modified. But Mr. Nixon's appointments have also had important effects in affirming the power of the government over individuals, as well as its investigative powers. The new Court restricted the scope of the remedies for minorities

seeking their civil rights. It has also begun to take a more circumspect approach to government regulation of business.

One of the most striking things about the Court is the frequency with which the Nixon appointees—Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, and Justices Harry A. Blackmun, William H. Rehnquist, and Lewis F. Powell, Jr.—have voted together. According to the *Harvard Law Review*, of the seventy cases in which all nine justices participated, the Nixon appointees voted together in fifty-three. Moreover, in unusual unanimity for four justices, they joined in one opinion in forty-five of those fifty-three. Blackmun voted so often with Burger, his old friend from Minnesota, that Court reporters dubbed the pair the "Minnesota twins." So fundamentally has the ideological balance of the Court changed, that Justice Potter Stewart, generally regarded as a "conservative" on the Warren Court, is now one of the "liberals" on the Burger Court, frequently aligned with Justices William O. Douglas, Thurgood Marshall, and William J. Brennan, Jr. Byron White, a Kennedy appointee and no liberal, was often in the position of casting the "swing" vote. And this change came about amidst great turbulence surrounding the Supreme Court.

It all began, it is worth recalling, when Lyndon Johnson decided to dispatch Justice Arthur Goldberg to the United Nations and to replace Goldberg on the Court with the President's close friend, Abe Fortas. When, in June, 1968, Chief Justice Earl Warren notified President Johnson that he wished to retire, the Presi-

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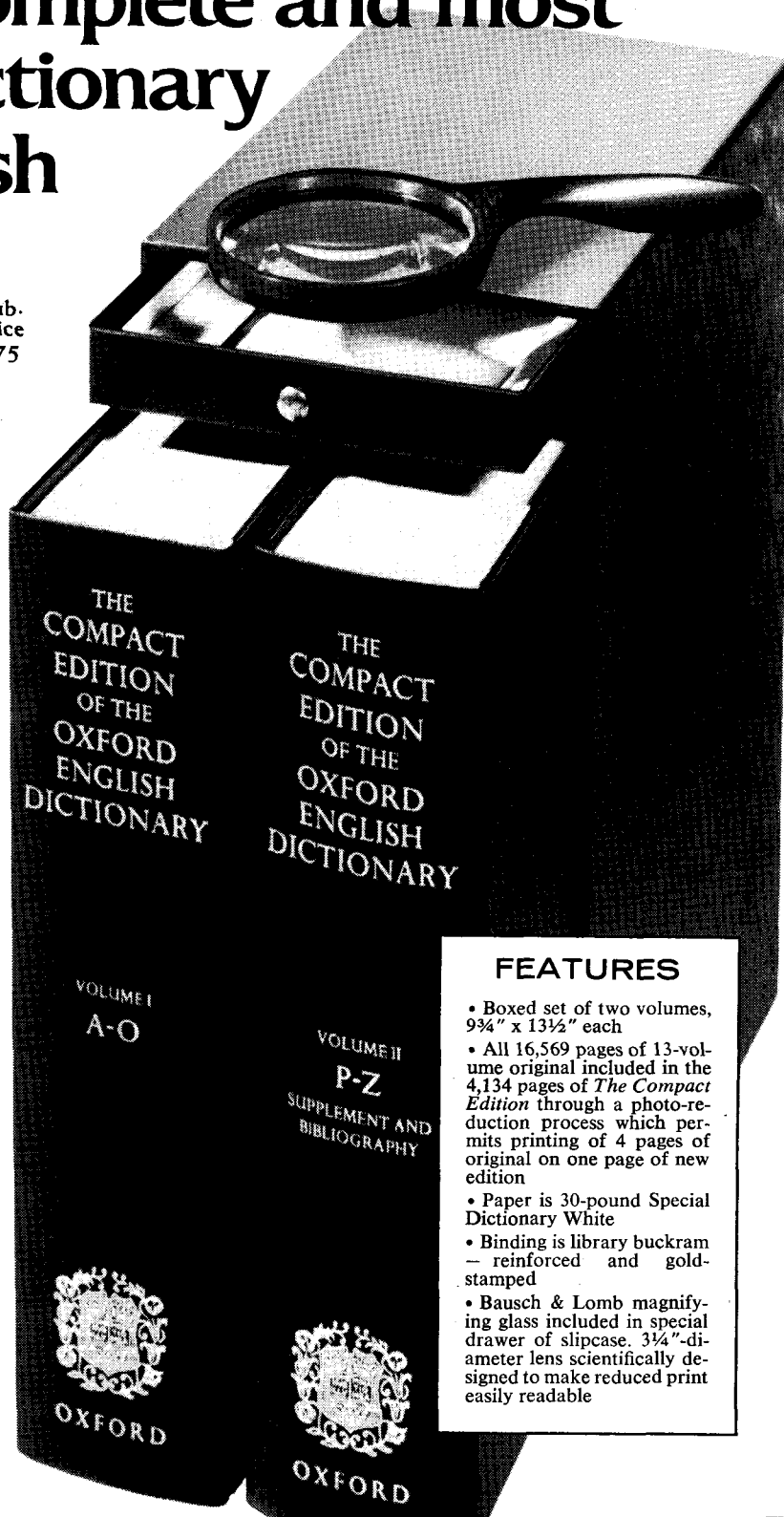
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

We were preparing to boast quietly about the arrival of *The Atlantic's* 115th birthday this month when the newspapers reported that Charlie Smith of Bartow, Florida, had just reached the age of 130. If an institution has to be upstaged on such an occasion, it may as well be upstaged by the likes of Mr. Smith. Born in Liberia and shanghaied aboard a slave ship, he was already fifteen and bound to a Texas slaveholder in November, 1857, when a group of abolition-minded New England literary men launched *The Atlantic Monthly*.

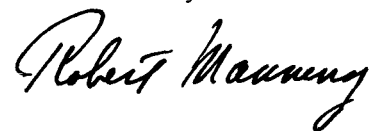
Charlie Smith advanced to his ripe old age by following a simple rule. "I do everything wrong," he explained to the newspapers. "The cigarettes, I smoke 'em right up. Been doing it since I was twelve. And whiskey? Sure I drink it." His is the life-style Mark Twain had in mind when he advised a kindly old lady who'd taken ill that she should stop swearing and drinking and smoking for four days, then she would recover. She replied indignantly that she could not stop because she had never done those awful things. So she was doomed. "She had neglected her habits, and hadn't any. . . . She had nothing to fall back on. She was a sinking vessel, with no freight in her to throw overboard and lighten ship withal."

An objective appraisal of *The Atlantic's* first 115 years probably would show that the magazine and its long line of editors steered a course somewhere between that of Charlie Smith and the kindly old lady, traveling the road of righteousness (when it could find it), eschewing the major vices (when it could identify them), tolerating the sins of others—well, some others—as we trusted they would indulge ours. From generation to generation, and sometimes between generations, we've found freight to toss over and refreshing new talent and ideas to take aboard.

In short, not perfect but all right, we think, for a beginning.

As birthday fare, we offer nothing more than our usual effort to provide a representative mixture of articles, stories, reports, and poems that reflect the world as it is, the disturbing along with the good, the alarming with the encouraging, the ridiculous with the sublime. Three report assignments nicely dovetailed into a panorama of the American legal system at work—in the Supreme Court, in the Pentagon Papers trial, in the enforcement of school busing for purposes of racial integration. The novelist Herbert Gold, intrigued by what had happened to his friend, the iconoclastic teacher and theater man, Herbert Blau, when he went to work—briefly—at the Disney family's ambitious new California Institute of the Arts, traveled to Valencia, California, expecting to be disappointed, but came away "loving the place" and hoping it will achieve its dream. Eighteen months of sitting in "rap" sessions with a group of returned Vietnam veterans provided Dr. Robert Jay Lifton with a volume to write about the fears, anxieties, and hopes of men disjointed by a war that seems like no other. He calls his work "advocacy psychiatry," explaining: "Our shared antiwar position was inseparable from our capacity to contribute to the psychological well-being of the veterans. . . ." The short stories include the first in print for Wallace E. Knight of Ashland, Kentucky, and about the 160th for that late old pro, Frank O'Connor. And, among the other offerings, Leslie Norris provides not only a lovely poem, but also a lesson in calligraphy.

After all, it's only another birthday.



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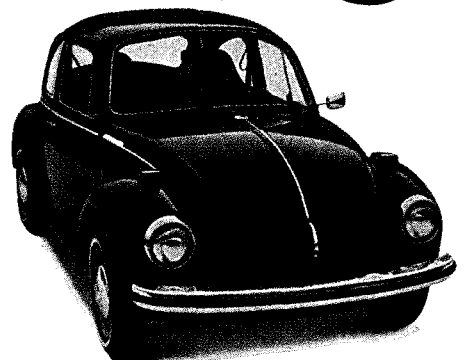
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1973



The French passion for dichotomy, so evident in their favorite juxtaposition *en principe/en pratique*, has reasserted itself once again. President Pompidou has accorded the project his prestigious seal of approval, which assured its passage *en principe* last December in the Gaullist-dominated Paris Council. However, the price of grafting a two-lane concrete surface onto the three-meter-wide quai at the very foot of Notre Dame was glossed over. Unfortunately, the fundamental question of whether to do it at all never came up for debate until after the decision was taken.

When city planners look at the treelined embankments of the Seine, they see wasted space. Their eyes don't focus on the people walking dogs along the last peaceful promenade in Paris, the fishermen perched on the wall hoping for a catch, the students sprawled in the sun munching Camembert sandwiches. The planners don't understand why a dozen people should take up space where eight thousand cars an hour could pass.

All that count

The Left Bank expressway project takes on particular significance in view of the fact that loitering in France, far from being an offense, is a national pastime. From year to year, Parisians have watched automobile traffic steadily increase until it is now verging on absurdity. Citizens used to stroll aimlessly up and down the boulevards, watching and drinking in the city. Now it's just too unpleasant. Consequently, the quais of the Seine, still free of cars, have become a prized place to loiter.

In few places in the world is the pedestrian so low on the totem pole. Anyone who has found himself face to face with eight lanes of panting vehicles on the Champs Élysées knows the mounting fear that they might charge. Cars regularly whiz through red lights at 40 mph, and the crosswalks so respected in England are a travesty.

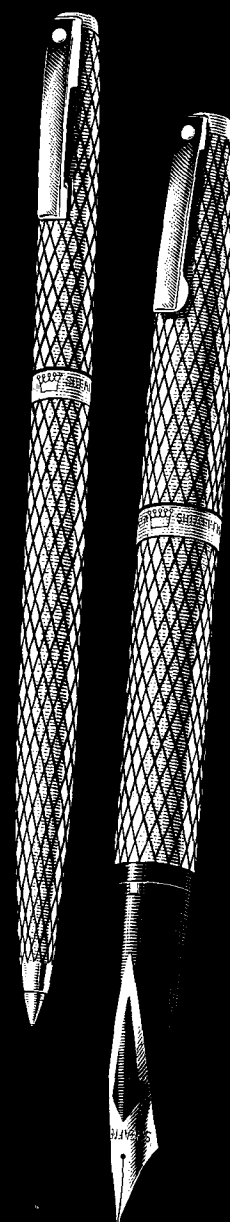
Should Paris be adapted to the automobile at the risk of losing its identity? "We have no choice," answers Yves Milhoud, president of the Committee for Industry and Commerce at the Paris Council. "The automobile is the vehicle of our era. We must create a possibility for Paris and the car to

coexist without too much damage." André Herzog, director of public works and creator of the project, warns, "The worst thing would be to let oneself be caught in the trap of all this sentimental balderdash. The statistics are all that count."

The situation presents few problems if traffic statistics alone are considered. Twenty-four hundred cars an hour now creep past Place St. Michel on the upper quais. The two-lane one-way expressway down on the river would permit this number to be tripled for the modest sum of \$100 million. There is little of historic or artistic value to be lost to the expressway's far ends: the grubby Gare d'Austerlitz and the warehouse district of the 13th *arrondissement* lie to the east, while the uninspired high-rise buildings of the Front de Seine project, multiplying relentlessly, have already spoiled the Seine west of the Eiffel Tower. Moreover, the quais there are wide enough to permit construction of the expressway without filling in the Seine. This is not the case with the historic central section, from the Pont Sully at the end of the Ile St. Louis to the Pont Royal at the Louvre, which poses a technical challenge owing to the narrowness of the river. Current controversy in the press was sparked by the government's inexplicable decision to begin work in the center rather than at one end. Herzog's proposal involved chopping a six-foot vine-covered ledge (a traditional spot for picnickers) off the Cité and adding it to the Left Bank, thereby obtaining sufficient room for two lanes of cars. Several bridges, including the Pont Neuf, the oldest bridge in Paris, and the Pont des Arts, where students from the École des Beaux-Arts have been drawing on the sidewalk for over a century, would be partially destroyed. To hide the cars that will speed in front of Notre Dame Cathedral, he proposed a covered passage forty meters long or a "curtain" of trees.

"C'est normal"

A visit to André Herzog's office is a sojourn in a magic land. Multicolored maps festoon the walls: purple circles and green squares; areas to be "improved"; red lines crisscrossing Paris' streets. Herzog is anxious to point out that he doesn't desire to put highways all over the capital. He just



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PARIS

wants to rearrange a few intersections, widen a few roads, and cut down a few trees in order to cram a few more parking garages into the already honeycombed soil of Paris.

"This is a very simple idea," he explained, defending the project he hopes will bear his name. "It's logical to assume that if there's an expressway running west to east on the Right Bank, there should be one on the Left, east to west. *C'est normal*." (In the land of Descartes, if it's simple, logical, and normal, how can it be bad?) "The Left Bank expressway will be indispensable to the Paris of 1975"—when 200,000 more cars will enter and leave the city daily. "We know from the Right Bank expressway that such an artery will contribute greatly to improve westbound traffic," he insisted.

The government argues that by relieving other streets of cars, the expressway will help public as well as private transportation. To give priority to expansion of public transportation, say the officials, is out of the question: it costs too much. (The new luxury underground station at Auber, near the Opera, cost as much as the entire Left Bank expressway will, Herzog points out.) Increased road construction is the solution to the traffic problem, they say; furthermore, it is the government's duty literally to pave the way for each citizen to use his car in the center of the city if he wishes.

But not everyone agrees with Herzog and the government. Playwright Eugène Ionesco has proposed "public execution for those responsible for this crime against the human spirit." A petition signed by 130 prominent citizens, including Robert Bresson and René Clair, the respected film directors, and writers Henry de Montherlant, Nathalie Sarraute, and Alain Robbe-Grillet, asked the councilors of Paris, "especially those of the Gaullist majority, to realize and keep in mind that a city is made for men and not to sustain the automobile industry."

The French sister of Friends of the Earth, Les Amis de la Terre, the Association for the Rights of Pedestrians, and the Association for the Protection and Embellishment of the Site of Notre Dame have banded to-

gether to form the organization SOS Berges de la Seine. To inform the man in the street of the menace to the riverbanks, they distribute posters and leaflets. They first attracted attention to the issue last January with a poster of a cartoon by Lille architect Jean Pattou, reprinted from *Le Monde*. It portrays a drive-in church service at Notre Dame. As a car enters the right portal, a sign on the facade warns: "Speed Limit 60 Kms. No beeping during the service." They have recently plastered another, more explicit poster on anything that doesn't move. Financed by Jean Bruel, director of the Bateaux Mouches sightseeing boats, it depicts a dark gray cathedral (instead of the recently cleaned one), sinking into a miasma of automobiles; surrealistic hands protruding from its towers appeal for help. They are also planning a photographic contest with the theme "Riverbanks," and hope to entice Robert Bresson into making a twenty-minute film on the historic site.

"Just whispers"

"The Right Bank expressway has largely destroyed the pleasures of gliding up and down the Seine," commented Jean Bruel aboard his boat at the Pont de l'Alma. "Another on the Left Bank would be the *coup de grâce*." Owners of barges moored on the Seine feel that there is a government plot to drive them away, to banish them to the outlying districts of Paris. "They can build all the roads they want," says barge captain François Morvon, "but until they fill in the Seine completely, I'm staying. This is my home." His boat, which transports grain up and down the river, is docked at the Pont des Arts on the Left Bank.

Yves Henry is a French architect. Living on a Thames sailing barge at the Pont Mirabeau was his way of getting away from it all. Until it came to him. "It was *fantastique*," he says, a good-old-days look in his eyes. "Never a sound on the cobblestone quais . . . just whispered voices once in a while, and the barges slipping past." Then in 1965, Yves Henry received an eviction notice from the prefect of police. The Right Bank expressway was to be constructed, and his boat was in the way. Yves refused

to budge. Moorings on the Seine are hard to come by; and his boat is equipped with fresh water, electricity, and telephone, all requiring a hookup. "When the eviction notices failed," he explained, "they started harassing me about the bottom being rotten. I finally had it towed away and inspected. The bottom was in perfect condition, so it was brought back." Despite this triumph, the noise of cars going sixty miles an hour only three feet from his bedroom once the expressway was completed finally drove him away.

M. Gerard has been standing on the quais for thirty years. He became a *bouquiniste*, a bookseller at one of those green-lidded stands clinging tenuously to the embankment wall, for health reasons. "I came back from the war with a bronchial disease," he explains. "My doctor told me to find a job *au grand air*, not shut in an insurance office as I had been. So I opened a stall on the Right Bank, Quai du Louvre." Gerard charts the beginning of the end of Paris from 1960. "That's when it began to be unpleasant to stroll around the town," he feels. Until 1965, when he received notices of eviction from his perch to make way for the Right Bank expressway, he witnessed the government's futile attempts to control the traffic. He reproaches the city planners for lack of foresight. "Hausmann worked for fifty years after his time," he observes. "We work for five. First, they forbade parking on the Right Bank quais. The situation improved for about five years. Then they made it one way—good for another five. Then, the Right Bank expressway, which took five more years to become completely blocked."

"I'm not an enemy of progress," he says, answering the government's charge to anyone who opposes it, "but the Left Bank expressway is not progress." He feels that a historical perimeter should be drawn around the old center of the city; private automobiles should be forbidden to enter it. "*C'est la folie*," he says, turning up his overcoat collar. It's a wintry evening. The wind is whipping through the vines that dangle over the old wall. The wrought-iron street-lamps have just popped on, lending a fairy-tale aura to the lacy spires of the cathedral above us. Gerard stops putting away his moth-eaten leather-



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PARIS

bound volumes for a moment. We hang over to look fifteen feet below us, finding it impossible to imagine cars surging along the silent bank.

A main argument against the expressway is that it will aggravate, rather than improve, the traffic congestion. "The Left Bank expressway will be the only inner-city highway in France that is attached at both ends to national autoroutes; eight thousand cars an hour will zoom into the heart of the city," objected Bernard Rocher, president of the Paris Council's Committee for Road Construction. He proposed "closing the spigot" by not connecting its extremities to the controversial central section.

Michel Regnier, writing from Canada in *Le Monde*, said, "When Mr. Pompidou throws his weight behind such a project, going so far as to say that the Left Bank expressway is a necessary parallel to the one on the Right Bank, he is forgetting an undeniable fact: never has an expressway in the heart of a city been relieved by another expressway. On the contrary, every city which has tried it has witnessed an increase of traffic in the center." A widely published letter to the press quoting American urbanist Sheldon Pollack attests to this: "You are in the process of committing the same errors we did twenty years ago. Inner-city expressways and parking lots bring momentary relief but lead inexorably to saturation. From now on, we will not tolerate the construction of garages or expressways in New York City."

Pierre Randet, chief building inspector, is afraid that Paris will become a caricature of Los Angeles. "Any city which espouses a policy of keeping up with the traffic through road construction is writing its own obituary," he warned. "Traffic always expands to fill the provisions made for it." For an example, one has only to look at the Boulevard Périphérique ringing the city. It has gobbled up one third of the municipal budget for the last ten years and is saturated before completion.

However, Herzog and the government remain optimistic. "For the last twenty-five years people have been saying, 'Next year the traffic won't move at all.' But it's still moving. It

moves slowly, but it moves." (When it finally stops, Herzog won't be around. He's slated for retirement soon.)

The Socialists and members of centrist parties who voted against the expressway in the Paris Council feel that it represents a case of confused priorities: road construction has taken half the city's budget for ten years and will continue to do so; public transportation receives 10 percent. "At best this project will be a reprieve," remarked centrist Georges Mesmin during the Council debate. "It provides once again an occasion to avoid the real problem: true priority for public transportation, rather than lip service."

"You cannot continue transporting people like cattle in overcrowded public transportation and building expressways. We have arrived not only at the point of saturation but of revolt," warned Roger Lapeyre, president of the Association for the Rights of Pedestrians.

Claude Estier, speaking for the Socialists, said, "If the government can afford such an expensive project, it should devote the money to extending suburban subway lines. Will Paris be the last world capital to realize it's an error to devote such sums to fleeting improvements obsolete in ten years?"

Indeed, it is difficult to subscribe to the government's theory of parallel improvement for public and private transportation. Jane Jacobs points out in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* that increased accessibility by car is always accompanied by a decline in the efficiency, and therefore patronage, of public transportation. In the past eight years, there has been a 37 percent decline in patronage of Paris buses, owing to replacement of the beloved open-air buses by far less convenient modern ones. There have been some efforts to improve the Métro. They include rubber tires for several lines and the ambitious RER, a new express subway crossing Paris and its suburbs with only five stops.

But not even the RER is beyond reproach. Its enormous cost, five times the original estimate, is in no way commensurate with the service it will provide, the opposition charges. "The money should have been spent on doubling the number of Métro lines or connecting existing ones," complained centrist Gilbert Gantier.

In Paris, it is not unusual to change lines three times; many commuters spend an hour and a half each way in the subway.

The government contends that the expressway will provide a superb view of historical Paris for motorists. "There are those of us who haven't waited for an expressway and a steering wheel to discover the beauty of Paris!" replies Roger Lapeyre, speaking for those who walk. "Not all Parisians have country homes; many prefer the city to the terrible weekend traffic jams on the nation's highways," he says.

This vocal opposition, together with adverse press coverage like that of Pierre Branche in *Le Monde*, were responsible for the Municipal Council's recent rejection of Herzog's initial project. The Council voted against an uncovered expressway with no provision for pedestrians, but is still in favor of the *principe*. The intransigent state which is paying 40 percent of the cost will spend money for automobiles but not for people.

An alternative project was presented to the Council last June. "Although traffic problems were the *mise en cause* of this affair, they should not dominate the question," Bernard Rocher told the Council. "Our goal should be to humanize Paris, to put back the areas of relaxation and promenade for which every Parisian has an acute need."

The alternative project attempts to do just that. Skeptics say its many amenities for pedestrians are "to help swallow the pill." The sugarcoating includes burying the expressway in a tunnel from the Ile St. Louis to the end of the Louvre; creating a six-acre garden in place of the now defunct Port St. Bernard, which used to service the barges delivering wine to the Halle aux Vins; and constructing hanging gardens on the quais under the Tour d'Argent. But members of the opposition point to the government's long history of broken promises to replant trees over underground garages. They also challenge the cost of these extravaganzas.

On June 10, three thousand people responded to a tract distributed by Les Amis de la Terre exhorting unhappy urbanites to protest "the Left Bank Express Cloaca." Before being disbanded by riot troops who arrested twenty-one people (the progovernment newspaper *Le Figaro* said, "The

brutality of the police was unwarranted"), they marched along the quais, throwing confetti and streamers, from the Ile St. Louis to the Pont des Arts. Some planted pine trees between the cobblestones, watering them from the Seine. "We want to bring *la fête* back to Paris. The banks of the Seine are needed for people, not for automobiles," cried Alain Hervé of *Le Nouvel Observateur*.

But people in power continue to feel that what's good for Renault is good for France. "It's like talking to the Army about war. The premise is not open to debate," commented Edwin Matthews, Jr., European liaison for Friends of the Earth. The auto industry, one of France's largest exporters and employers, is under the giant thumb of the Communist unions, the decisive force in the success of the 1968 riots. Protests over layoffs have been rampant this year; Pompidou cannot risk any more trouble from the unions.

The President, who voted against France's first speed limit two years ago, has been rooting for the Left Bank expressway since he inaugurated the one on the Right Bank

in 1967. The fact that twenty-four million cars used it last year is proof enough of its success, he feels. (When traffic is at a standstill on the Right Bank from six to eight o'clock in the evening, Pompidou travels by helicopter.) Moreover, the political structure of Paris is designed to make sure that he gets his own way.

Another reason for the inevitability of the Left Bank expressway is that not even the state can afford to buy land in Paris. *The Economist* recently singled out Paris as the best real estate investment in the world. Its land values have multiplied fifteen times in the last ten years. The Boulevard Périphérique, built on the city's fortifications, and the Right Bank expressway have taken most of the land in public domain. The Left Bank is the only remaining public land for an east-west expressway.

And yet, not even President Pompidou can ignore key statistics. "It is certain that prolonging present tendencies—66 percent of all travel in Paris is by private car, 25 percent on two-wheeled vehicles, 14 percent on public transportation—will lead to total paralysis of the city by 1975," says

the Atelier Parisien d'Urbanisme. Faced with this quandary, Pompidou has been talking out of both sides of his mouth lately. He made a speech in Chicago asserting the need for an "environmental morality." Later he appointed a Minister of the Environment with inadequate funds and no power. When the problem of air pollution was mentioned, he replied, "People love cars. What can I do about it?"

When De Gaulle held the reins, it seemed that Paris would remain a stronghold against real estate speculation and high-rise developers. In 1972, with the colossal Tour Maine-Montparnasse looming over what was once the nucleus of the Left Bank art district, that era seems long ago indeed.

Construction of Europe's tallest skyscraper in Paris initially awakened public opinion; if it had not been aroused, the disastrous first proposal for the Left Bank expressway would have sneaked past the Council. In a land where the "don't fight city hall" attitude is pervasive, the new *crise de conscience* is notable.

—JUSTINE DELACY

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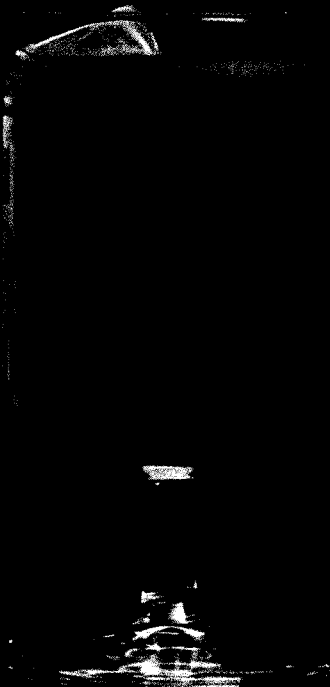
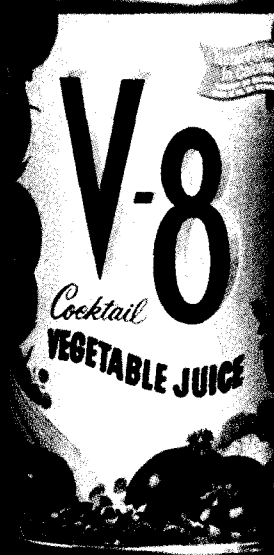
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Innocent Bystander

Lost Cities
by L. E. Sissman

A thousand Jeremiahs tell us—undoubtedly accurately—that we are losing our countryside. Our national parks and national fastnesses are choked with campers. Small towns are overrun with tourist locusts. Navies of powerboats clog our lakes and rivers. Armies of hikers conquer virgin mountains.

But what of our cities, which are already lost to us? What urban adventurer, however foolhardy, would walk out at night to take the air on Riverside Drive, Connecticut Avenue, or Michigan Boulevard? The men and women who furnish our city streets with purposeful motion in the daytime—even then warily—vanish at nightfall into far suburbs or tall buildings, imprisoned behind locks and guards and vicious dogs. Our cities are our jailers; after dark, our demesne is confined to a few small, familiar rooms, with the world piped in through the blue eye of TV.

What were our cities to us in the age when we enjoyed the freedom of them day and night? More, I think, than we might at first suppose. America has been a nation of monumentalists, of self-memorializers in living stone. Unlike Europeans, who have always operated under an unspoken obligation to preserve the houses and palaces and offices of their ancestors, Americans began with *tabula rasa*—an open space instead of a city, a forgotten tangle of forebears instead of a family tree. In many ways, they were the first Western men who were truly free to express and perpetuate themselves in the lineaments of their cities. And they did.

Before conformity set in in the last generation, before the freebooting individual gave way to the corporate

committee, Americans with power and money committed their fantasies to form. They built cities of palaces bearing their names or the names of their companies, palaces dedicated to the demonstration that a nobody could become a king in his own lifetime. Overcompensating for the humility of their origins—or the origins of their fortunes—they reared fantastical landmarks almost overnight. Depending on the taste or servility of the architects they engaged, these secular fanes and temples ranged from the imposingly ridiculous to the oversized sublime. After the turn of the century, everything was towers, wordless sky-signs designed to advertise the builder's eminence. Louis Sullivan's flat-topped monadnocks gave way to fingers, beacons, spires. The wondrous Standard Oil Building at the Battery and the tall, fat newspaper offices of Park Row were overtopped by the archly Gothic Woolworth Building and soon by many more. In the twenties, boom fever launched hundreds of new ziggurats: the Tribune Tower in Chicago, an enormous Boston Stump, complete with terminal lantern; the Penobscot Building in Detroit, a pocket battleship of gray setbacks; and in New York, the Salmon Tower, the Chanin Tower, the Lincoln Tower, and literally above all, the shiny, steel-beaked Chrysler Building.

These buildings were often bad architecture in bad taste. But they transcended that, because they were alive—because they were a piece of living social history, exciting and imposing for all their pompousness (the music that celebrates them, the “busy-city” movie music of the early thirties, is still, for all its unintended irony, alive and moving), and because their presence created a fine tension between them and the monuments of lesser entrepreneurs: the small, unceremonial, individuated houses, apartments, shops, restaurants, and offices that complete a city. The total impression—as John Sloan, Reginald Marsh, and other painters saw and drew—was one of attractive diversity and eclecticism, of human beauty and folly playing themselves on a stage greater, even, than that of the Radio City Music Hall. It was a scene of grave inequity and social injustice, but one in which real people preserved their eccentricity and uniqueness against the pressures of

power. The closest literary equivalent to the big-cityscape of the twenties is John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*, illustrated, significantly, by Reginald Marsh; if a single epithet can describe that book, it is vitality.

When I grew up, in the thirties and forties, the case was altered. The empire-building drive of the twenties had culminated, in New York, in the somber monolith of Rockefeller Center and in the tinsel leanness of the Empire State. The Depression was in progress and the mood of the people had changed from lively expectation to despair and fear. A symbol of the change that I remember was a handsome, twenty-story office tower in Detroit; its rust-and-beige brick exterior had been completed, but the windows were unglazed, and there were no floors inside.

In spite of this pause in our ebullience—a pause from which we may never have recovered—cities were still exciting landscapes when I grew up in them. They were man-made, it's true; but in the making, over a relatively few generations, they became a geological deposit of American taste and aspirations, a living demonstration of the forces that had shaped the recent past and present. All this apart from the sheer beauty, beauty in ugliness, of their soaring juxtapositions: the Sabrett hot-dog man, the smallest known unit of free enterprise, at the heartbreakingly modernique base of the Irving Trust Company on Wall Street, with the brown eighteenth-century eminence of Trinity Church as backdrop. It is not too much to say, in fact, that in the twentieth century we finally learned to be at home in cities just before they were to become unlivable, that we learned to see the cityscape as a curious kind of natural landscape in which all the nature was an extension of human nature. The painters I've mentioned, along with Edward Hopper, Charles Sheeler, and many others, became poets of cityscapes; so did a number of important writers. In Europe, Graham Greene created a despairing elegy out of his vision of Nottingham, which he called Nottwich, and Céline made a decaying, decadent Paris into a vehicle of savage sardonic joy; even “The Waste Land” is a poem, in part, about the dying life of a city. In America, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, and Thomas Wolfe began the exploration of the beauty, necessity, and *terribi-*

lità of urban life that, in a still darker vein, Saul Bellow, Donald Barthelme, and Philip Roth have continued.

The fact is, of course, that the city is a machine for compressing both people and experience, for multiplying and heightening sensations (in both senses), for speeding and amplifying the impact of life on the individual. Since flesh and blood can withstand only so many stimuli, threats, and shocks without losing their coherence, the city-as-happening has, with the advance of both tension and technology, become simply too much for us: too much life, too much death to imagine or deal with, day after day.

But in the last generation, it was still possible for one—a lucky one with enough youth and health and foolish confidence—to ride, like a surfer, the crest of the wave, to feel himself the master and confidant of a city, to walk the dark streets absorbing sensation with an innocent fearlessness of personal harm. Now that our cities have, so to speak, outgrown us, I think it's important to recall what they meant to us when we could still confront them and change and be changed by them. Take, for instance, a late-summer twilight on West Twentieth Street in Chelsea, circa 1950. The westbound walker saw before him a backlit jumble of modest roof lines, wood water tanks on rooftops, a tangle of ironwork marking the western boundary of the island. Nearer, the wrought-iron rails of brownstone steps, silhouetted by the last light, receded to a vanishing point somewhere on the Jersey shore. At Ninth Avenue, a line of small, shut shops—barbers', butchers', fish merchants'—proceeded shabbily southward. There was an unnatural silence for the city, the silence of people gone away to the mountains and the seashore. The only sounds, besides the passage of occasional taxis, were the lost Latino songs of Puerto Ricans, left behind in the August exodus, singing on front stoops. The only smells, besides an occasional gust of diesel smoke from buses, were the dank, miasmal emanations of Victorian cellars—a universal urban gas, composed of mildew, dead rats, and rotten wood, that I have smelled in many American cities. The total effect was mildly sad, a little sentimental, and remarkably reassuring for its human scale.

Even walking in canyons of skyscrapers was an ironic affirmation. While perhaps condemning the architectural excesses, the solitary walker could, through his patronizing smile, feel some crazy kind of empathy with the force of will that caused these towers to be erected, could be thrilled in secret by the waxing or waning play of light along their flanks and among their overbearing spires. Some structures seemed both massive and imposing and frail and fallible, like the naively grand Art-Deco McGraw-Hill Building on West Forty-second Street or the foursquare but fussily ornate New York Central Building—since, alas, overawed by the chesty, graceless Pan Am—at the foot of Park Avenue. And always, in a jaunty, arhythmic figure over the ground bass of the buildings, ran the sights and sounds of ordinary men and women going about their business in the granite forest, like tiny sailors on the deck of some behemoth dreadnought of the Jutland era.

The sounds were astonishingly intimate: the tick of a single pair of heel taps on the pavement half a block away; a truncated gust of laughter from two couples at the entrance to a nightclub; the distant taxi whistle of a doorman; the buzz of a single failing neon sign in a cigar-store window; the angry clipping projected from the entrance to a barber shop; the slow slap of shoeshine cloths in the lobby of an office building; the cross-section of high-pitched babble from the open door of a saloon, rising and fading to silence in a second; a piano, badly and hesitantly played, heard with an almost elfin clarity from some upstairs apartment.

But the mystery and promise was in the smells, especially at night, when much of the population had gone indoors and advertised its presence largely by the aromas of life continuing. Cigar smoke, suggesting an impossible affluence; a hint of perfume, detached from an invisible woman of unimaginable beauty; advertisements for cookery, both the humble cabbage of tenements and the rich, herbal sauces of restaurants; the sudden, raw skunk-smell of gasoline; at subway exits, the compressed amalgam of heat, humidity, sweat, ozone, and oil; over everything, a faint, bitter tang of exhaust; and in the parks—who dares walk in parks at night anywhere anymore?—the con-

tending odors of irrepressible greenery and the surrounding city, still radiating the fumes of the day.

That, then, was a little of what cities were thirty or forty years ago, before their humanity was cruelly superseded by the proliferation of faceless chain stores at street level, obliterating the little, idiosyncratic shops of small businessmen, and the proliferation of soulless glass polyhedrons, displaying the corporate compromise and confusion of modern money power and obliterating the slim silver-plated pencils of the old entrepreneurs' towers overhead.

The multifarious, splendid, sordid ego-trips that used to be our cities are vanished, as it were, into thick air.

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BLACK AFRICA

SIR: I found Mr. Stanley Meisler's article on "Black Africa" (August *Atlantic*) generally reliable in its very original recapitulation of the political and economic malaise in independent Black Africa. Those of us who come from Africa are also plagued by interminable political convulsions and subsequent or inherent economic stagnation which have been characteristic of Black Africa since independence. However, some of Africa's problems will be perpetuated in the present atmosphere of freedom without informed guidance, while foreign pessimism will more likely compound a sense of frustration among those Africans who are optimistic about Africa's future.

Well-meaning Africanists who resent the impact of Western influence on African society should understand that there is a limit as to what a native of Africa can retain from his past, or adopt from the West. There is nothing wrong with the adoption of Western clothing or consumer goods by village or city Africans. We should stop thinking of Africans in stereotypes, and instead regard the African's adoption of Western styles as proof of the long-standing historical links between the once "imperial West" and Africa. Humanity is evolving toward a common goal, partly inspired by common needs; those underprivileged in their circumstances of birth will necessarily take advantage of what the privileged world can offer. On the other hand, the trappings of Western behavior in the form of dress, speech, and so forth, are not enough to turn an African into a "white black man."

KINGS MBACAZWA PHIRI
Madison, Wis.

SIR: Stanley Meisler has concluded that Africa, with its sorry record since independence, can be understood only by standing apart and trying "to sense the intensity of a great historical movement there, for the only constant in Africa is change."

Whether or not the facts that we hope Mr. Meisler will continue to report from Africa are evidence of "a great historical movement," only time will tell. Meanwhile we hope also that he will remind us of those elements of African life that are as constant as change itself, namely, faith, hope, and love. If Mr. Meisler can philosophize about one universal phenomenon in relation to Africa, we can do the same about other universal phenomena which assert themselves in the midst of coups, corruption, mismanagement, stagnation, and slaughter, and which may yet prevail.

LYNDON HARRIES
Professor of African Languages
and Literature
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

BRAVE NEW MARRIAGE

SIR: As a young husband two weeks into my first marriage I most heartily endorse the approach of Melvin Maddocks in his article "Brave New Marriage" (September *Atlantic*). If it is necessary to seek refuge in some rigorously defined methodology of marriage, I feel that a good healthy cynicism certainly beats hell out of

Synergic interaction —> Enhancement
Transcendence
—> Elation —> —>

VICTOR SMITH
Albany, N.Y.

SIR: Melvin Maddocks' "brave new marriages" seem notable for doting

on sexual stimulation. And as notable, if Mr. Maddocks is correct, for the unlikelihood of their success.

Such marriage alternatives seem to me unfortunate variations on a theme. I was an adolescent in the middle sixties, when sex was not so tinged with conscience as in the past, when marriage was slightly incomprehensible, if not obsolete. Although sexual encounters were as momentous to me as to any other generation of adolescents, they were neither frightening nor did they represent a commitment. And perhaps these factors made it possible for others of my age and myself to move more gracefully out of adolescence. In fact, making love, like making war, may not even be such a glorious pastime anymore.

LISA GUTT
Eureka, Calif.

SIR: What a joy, what a relief to read Melvin Maddocks' "Brave New Marriage."

THÉRÈSE LINDSEY
Arden, N.C.

ROSZAK ON SCIENCE

SIR: In the July *Atlantic*, the essay by Theodore Roszak called "Science: A Technocratic Trap" proposed that the Western European tradition of rational investigation of reality should make way for a new "school of consciousness," just as past schools of art have been supplanted by modern schools—Impressionist by Postimpressionist. Roszak's book *The Making of the Counter-Culture* has now gone into paperback publication; and you tell us he has a new book in press, all preaching an antiscience, antitechnology doctrine.

There are many, many factual



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things wrong with Roszak's reporting. For example, George Perkins Marsh was the *founder* of a *scientific* field of endeavor and *not* an antisience writer. The fact that he was not a formally *trained* scientist did not disqualify him, any more than an even greater lack of training disqualified Faraday. This is only one example; it would require considerable space to document all Roszak's errors of fact and interpretation. (For instance, the Mohole was an aberration of science, not the shape-of-science-to-come. The original scientists who proposed the Mohole were squeezed out of the project long before it reached its peak; and they actually disowned it.)

Roszak's works must be recognized as a part of the Western tradition of irrationalism and antirationalism. This tradition is an old one, as old as the Greek era, and the year when Socrates was done in. Roszak commends us to the "primordial wisdom" instead of science, not recognizing that science *arose out of* primordial wisdom. It was when primitive man started to recognize regularity in nature, to make tools for future use (and not just depend on any handy stick for a club), and when he first got a glimmering of the relation between cause and effect, that primordial hominids started rapid evolution and development toward *homo sapiens*. Early science was, in essence, just rationality. But there have always been people who could not bear the pain of thinking, or of planning ahead, who wanted to return to a simpler era, to the safety of their grandfather's knee, to the womb. And such people have always resented the way that rational, foresighted people got ahead of them, and so they have cut them down to size by attacking their very base, their rationality. The sad thing, today, is to see some modern intellectuals subscribing to such patterns of attack, and actually cutting off their own roots in rationality.

Roszak, in his enthusiasm against the devil, science, is proposing that we exorcise it. But there is only one thing that is as futile as the worship of a false god, and that is to cast out a false devil. Both the worship and the exorcism give a person a sense of security, where none is warranted.

ROBERT J. GOOD
Professor of Chemical Engineering
State University of New York
Buffalo, N.Y.

Theodore Roszak replies:

How nicely the glory and the pathos of the liberal-humanist tradition sound through Professor Good's words. Here is the very text to which my recent book (*Where the Wasteland Ends*) might have been appended as a long, anguished footnote. For there I deal at some length with the well-intentioned orthodoxy Professor Good voices—and do so respectfully, hurting for every criticism I make, half wishing the cause he champions were still mine, untarnished and beyond reasonable doubt. What can one do, even in radical dissent, but handle with affectionate care so noble and formidable a tradition within our culture—even knowing it is a tragic error and the death of the soul?

It is not primarily science I pit myself against in what I write. Rather, the wound I seek to heal is that of psychic alienation: the invidious segregation of humanity from the natural continuum, the divorce of visionary energy from intellect and action.

What Professor Good disparages as the irrational (Lord! must I, two centuries after Blake, repeat the lesson in this limp prose?) is a grand spectrum of human potentialities. When rationality is cut away from that spectrum, then the life of Reason becomes that mad rationality which insists that only what is impersonal and empirical, objective and quantifiable is real—*scientifically* real. Believe that and you are not far from tabulating the tragedies of our existence by way of body counts and megadeaths and chemical imbalances within our neural circuitry.

As Socrates himself knew: rational accuracy must be rooted in depths of experience which reason cannot comprehend. Or if not, it becomes a mere sophisticated instrumentality and is readily corrupted. And, thus, often, his disciples found him standing entranced, listening in secret ecstasy to his guiding voices—whence he learned his compassion, his devotion to the good, his love of truth. If we are not hopelessly among the damned, those voices are, I believe, speaking still within us all. What is the great and terrible difference between Professor Good and myself, both of us, I trust, intelligent, learned, and decent men? It is that I wish those voices to be amplified.

But for him they are, I guess, a troubling static in the cerebral computer.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: My article on "Academic Ignorance and Black Intelligence" in the June issue of *The Atlantic* refers to the ideas of the British social psychologist Basil Bernstein on social class differences in the use of language. Some condensation in *The Atlantic* article may lead to the confusion of Bernstein's views with the misinterpretations and use made of them by educational psychologists in America.

When I wrote that Bernstein's ideas were filtered through a bias against working-class behavior, it should be clear that the bias belongs to the architects of the "verbal deprivation" hypothesis, not Bernstein. All the quotations in this passage (page 60, second column, second paragraph) are from Jensen, not Bernstein. It is strictly Bereiter and Engelmann's idea that the "restricted code" of working-class speakers contains none of the apparatus needed for logical thought.

Bernstein has been trying to correct such misinterpretations for many years; see, for example, his recent article in Frederick Williams' volume *Language and Poverty*. In his view, both elaborated and restricted codes have important functions and the schools must give all speakers access to both. I have questioned Bernstein's use of the word "code" and suggested that elaboration is to be resisted rather than encouraged. But I hope that the unfortunate ambiguity in my article will not contribute to the misunderstanding of Bernstein's important ideas.

WILLIAM LABOV
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Your April article on the problems of the Chicago Contract Buyers League was most interesting.

It has been the law of New York, since the 1930 Depression days, that the rights of a contract purchaser are similar to the rights of a mortgage purchaser. When there is a default in a contract payment the seller can only acquire possession by foreclosing the contract. The procedures used are similar to that of a mortgage

foreclosure. If, after sale, there is any surplus money, it is returned to the contract buyer. The arrears can be paid by the contract buyer until a final judgment of sale has been signed by the judge.

As a result, contracts are rarely used. The advantage of a mortgage to the seller is that it is simpler to foreclose and the advantage to the buyer is that he cannot be summarily dispossessed; he has several weeks to make up any arrears and if there is an equity after sale, it returns to the buyer or mortgagor and not to the person foreclosing the mortgage. A simple change in the Illinois law to give the contract buyer a lien on the property to the extent of his equity therein would stop all of this present method of throwing the contract buyer out on a mere default of a monthly payment.

WALTER J. HOGAN
Newtonville, N. Y.

SIR: Robert Anson, in the September *Atlantic*, says it is "acknowledged" that George McGovern lacks charisma. I'm not sure who acknowledges it, but the dictionary says "cha-

risma" is "the aggregate of those special gifts of mind and character which are the source of the personal power of exceptional individuals and upon which they depend for their capacity to secure the allegiance of large masses of people." To me George McGovern has charisma. The large masses are not as large as they are going to be, but since the gifts are of mind and character, one should not expect instantaneous recognition, rather a gradual realization with exposure.

GEORGE IOUP
New Orleans, La.

SIR: Edwin Newman ("Steak Media, Please," September *Atlantic*) has overlooked that greatest of all American gourmet specialties, the roast beef sandwich with a cup of au jus on the side. In the really ritzy places it's roast beef avec au jus.

ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: We read with much interest the article "North Vietnam: A Visit to a Hospital" by Anthony Lewis in the

August, 1972, issue of *The Atlantic*.

In the article Mr. Lewis makes mention of an alleged toxic chemical material called "dioxin." This is an abbreviation for the chemical material 2, 3, 7, 8 tetrachloro-dibenzo-p-dioxin. This material was found to be an impurity in the herbicide 2, 4, 5T.

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We are now in the process of changing the trade name of our product to Giv-Gard DXN® in order to avoid any future possible confusion, some of which no doubt has come about because of Mr. Lewis' article.

J. H. SCHENICK
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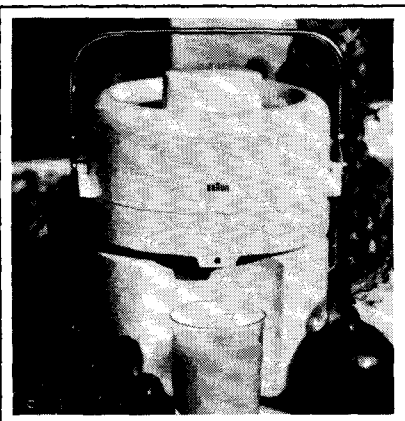
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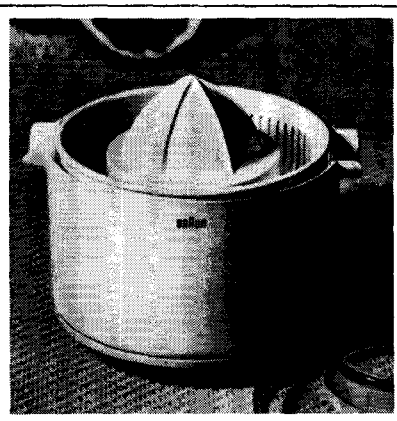
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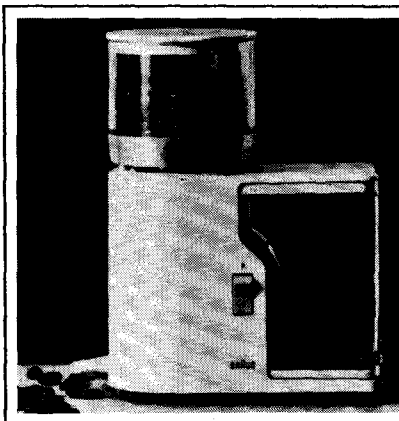
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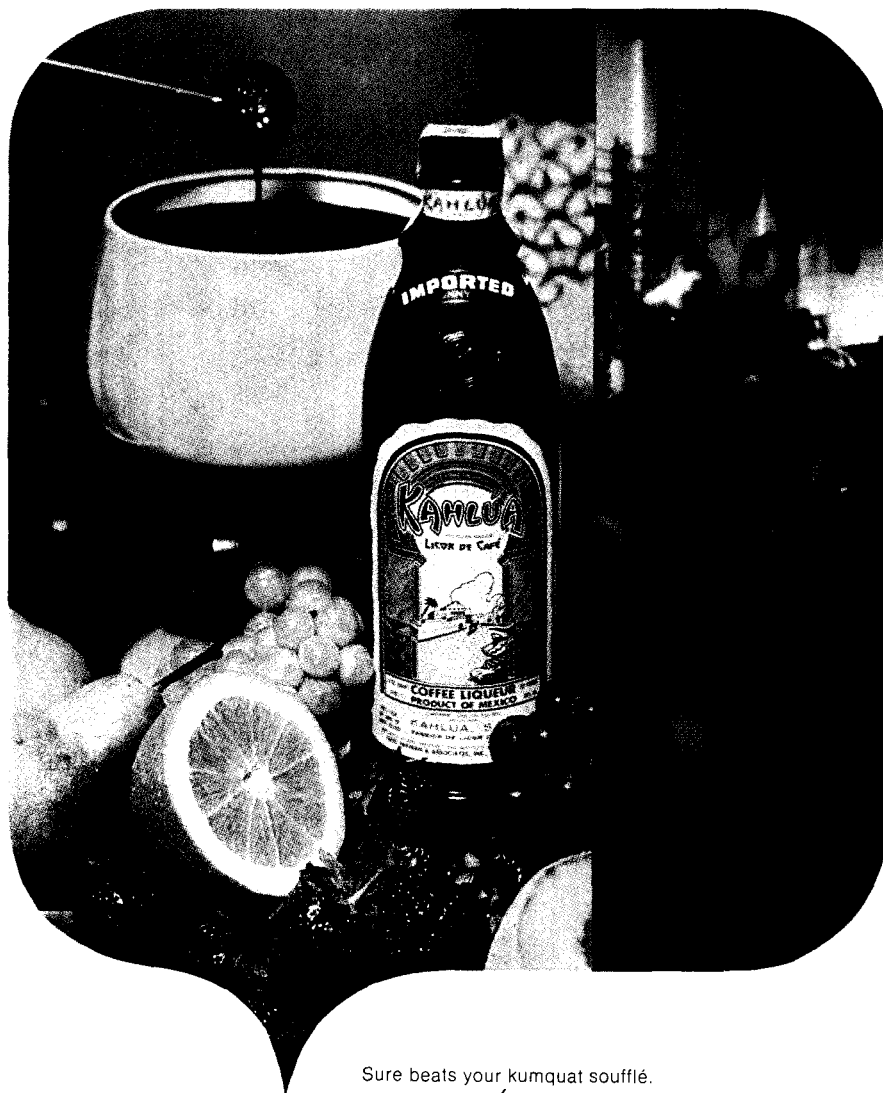
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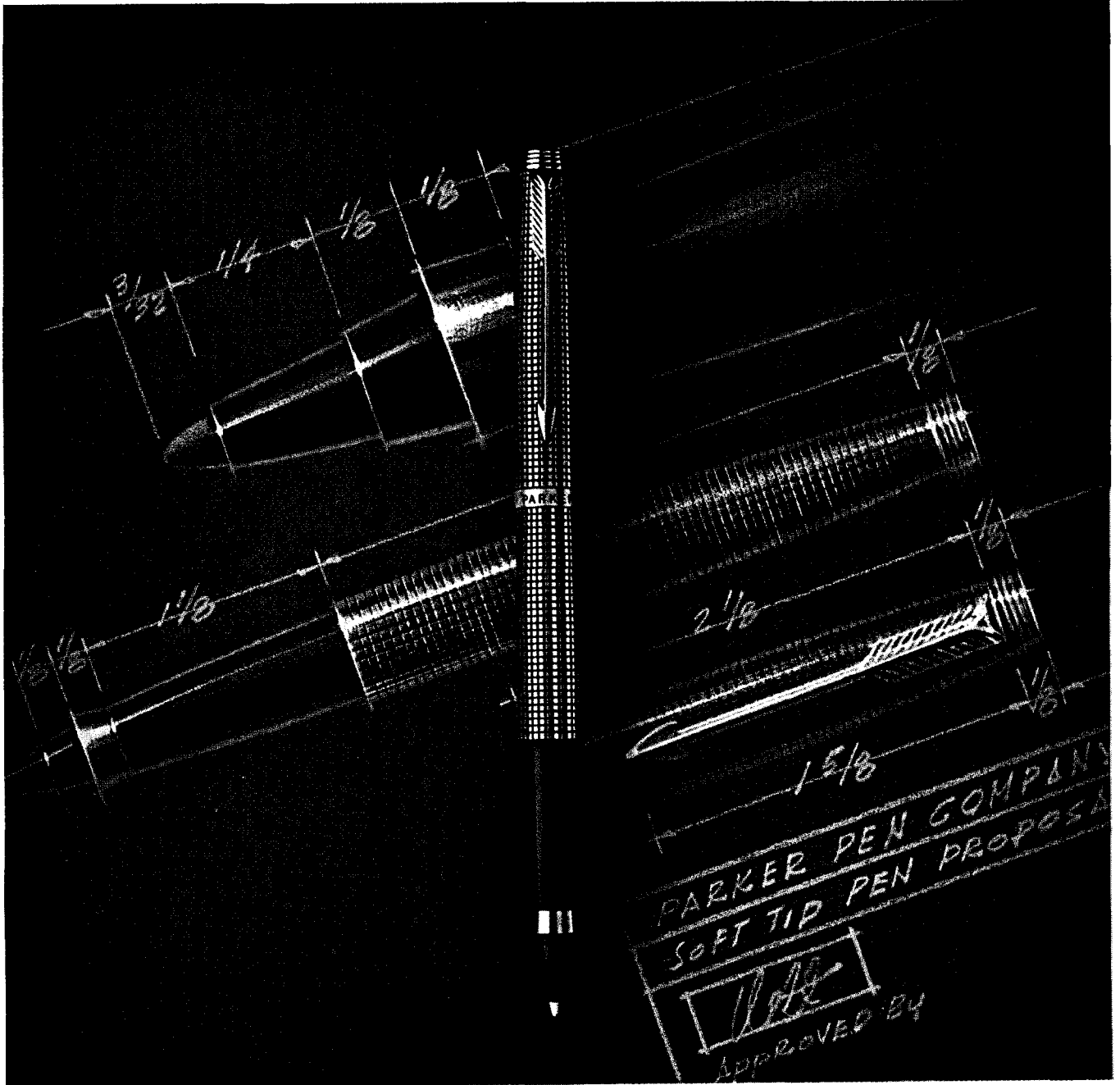
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WALT DISNEY PRESENTS: ADVENTURES IN COLLEGELAND!

by Herbert Gold

From the man who brought you Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and, among others, Bambi, came a school to upstage any other. "A completely new approach to training in the arts . . . that is the principal thing I hope to leave when I move on to greener pastures," he said. "If I can help provide a place to develop the talent of the future, I think I will have accomplished something."

How it came to pass that there is a California Institute of the Arts is one of those terrifically American (Roman numeral I), California (subhead A) adventures in money, glory, pride, and confusion.

Walt Disney had a final vision. It was like *Fantasia*, a peculiar aberration in his genial success story. He would devote a fortune to creating a community of artists in some ideal mid-role between a conservatory and a university, a futuristic Arcadia unique in history, located someplace down there between the movie studios and Disneyland. It wasn't sold to him, as some insist. He thought of it himself. Then he died, and Roy carried on; then Roy died, and the young Disneys are carrying on. Over thirty million dollars have been spent so far to nourish the

dream. A school is built and functioning, but the dream is still turbulent and undefined.

Money in hand in the booming late sixties, the Disneys went to Robert W. Corrigan to organize their Arcadia. Dr. Corrigan had a reputation for advanced organizing in various Eastern universities, and at the time was administering an ambitious school of theater at the Greenwich Village campus of New York University. Robert Corrigan went to Herbert Blau, who had a reputation for both genius and windmill-charging, to be his chief deputy, house philosopher, and administrator. Blau, co-founder of the Actors' Workshop in San Francisco, the most vital regional theater of the early sixties, had written a manifesto entitled *The Impossible Theater*, moved his group to the Lincoln Center, and resigned after a spectacularly tense and angry season of misunderstanding with New York critics, audiences, and backers. These two, Dr. Corrigan and Dr. Blau, were to give the kiss of life to Walt's hints. They figured to break walls in radical ways, which, it developed, may not have been what the conservative tycoon had in mind.

The trap was set. Minds were throbbingly ready not to meet. In its first two years, the California Institute of the Arts underwent catastrophe followed by disaster, and yet it survives. It's a college. It's a community. It's a space bird with fins, feathers, Disney sleekness, and revolutionary soul—and a loudly ticking self-destruct mechanism.

For a small new school, Cal Arts has undergone an

elaborate black-humor workout in the public eye. We can dispose of the occasions for astonishment in a brief summary. First off, some thirty million dollars of conservative Disney money funded an academy devoted to radical cultural innovation. Herbert Marcuse was proposed for the faculty and dispropounded in a jiffy. A helicopter bombed outdoor sculpture with computer printout poetry. A young faculty member stripped to the buff during one academic meeting. Snow White and Seven Dwarf jokes. Mickey Mouse jokes. Rumors carried to the Disneys: drugs on campus, erotic posters using D. Duck and M. Mouse characters, nude swimming in the Villa Cabrini pool, with faculty and students taking lessons together. A trustee said he didn't necessarily want students to wear bow ties to class, but at least they should curb their dogs. Sub-guerrilla warfare among students, faculty, administration, and trustees. A teacher in the School of Critical Studies described his credentials as "Automobile Repair Guru." From an early catalogue, a course listing since dropped:

SEX IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE AND SOCIETY

Sex is a vital part of our experience, yet we are usually forced to relegate our interest in it to our private lives or spare time. This term the general course will introduce sex into general education. Some topics we will consider are the nature of subjective sexual experience, the body, infantile sexuality, socialization into sex roles, sex and love in literature, pornography, sex in different cultures, sexual problems, venereal diseases and parasites, sex and violence, women's oppression and liberation, homosexuality, and the sexual theories of Sigmund Freud, Wilhelm Reich, and Herbert Marcuse. There will be lectures, movies, and discussions. Students will write descriptions of their own sexual experience, and will read *The World of Sex* by Henry Miller, *Three Essays on Sexuality* by Freud, a dirty book (to be assigned), and *Selections from The Function of the Orgasm* by Wilhelm Reich, and other material.

There was trouble in Disneyculture. The dean of the School of Critical Studies was fired after a period of pandemonium and anarcho-revolutionary rapping. President Robert Corrigan was fired and rehired in half an hour. Panicked Disneys tried to sell the school to the University of Southern California, or Pepperdine, a local right-wing college, or anybody else who would take it off their hands. They negotiated secretly, but, of course, the news was leaked to Corrigan and Blau.

And finally, as the deepest wound to the young idea, Herbert Blau, a moving spirit behind the school, provost and dean, was fired after complicated money troubles, outrage troubles, hurt-feeling troubles, and a last-ditch effort to persuade him to remain with reduced authority. ("Incompatibility in the orientation of academic and administrative implementation" was the reason stated in the press release.) He took some students with him to Oberlin, a

few of his staff left, and the school was left to attempt its innovations in inter-media education without its determined innovator.

When I visited Cal Arts last March, the Modular Theater co-designed by Blau—spacious, brilliant, supple, fantastic, expensive—was unfinished, and many said no one on campus would understand how to use it anyway, but the school itself seemed to have come out of its birth pangs humming, buzzing, and leaping. Not that there weren't signs of strain. The megalopolitan architectural concept has inflicted a two-building arrangement on those sixty rolling acres situated in a perished nowhere which is being chewed away by Los Angeles on one side and the San Fernando Valley on the other. Valencia is a new town that doesn't yet exist on road maps. Students, teachers, and staff all hive together in a many-acre building, with halls and corridors to link the fine arts, design, music, film, video, dance, theater, humanities, cafeteria, miscellaneous, and administration. Across a road there's the other building—dormitory. And that's it. Claustrophobia mixes with agoraphobia. Some 800 students, 134 faculty—the number of both shifts—are sporting in the super-media machine. Some of them, at least, ambiguously bless the memory of both the departed Walt Disney and the banished Herbert Blau.

The basic idea, as conceived by Blau and President Corrigan, takes Cal Arts far from the traditional art school, music school, liberal arts college, or theater academy; it modernizes the maestro principle, young artists working under masters, of feudal times; it institutionalizes the impulses of the free and counter-cultural schools of the heyday of the flower children. Disney seems to have mentioned "a community of the arts," and his drive and money have lurched into existence a mighty playground of technical toys for intense game players. In the words of the Admissions Bulletin: "The Institute departs from the conventions of the compartmentalized conservatory to create a total environment in which training, experiment, and performance encourage a crossing of traditional lines between the different disciplines, and develop special programs, such as inter-media, electronic art, video design, and world music." I learned to pronounce that mouthful, and as I talked with trustees, deans, teachers, and students, the words began to make sense.

The place might be hard to love, however, for those raised in Disneyland. Advanced Drug Research (Tutorials and Individual Study), Cannabis Myths & Folklore, Chinese Sutra Meditation, and SuperWoman: A Feminist Workshop, were a few of the courses in the School of Critical Studies which must have fretted those trustees for whom Leopold Stokowski's version of the Bach Toccata and Fugue in D Minor was a radical act. (*Fantasia* made real money only when the turned-on generation fell in love with it.) A curious trustee would have found this

variety of life during Cal Arts' first year on its new campus:

The Commedia Burbanque, a theater group. In the evening the cafeteria is open to politics, art, and coffee, and called the Nighteria. ("Group creative interaction with a focus on self-realization.") Peter Van Riper opened one of the rare holographic studios in the United States. An announcement of a course in circus skills included trampoline, hand-balancing, tumbling, and fire-eating, "open to those at all levels of skill." Clearly the faculty and students are more advanced as fire-eaters than as hand balancers. Holy Scriptures and Prophecy took its toll; a young man of my acquaintance, who entered as a scholarship student in creative writing, left after his first year to pursue a career as a Jesus Freak, meantime working in his father's jewelry shop in Winnetka. A design student won a prize of \$1500 for the winning freeway marker to identify Valencia at the McBean Parkway exit. A letter to the editor of the *Institute News*, from a literary faculty member, pointed out that the turkey in the turkey sandwich at the cafeteria looked like "modeled baloney," and urged "students as well as faculty to form a group." (A Cafeteria Advisory Committee was formed.) Leonid Hambro performed "musical and verbal vignettes"; Richard Farson spoke on "Redesigning the American Way of Life"; every Wednesday President Corrigan provided lunch for up to eleven students who wished to discuss anything at all with him. *Aleph*, the literary review, observed that "Gertrude Stein's poetry is a lot of crap, but so is fertilizer. . . . Become a contributor to *Aleph*!"

There were the usual bulletin ads for sadhana chant and meditation endeavors, kundalini Yoga, massage classes, California encounter experiments. The campus was swept by a wave of thefts and vandalism which shocked those who thought its "community of artists" would come with what President Corrigan described as "responsible social attitudes." Even the heating and air conditioning was tampered with. KCIA, the campus radio station, was built by students and faculty and broadcast from a converted linen closet. While some were looting and carving in seats, a flood of films, concerts, recitals, demonstrations, and exhibits made the statement about community.

Gary Brown painted his face blue, wrote "Blue Ideas," and argued for a day when everything should be blue—evening meals, shadows, art, airmail postage, horses, parked cars, American flag ("the blue, blue, and blue forever"), news, moon, and Merle Haggard's teeth.

The manager of the cafeteria which produced the "modeled baloney" turkey sandwich was replaced by a "manager for six of Disneyland's largest restaurants." Tapdance Technique and What to Do About Black Widow Spider Bites were discussed in detail.

Water Whistle, a musical event by Max Neuhaus, composer and visiting artist, and presented by the

Multimedia Department, involved a series of whistles played by water pressure on the floor of the pool. The listening audience was submerged to the ears. "The water temperature is maintained at 92 degrees for comfort and to permit extended listening"; "admission requirement is a swimsuit and towel."

The Big News includes everything from protests about the records in the cafeteria jukebox ("This jukebox is reactionary and must be re-educated so as to conform to the needs of the people") to a radical lesbian commentary about drink, closet lesbians, and coming out: "All women are lesbians, but not all of them remember it the next day." I have visited campuses which have no student publications other than a clumsy newspaper invoking school spirit and making athletic announcements. Cal Arts has, among other publications, a newspaper, *The Big News*, *Soundings*, a music quarterly, and *Ragazine*, a literary and art periodical.

The sense of a living environment is very strong. In the same issue of the *Institute News* which reports a first prize in design for an inflatable, mobile theater, a young man writes a letter asking for return of his size-nine brown suede boots, which were left behind at a concert. "If they are not returned . . . the secret radioactive material in the leather will work its way into the wearer's bloodstream and rot his testicles off." The sense of the real world is also powerful. The nurse begs students not to OD on niacin, a popular vitamin.

Most of all, through all the turmoil and experiment of its first year on the new campus, Cal Arts now wants to *survive*. Facing a harried faculty, a disarrayed administration, and a muttering board of trustees is a student body of bright rappers. There is an input-output flow of fired deans and teachers, and students in flight. And yet there's a unique effort going on to create a school devoted to an admixing of talents in the arts, with producing creators as the primary aim.

Harrison ("Buzz") Price, president of Economics Research Associates, which did the basic feasibility study for the Disney people (he has also done jobs for the Mayonnaise & Salad Dressings Institute), a former chairman of the board of trustees, says: "We've made our mistakes. It's a virtuous effort. I'm against censorship. We've learned from our ordeals. Trying to dump the school was a big mistake. Hell, we're doing something unique." (Fist pounds into palm in Westwood office.) "I love the place." He speaks for the trustees. He's close to the Disneys. His commitment seems tested and genuine.

Another way of approaching the intentions of Cal Arts is through the deans, who are not the usual educationist bureaucrats, but rather, most of them, functioning artists at the height of their powers. After a few readjustments by demotion and exile, these were the heads of their respective schools: Victor

Papanek, dean of the Design School, inventor of the nine-cent radio: "It sounded like my fantasy of the Bauhaus. I'm interested in alternative views of design. I don't want to process people, I don't want a thing-oriented school. I want to train for design for underdeveloped areas, bionics, bionic systems, use of organic forms. Here we're taking rich kids—tuition will be \$2800 a year—out of the power structure. Maybe they only want to play when they come, and they like Experience Reports instead of grades, rap sessions, a Women's Design Program to do films on the menstruation cycle. But I also want lower-class kids who are willing to do left rearview mirrors for Buick Skylarks. Ethnic kids. Some of them want to learn design—look at this, a cheap sound system, a chair for secretaries, good stuff like that." (The Institute's budget—in deficit, of course—allocates from \$600,000 to \$700,000 annually for scholarships. Entrance requirements do not include a high school diploma for those deemed especially talented.)

Paul Brach, painter, teacher, critic, dean of the School of Arts, a disheveled, garrulous, very bright man in jodhpurs, both cynical and optimistic, a survivor: "Each kid here has territoriality. He has his own project and a studio maestro, the fledgling and the old artist. We can give information so the students know their real needs. We've done away with the camouflage of artist-teachers as *professors*. They're mentors. We're flexible, we can allow the woman thing. If the blacks want a thing, fine. I think we have here the most open, organic discipline of a process of learning how to be an artist. . . ."

And he is pulling discontentedly on his cigar, with that puzzled look of the man who has fallen into jargon without knowing it until he hits the trampoline. He squints to see if I know what he means. I'm not sure what he sees.

Mel Powell, dean of the School of Music, composer, ex of Yale, ex of jazz: "This is a place where the arts are central; that's why I came. Interdisciplinary means I could *compose* a film, not just write music for one. Sure, the start-up is hard. We're going after the same fiddle player as Juilliard, but he'll be different when we get through with him."

Alexander Mackendrick, dean of the School of Film/Video, director of *The Man in the White Suit*, *Tight Little Island*, *Sweet Smell of Success*: "This can be the ideal pie in the sky. Cable, cassette, new media, use film for whatever—education, hobby, appreciation, even commerce—the equipment and staff is electrifying. We're all exploring together."

Dugald MacArthur, who served temporarily as dean of the School of Theater, film and stage writer and director: "No institute lives through dreams. We've got two thirds good people here, one third bad. They do Tai Chi, but the paranoia's intact. Last year we had a little group that wanted to slash tires and chant 'OM' with their eyes rolled up, and others who just wanted to play the violin nine hours a day. The adversary system means it wasn't just one big

happy artistic family. Roy Disney was always telling us: Don't deface the twenty-six-million-dollar white walls. We had people in the School of Critical Studies—now replaced by Humanities—telling their students: Do your thing, that's what I teach. Ugh. The president was tripping across the ice floe. Well, we've learned a lot. Of course, there's a money squeeze—the Disneys expected other money to come in—and in the kingdom of numbers, the number man is king. Why don't you talk with the financial people?"

Curzon Fager, vice president for Planning and Development, educationist, fund raiser, former drummer: "Things were precipitous. We're still getting the third building, the major concert hall, and we'll have the balance between the traditional and the avant-garde. Hell, we're on this campus one year, and we had a flood, a fire, an earthquake, and anarchism in Critical Studies. And the stock market went sour. The Disneys expected money to come begging to help, because everybody loves the Disneys, but they were wrong. Now it's: *Let's see. And will it really be a superb school?* So let's see. I think, personally, this has the potential to be a national resource, the only multiple-disciplined arts institution teaching only the arts in the whole U.S. [The State University of New York at Purchase may have slipped his mind. It's far away.] Right now I'm helping raise money for a project to build twenty African huts, a full African village, trees, red clay, straw, and thatch—we're using our Ghanaian master drummers from the music school as design consultants. Imagine what we'll learn about economy, music, dance, history, ecology."

He smiled under his dun-colored moustache, thinking of a campus starring the twenty-six-million-dollar Disney buildings plus twenty African huts.

"We're also funding a film showing the positive in the barrio—not the pushers, but the positive. We've built our own radio station. We're going into TV. The budget next year is five and a half million, the deficit is about two million, we need about one million to keep up. Not bad. I think we're getting it. I don't mind Gay Lib putting up their posters and passing out Genderfuck, but I reserve the right to tear them down when I'm escorting a potential giver through the campus. But I don't mind."

Bella Lewitzky, dancer, choreographer, the first dean, and now a part-time teacher, of the School of Dance: "We're educating through the telescopic vision of refinement of art forms. I'm not into the woman question personally. I believe in putting in your time at discipline to get a meaningful general expression."

By this time, reeling from dean to dean, with only a moment's respite in the strong arms of a fund raiser, I was moderately goofy, and hoping to come to some home truths with students. And yet, if they talked advanced dean talk, jolly trustee talk, hip administration talk, there still

seemed to be a real yearning for integral work in the arts. One of the wisest expressions of the woman's point of view came from Miriam Schapiro, painter, co-sister—with Judy Chicago—of the Feminist Art Program. I had heard of Miss Chicago, who didn't want to bear the male chauvinist pig oppressor name of a family or husband, and formed my own male chauvinist pig oppressor judgments in advance; she had spawned at least one follower who is now known as Wanda Westcoat. But Ms. Schapiro, wife, mother, successful painter, middle-aged, a bit weary, explained the women's painting program at Cal Arts, and the project for Womanhouse, in a way which made sense to me.

A feminist attitude toward history and art is as necessary to women as a black attitude is to blacks, she said. What the culture requires of women impedes their being artists. (Perhaps what the culture requires for male survival also impedes *their* being artists, and therefore not all men are artists.) She believes that, as with the blacks, the women must band together exclusively for a while, learning about being women with women, and then they can return strengthened to the rest of the world. "We have a theater group doing feminist experience, birth, menstruation, fear of invasion." They met before Cal Arts even opened, realizing that "women aren't trained to work; they have to learn to work, to exalt the sense of self and task." The women took the hulk of a ruined house and made of it a perishable monument to women's hopes, fears, and subverted skills. "Until men's consciousness is raised, we won't be able to have mixed groups; the women are too far ahead. Heavy." And that's why the notion of a women's painting program, dealing in the study of female art history and female themes, has taken root at Cal Arts. "I say to a painter, *That's beautiful*, and tears start to roll, because no male teacher ever said that to her. Men criticize. I support wherever they are in order to get them to a more comfortable position."

Womanhouse, with its nude closet, its monster garden, its menstruation bathroom, is one of the projects which has already made Cal Arts famous in California. Women from all over came and wept to see the plight of their kind dramatized in the kitchen covered with plastic fried eggs-flapjacks-breasts and the torn and suffering . . . crocheted cloth . . . afterbirth womb room. When a four-year-old visitor wrinkled his nose and said, "What's that?" one of the artists cried out. "You see? He's been ruined already, he's a pig!"

Womanhouse was a total environmental feminist kvetch, redeemed by humor and rage. An ed school dropout who worked on it told me she no longer has to worry about flunking thumb-tacking or crayon-collecting. It was a temporary shrine.

Returning to my Fred Harvey motor lodge after a day of input overload at Cal Arts. I read about the controversy over the greening of the freeways with plastic vegetation (Oh to be in L.A. when the poly-

ethyl-vinyl trees are in bloom); I snap on the cable to catch a Correctol, the Woman's Gentle Laxative, advertisement, followed by the Decorative Wrought-Iron Burglary Guards from All-State commercial. And risk a cold with a midnight swim in the pool, in which tumbleweed from the desert floats like antipersonnel mines. Desert, L.A., and the San Fernando Valley are all meeting here at the Saugus exit of the Golden State Freeway. Someone has a transistor tuned to a semi-underground almost-rock station:

You ask me if there'll come a time when I'll grow
tired of you
Never my love, never my love . . .

Valencia, the town of record for Cal Arts, is coming into full tract, though there are still cows and cow ponds, canyons and trails nearby. The land is graced by bulldozers and developers. Cal Arts seems also to be a gleam of Cultural Resources in some real estate speculators' eyes; that's part of the source of this odd miracle, too.

In the coin boxes, along with the Los Angeles Times, I find the Free Press, and a notice about the kudzu vine, which grows twenty-five feet high in one season, instant greenery. The only thing your friendly gardener warns us about: *it's not a nice plant*. He doesn't say why. There's a paranoia about plants in this Southern California, just as there's a paranoia about the strange radical school which has grown overnight in the desert here next door to no place. And what they're doing: they're playing with art technology as the unemployed Lockheed and Boeing people would like to play with space technology.

The next day I had an appointment with Dr. Robert Corrigan, who was still president at that time. He's a tall, worn, boyish man with poet's locks, in the fashion of another generation, an Episcopal bishop's son who has spent his life in academic theater yearning to be out of it, "author or editor," as the Admissions Bulletin puts it, "of 32 books and over 100 articles on the theater and the arts." He took an unusual beating from students, faculty, and trustees. Now the problem was, he said, "the squeeze. We can't reduce scale without removing the chance to broaden our base." In the money, hurt feelings, and political struggle with the Disneys, "it's not a question of power—no longer a 'we' and 'they' situation as such. It's just that they, uh, must feel some pleasure in what they support. It's my job, our job, to make them understand what they should receive pleasure from."

The matter of his fired associate, Herbert Blau, clearly rankled. Some feel he betrayed his friend by not sticking with him, and that there was enough support on the board to win if they had stayed together. He sighed and sagged visibly. "Well, it was life-style, not politics. And money: how to use the

money. But through it all we've improved the trustees' understanding. And the school's."

I asked him an embarrassing question about his contract, which needed to be renewed soon, and he met it with disarming modesty: "It would be upsetting to let me go now. So many upheavals. Of course, I don't know what they'll do. The dream of a community was very pure. . . ."

His voice trailed off and he looked at me winningly, hopelessly. Though his role in the firing of Blau was a murky one, I found myself rooting for him.

President Robert W. Corrigan was doomed, of course. He had lost the faculty, he had lost most of the students, he had waffled with his commitment. He now served at the pleasure of the Disneys. And they were not very pleased. Corrigan hoped that a period of belt-tightening and calm would lead to a distinctive modern school with which the ghost of Walt Disney could live. But later, in May, the tumblers rolled. Corrigan gracefully announced his resignation to a convocation of the entire Cal Arts community. The Disney family wanted to run a tighter ship, and Corrigan's support had been eroded on all sides. He departed with good words for his faculty and for his successor.

During those days of springtime, the sterility of the huge building-encampment, "the Magic Mausoleum," "Mickimaushaus," as it's been called, was modified by Pulsa, a video freak collective, which had invaded the premises with closed-circuit TV, banks of receptors, electronic sound services, all of it looking like your friendly All-State Supermarket Security System gone berserkers. Doppler radar systems were recording sounds and translating images and bodies into rhythms emerging from strategically placed speakers. At every turn, you could see yourself on the screen, and perhaps locate the person you were looking for on another screen, looking at you, while neither knew where the other, in fact, was. Pulsa describes itself (themselves) as Video Feedback Environments, Microwave Sound Environments ("space activated by movements"), and a Life-Style Video Serial, including a "continuous live TV show of our life together at home." They rode out of Connecticut together to the Wild West, where they found a temporary home at Cal Arts. What did it all mean? Funny sounds when you walked, an aural echo of your body, obscurely vain, curious, and paranoid. Like Roman candles, the sounds glow in the air and the mind, and then they expire. Pulsa was also performing electronic architecture experiments with plants emitting voices; the plants seem to enjoy it, too. The aura workshop, people moving through electromagnetic fields, is in the business of generating education and plans for collective living. The students at Cal Arts pause on their rounds and make victory signs in front of the video. I saw Tony Ramos, a teaching assistant with whom I was to have lunch, looking for me as I was looking for him. With the

help of pre-electronic goodwill, we found each other.

A teaching assistant, a colleague of Allen Kaprow's in the happening and mixed-media trade, Tony Ramos is now retired from draft troubles, which included returning from Canada to do two years in prison. He is intelligent, alert, shrewd, focused, black. He says: "The mere fact of institution negates the dream. The moment they built the building it was gone. Why worry about dreams? But here I've found a place where I can do my work. I can get into a dialogue with people and equipment. The dopers yelling about freedom have mostly taken off, because freedom needs discipline. People need to find out about themselves. The real artist tries to discover himself—not turn out products for the society. But also to work. We're into metapolitics, not Vietnam. The private search is more difficult. Artists are like that. Art is communication, and private. OK, we're talking about the Greater Thing, but we don't know how to define it outside the medium. Chinese order isn't necessary. Freedom is."

Isn't this a funny conception for Southern California, for Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and *Fantasia*?

"The money from the first great media ripoff artist," said Tony Ramos, smiling happily under his Zapata moustache, "has come to produce the first great inter-media school."

Surrounding the browned hills are encroaching tracts, spent ranches, desert towns, a few wisps of smog through a pass in the valley. Here, in their grandiose encampment under acres of roof, the Disney millions, the modern facilities for all the arts, the faculty of distinguished performers and creators, a student body of the turned-on, plus the sense that the ghosts of Black Mountain and the Bauhaus are watching, have already produced what they might have been expected to produce: controversy, dissension, trouble, and disappointment. Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are starring in, alas, a Bela Lugosi film about hoodoo time in old Transylvania. Herbert Blau, with his great gifts as a man of the theater, as an inspirer of students, as a visionary in education, went. Some of the trustees hadn't believed him when he described his vision. They thought he was selling. He was serious. Robert Corrigan went. He has been replaced by William S. Lund, who happens to be a Disney son-in-law, active in business, real estate, and "economic counseling," a Stanford B.A. who did graduate study at UCLA's School of Business Administration. An outgoing, personable, youngish man, he told me: "We are engaged in restructuring our administration and reordering the priorities."

Let us resist the obvious judgments about the Disneys taking back their mitts and gloves because they didn't like the game. Many faculty and staff were, in fact, reassured. The Disneys must know what they're doing, they thought. An end to confusion, an end to

floundering. They're running it now, so they'll have to put up the money.

However, the financial squeeze continues, although Acting President Lund said cautiously over the telephone: "The Family has renewed and reaffirmed its commitment." He did not want to be specific about amounts, but informed estimates are that they are willing to contribute about \$1.2 million a year, no mean sum. But it costs about a million dollars just to keep the buildings functioning. It looks to some as if the money is just to preserve the pharaoh's tomb. Everything else, the essentials of a college, depends on other contributions and student fees. The other contributions are slow to come in. Retrenchment: Bella Lewitzky is no longer dean of the School of Dance; the School is back under Theater. A new dean, experienced in working with the Disneys at the defunct Chouinard art school, has taken over the School of Humanities. The deans of Design and Theater have been replaced. New faculty is limited, although Acting President Lund said that they plan to expand the creative writing program, which is economical to run, requiring no expensive machinery and equipment.

Austerity means, explained a distinguished departing professor: "It'll probably settle down to being a conservative art school with some eccentric teachers and students."

The convulsions at Cal Arts represent the classic showdowns of purity, rage, and fanatic idealism against those who must reckon with the possible. Aside from personal conflicts and financial distresses, Herb Blau says the trouble goes back to the paradox at the root of the institution: *Can radical ideas be sponsored by reactionary money?* "The Disneys had negotiable intentions, but up against the wall, they are dangerous. They eventually realized that education is not Disneyland."

Clearly the dream of Disney, to get the best people in the country to make the best school of its sort, was at variance with the character and history of Disney, which is to utilize a limited artistic vision for commercial purposes. Getting the best people meant getting people whose vision of the arts would outrage the Family. "I'm not going to run around pasting fig leaves on statues," said a trustee, but he also remarked that he wouldn't say the word "nipple" in public. The word "inter-media" was almost as bad. Conflict was inevitable, and the power lies with the funding.

There's no doubt that the school is worth continuing. What is being attempted is still a most advanced and yet practical institution to prepare com-

plex careers in the arts. It is unique in teaching discipline and skill while bringing together a brawling crew of maestros and would-be's. Professional training in the arts, as opposed to merely academic training, has been conspicuously absent from the American experience in education. There has been plenty of commercial training (Famous Artists Schools, how-to-culture-for-fun-and-profit), and plenty of degree-sifting in separate fields of music or theater or the fine arts, but never before has there been this integrated effort to develop tools and artists at the green growing tip. Multi-media and the critique of society by art, mixed media and a benevolent environment for talent—these are vaguely defined ambitions, but somehow we begin to know what they mean. Cal Arts' effort is sublime even as some of what goes on there is ridiculous.

Skilled happening masters and dance innovators may find few jobs opening after graduation, but perhaps they will be more equipped to hassle the food-stamp and welfare youth society than the unemployed aerospace engineers and Ph.D. literature trainees. In a society with more and more leisure, fragmented and computerized, some musicians, some video and film compulsives, even some artists in clay and paint will find work. Cal Arts is not thinking much about vocational guidance; that way lies frustration, or at least another sort of school. But the working designers, makers, and shapers who form its faculty at least point to opportunities in the real world, and perhaps that's more than most institutions can now do. At the green growing tip of the arts, there may be sprouts and blooms, but no office of job counseling.

On my way to my last lunch in the cafeteria, I crossed the Great Hall of the Magic Mausoleum, where a flautist was performing before a couple of hundred students, sitting and lying about on the hardwood floors with their hamburgers and coffee, their Cokes and yogurts and apples, some eating to live sound, some giving merely spacy attention, some with acute professional eyes on a colleague. One of the deans had just said irritably, when I asked what "inter-media" meant to him: "A light show in a discotheque. This is *Fantasia* designed by the CIA."

Well, he too was suffering from input overload.

But as I listened to the lonely flautist, and watched him come to military attention with his flute, present arms with it, and then bow to the applause and laughter which echoed through the great white gallery, I hoped that this place might persist, thrive, and become what its peculiar founders dreamed for it. □

HOME FROM THE WAR

The Psychology of Survival

by Robert Jay Lifton

Out of eighteen months of “rapping” with a group of Vietnam veterans, and out of numerous interviews, a psychiatrist finds reasons why heroes weep and throw away their medals.

1. Surviving

There is something special about Vietnam veterans. Everyone who has contact with them seems to agree that they are different from veterans of other wars. A favorite word to describe them is “alienated.” Veterans Administration reports stress their sensitivity to issues of authority and autonomy. This group of veterans is seen as having “greater distrust of institutions and unwillingness to be awed by traditional authorities,” so that “they are less willing to be passive recipients of our wisdom.” The individual Vietnam veteran, it is said, “feels an intense positive identification with his own age group” and is part of “an unspoken pact of youth” which assures mutual safety from threats to their sense of individual identity.”

Even when sufficiently incapacitated to require hospitalization in a VA psychiatric ward, Vietnam veterans tend to stress the issue of “generation gap” and larger social problems rather than merely their own “sickness.” And there is evidence, confirmed by my own observations in a series of “rap groups” with returning Vietnam veterans, that large numbers of them feel themselves to be “hurting” and in need of psychological help, but avoid contact with the Veterans Administration—because they associate it with the war-military-government establishment, with the

forces responsible for a hated ordeal, or because of their suspicion (whether on the basis of hearsay or personal experience) that VA doctors are likely to interpret their rage at everything connected with the war as no more than their own individual “problem.” The result has been (again in the words of VA observers) “degrees of bitterness, distrust, and suspicion of those in positions of authority and responsibility.”

To be sure, these patterns can occur in veterans of any war, along with restless shifting of jobs and living arrangements, and difficulty forming or maintaining intimate relationships. Precisely such tendencies in World War II veterans, men who had “lost a sense of personal sameness and historical continuity,” led Erik Erikson to evolve his concepts of “identity crisis” and “loss of ‘ego-identity.’”

But these men give the impression of something more. Murray Polner, who interviewed more than two hundred Vietnam veterans of diverse views and backgrounds for his book *No Victory Parades: The Return of the Vietnam Veteran*, concluded that “not one of them—hawk, dove, or haunted—was entirely free of doubt about the nature of the war and the American role in it.” As a group they retain the “gnawing suspicion that ‘it was all for nothing.’” Polner concluded that “never before have so many questioned as much, as these veterans have, the essential rightness of what they were forced to do.” Beyond just being young and having been asked to fight a war, these men have a sense of violated personal and social order, of fundamental break in human connection, which they relate to conditions imposed upon them by the war in Vietnam.

Some of the quality of that war experience is revealed in the following recollection of My Lai by a

**“What am I doing here? We don’t take any land.
We don’t give it back. We just mutilate bodies.”**

GI who was there, and whom I shall henceforth refer to as “the My Lai survivor”:

The landscape doesn’t change much. For days and days you see just about nothing. It’s unfamiliar—always unfamiliar. Even when you go back to the same place, it’s unfamiliar. And it makes you feel as though, well, there’s nothing left in the world but this. . . . You have the illusion of going great distances and traveling, like hundreds of miles . . . and you end up in the same place because you’re only a couple of miles away. . . . But you feel like it’s not all real. It couldn’t possibly be. We couldn’t still be in this country. We’ve been walking for days. . . . You’re in Vietnam and they’re using real bullets. . . . Here in Vietnam they’re actually shooting people for no reason. . . . Any other time you think, it’s such an extreme. Here you can go ahead and shoot them for nothing. . . . As a matter of fact it’s even . . . smiled upon, you know. Good for you. Everything is backwards. That’s part of the kind of unreality of the thing. To the grunt [infantryman] this isn’t backwards. He doesn’t understand. . . . But something [at My Lai] was missing. Something you thought was real that would accompany this. It wasn’t there. . . . There was something missing in the whole business that made it seem like it really wasn’t happening. . . .

The predominant emotional tone here is all-encompassing absurdity and moral inversion. The absurdity has to do with a sense of being alien and profoundly lost, yet at the same time locked into a situation as meaningless and unreal as it is deadly. The moral inversion, eventuating in a sense of evil, has to do not only with the absolute reversal of ethical standards but with its occurrence in absurdity, without inner justification, so that the killing is rendered naked.

This overall emotional sense, which I came to view as one of *absurd evil*, is conveyed even more forcefully by something said in a rap group by a former “grunt.” He had been talking about the horrors of combat, and told how, after a heavy air strike on an NLF unit, his company came upon a terrible scene of dismembered corpses. Many of the men then began a kind of wild victory dance, in the midst of which they mutilated the bodies still further. He recalled wondering to himself: “What am I doing here? We don’t take any land. We don’t give it back. We just mutilate bodies. What the fuck are we doing here?” Whatever the element of retrospective judgment in this kind of recollection, the wording was characteristic. During another rap-group discussion of how men felt about what they were doing in Vietnam, a man asked: “What the hell was going on? What the fuck were we doing?”

These questions express a sense of the war’s total lack of order or structure, the feeling that there was

no genuine purpose, that nothing could ever be secured or gained, and that there could be no measurable progress. We may say that there was no genuine “script” or “scenario” of war that could provide meaning or even sequence or progression, a script within which armies clash, battles are fought, won, or lost, and individual suffering, courage, cowardice, or honor can be evaluated. Nor could the patrols seeking out an elusive enemy, the ambushes in which Americans were likely to be the surprised victims, or the search-and-destroy missions lashing out blindly at noncombatants achieve the psychological status of meaningful combat ritual. Rather, these became part of the general absurdity, the antimeaning. So did the “secret movements” on this alien terrain, since, as one man put it, “Little kids could tell us exactly where we would set up the next night.” The men were adrift in an environment not only strange and hostile but offering no honorable encounter, no warrior grandeur.

Now there are mutilations, amidst absurdity and evil, in any war. Men who fight wars inevitably become aware of the terrible disparity between romantic views of heroism expressed “back home” and the reality of degradation and unspeakable suffering they have witnessed, experienced, and caused. One thinks of the answer given by Audie Murphy, much-decorated hero of World War II, to the question put to him about how long it takes a man to get over his war experiences. Murphy’s reply, recorded in his obituary, was that one never does. What he meant was that residual inner conflicts—survivor conflicts—stay with one indefinitely. These conflicts have to do with anxiety in relationship to an indelible death imprint, death guilt inseparable from that imprint, various forms of prolonged psychic numbing and suppression of feeling, profound suspicion of the counterfeit (or of “counterfeit nurturance”), and an overall inability to give significant inner form—to “formulate”—one’s war-linked death immersion. This was undoubtedly a factor in Murphy’s repeated difficulties and disappointments after his return from his war, as it has been in the unrealized lives and premature deaths of many war heroes, and indeed in the paradox stated by Charles Omen about warriors during the Middle Ages being “the best of soldiers while the war lasted . . . [but] a most dangerous and unruly race in times of truce or peace.”

Yet veterans have always come to some terms with their war experiences—some formulation of their survival permitting them to overcome much of their death anxiety and death guilt, their diffuse suspi-

Killing *someone* became necessary for overcoming one's own death anxiety.

ciousness and numbing. Crucial even to this partial resolution of survivor conflict is the veteran's capacity to believe that his war had purpose and significance beyond the immediate horrors he witnessed. He can then connect his own actions with ultimately humane principles, and can come to feel that he performed a dirty but necessary job. He may even be able to experience renewed feelings of continuity or symbolic immortality around these larger principles, side by side with his residual survivor pain and conflict.

But the central fact of the Vietnam War is that no one really believes in it. The "larger purposes" put forth to explain the American presence—repelling "outside invaders," or giving the people of the South an opportunity "to choose their own form of government"—are directly contradicted by the overwhelming evidence a GI encounters that *he* is the outside invader, that the government he has come to defend is justly hated by the people he has come to "help," and that he, the American "helper," is hated by them most of all. Even those who seem to acquiesce to these claims do so, as Polner's work suggests, with profound inner doubt, and in response to tenuous and defensive "psychological work."

Nor do many actually fighting the war take seriously the quasireligious impulse to "fight the Communists." Rather, their gut realization that something is wrong with this war is expressed in combat briefings (often by lieutenants or captains) as described to me by a number of former GIs: "I don't know why *I'm* here. *You* don't know why *you're* here. But since we're *both* here, we might as well try to do a good job and do our best to stay alive."

This is the very opposite of calling forth a heroic ideal or an immortalizing purpose. And while it is true that survival is the preoccupation of men in any war, this kind of briefing is not only a total disclaimer of any purpose beyond survival but a direct transmission of the absurdity and antimeaning pervading the Vietnam War. That transmission has a distinct psychological function. It inserts a modicum of out-front honesty into the situation's basic absurdity, so that the absurdity itself can become shared. And the way is paved for the intense cooperation, brotherhood, and mutual love characteristic of and necessary to military combat. In the end, however, everybody feels the absence of larger purpose. Hence the deadpan professional observation by a Veterans Administration psychiatrist, in response to a query from his chief medical director concerning the special characteristics and problems of the "Vietnam era veteran": "Vietnam combat veterans tend to see their experience as an exercise in survival rather than a defense of national values."

The distinction is important. Johan Huizinga, in discussing the connection between play and war, speaks of the concept of the "ordeal," its relationship to "the idea of glory" and ultimately to the warrior's quest for "a decision of holy validity." This theological vocabulary conveys well the immortalizing appeal battle holds for the warrior. But in Vietnam one has undergone the "ordeal" or test without the possibility of that "idea of glory" or "decision of holy validity." There is all of the pain but none of the glory. What we find instead is best understood as an *atrocious-producing situation*.

2. The Body Count

Many forms of desensitization and rage contributed to My Lai, some of them having to do with specifically American aberrations concerning race, class, and masculinity. But my assumption in speaking of an atrocity-producing situation is that, given the prevailing external conditions, men of very divergent backgrounds—indeed just about *anyone*—can enter into the "psychology of slaughter." This assumption is borne out by an examination of the step-by-step sequence by which the American men who eventually went to My Lai came to internalize and then act upon an irresistible image of slaughter.

During Basic Training, the men encountered (as did most recruits) drill sergeants and other noncommissioned officers who were veterans of Vietnam and as such had a special aura of authority and demonic mystery. From these noncoms the recruit heard stories of Vietnam, of how tough and "dirty, rotten, and miserable" (as one remembered being told) it was there. He also heard descriptions of strange incidents in which it became clear that Vietnamese civilians were being indiscriminately killed—tales of Americans creeping up to village areas and tossing grenades into "hootches," of artillery strikes on inhabited areas, and of brutal treatment of Vietnamese picked up during patrols or combat sweeps. Sometimes pictures of badly mutilated Vietnamese corpses were shown to him to illustrate the tales.

Here and later on there is a striking contrast between the formal instruction (given by rote if at all) to kill only military adversaries, and the informal message (loud and clear) to kill just about everyone. That message, as the My Lai survivor put it, is that "it's OK to kill them," and in fact "that's what you're supposed to do"—or as a former marine received it: "You've gotta go to Vietnam, you've gotta kill the gooks." Similarly, American leaders have found it politically inexpedient and morally unacceptable (to themselves as well as to others) to state outright that

all Vietnamese (or “gooks”) are fair game; instead they have turned the other cheek and undergone their own psychic numbing, while permitting—indeed making inevitable—the message of slaughter. Sometimes the informal message of slaughter was conveyed by such crude symbolism as what the marines came to call the “rabbit lesson.” On the last day before leaving for Vietnam, the staff NCO holds a rabbit as he lectures on escape, evasion, and survival in the jungle. The men become intrigued by the rabbit, fond of it, and then the NCO “cracks it in the neck, skins it, disembowels it . . . and then they throw the guts out into the audience.” As one marine explained: “You can get anything out of that you want, but that’s your last lesson you catch in the United States before you leave for Vietnam.” The message reflected profound moral contradictions—something close to a counterfeit universe.

A key to understanding the psychology of My Lai, and of America in Vietnam, is the body count. Nothing else so well epitomizes the war’s absurdity and evil. Recording the enemy’s losses is a convention of war, but in the absence of any other goals or criteria for success, counting the “enemy” dead can become both malignant obsession and compulsive falsification. For the combat GI in Vietnam, killing Vietnamese was the entire mission, the number killed his and his unit’s only standard of achievement, and the falsification of that count (on many levels) the only way to hold on to the Vietnam illusion of “noble battle.” Killing *someone*, moreover, became necessary for overcoming one’s own death anxiety. At My Lai, killing Vietnamese enabled men to cease feeling themselves guilty survivors and impotent targets, and to become instead omnipotent dispensers of death who had “realized” their “mission.” Only killing, then, could affirm power, skill, and worth.

And there is a way of measuring: one counts, scores points, competes with one’s fellow soldiers, or collectively with another unit, for the “highest score.” One kills “for the record.” Indeed, there is now considerable evidence confirming earlier suspicions that My Lai was largely a product of the numerical (body-count) ambitions of high-level officers. That “record” could determine their promotions and profoundly affect their future careers. The hunger for a high body count on the part of two officers—Colonel Oran K. Henderson, a non-West Pointer who had previously suffered a number of frustrations in his efforts to become a general, and the task force commander, Colonel Frank A. Barker, an unusually aggressive and ambitious officer—and on the part of their superiors as well, was passed along to Captain Ernest Medina at the earlier briefing, and so on down the line. Everyone, from President of the

United States on down to the lowliest GI, was caught up in this malignant mix of pressure and need.

The official body count on the day of the My Lai killings for Task Force Barker (of which Charlie Company was a part) was “128 Viet Cong.” Nobody seemed certain just how that number was arrived at, but a discussion Lieutenant William Calley recalled, in his testimony at his trial, between himself and Medina gives us something of a clue:

Calley: He asked me about how many—basically what my body count—how many people we had killed that day. And I told him I had no idea and for him to just go on and come up with an estimate, sir. . . .

Captain Aubrey Daniel (prosecuting attorney): Just any body count? Just any body count, is that what you are saying?

Calley: Basically, yes, sir.

Daniel: Captain Medina could just put in any body count that he wanted to put?

Calley: Any body count that was reasonable. I would imagine he would put in the highest acceptable body count that he would. . . .

Daniel: Did he give an actual count?

Calley: Yes and no. I don’t remember exactly what it was. I remember that I took fifty, sir. . . .

Daniel: Did you tell Captain Medina that you had shot the people in the ditch?

Calley: Yes, sir, I did. . . .

Daniel: How did you tell him about it?

Calley: He asked . . . what the percentage of civilians was.

Daniel: What did you tell him?

Calley: I told him he would have to make that decision, sir.

Calley and Medina, in other words, were groping for the maximum figure that could be considered “reasonable,” that could be constructed or rationalized from the events of the day, that could support the logic of illusion. Calley therefore made an estimate “off the top of my head” that came to “between thirty and forty,” but Medina preferred fifty. Medina then radioed an overall body count (for all the units) of 310, but somewhere along the line this was pared down to the figure of 128.

Again the disparity between body count (128) and weapons captured (3) was troublesome, this time to the GI in the public information office who had to write up the action. (One might ask why there is not more falsification of the number of weapons captured as a way of eliminating the disparity. The answer is probably that the captured-weapons figure is much more difficult to falsify, because one is dealing with concrete, gathered objects concerning which ac-

The body count is the perfect symbol of America's descent into evil . . . the amount of killing becomes the total measure of achievement.

curacy or falsification can readily be proven, as opposed to corpses that, in their repellent distance, lend themselves to every kind of admixture of exaggeration, fantasy, and falsification.) One form of compromise was combining the figure of "128 Viet Cong" with that of "24 civilians." The "middle knowledge" of the situation was reflected in the duality of response to the final figure. On the one hand, there was "great excitement" at the base area because it was "the largest for the task force since it had begun operations forty days earlier." On the other, there was a certain amount of embarrassment and uneasiness reflecting considerable awareness of what had actually happened—as expressed in such comments, as "Ha ha, they were all women and children," and in what one observer called "a general feeling that this was a bad show, that something should be investigated."

In the end, Charlie Company was credited with only fourteen of the 128 "kills," and the majority of these were attributed to "artillery fire" as a way of giving the incident a greater aura of combat. The official report referred to "contact with the enemy force," and the colonel in command of the task force was quoted as saying that "the combat assault went like clockwork." We may thus say that the body count served as a spurious concretization of the whole illusionary system, and itself became the locus of falsification.

One learns more about this phenomenon from other impressions of how the bodies were counted. A veteran who was present at My Lai told me that the prevailing standard was: "The ones that could walk they counted as bodies. The ones that couldn't walk they counted as, you know, sort of, they didn't count them. Because they couldn't have been Viet Cong. They thought about this later." He went on to say that he had heard talk of a body count of over 300 (undoubtedly the early count made by Medina), and was never clear about why it was reduced to 128. But the distinctions he describes, the informal attempts to impose a "standard" according to which one counts some bodies and not others, all this suggests the need to hold on to fragmentary aspects of actuality and "logic" in the service of the larger illusion.

Needless to say, these standards varied greatly. I heard descriptions of totals inflated in every conceivable way: by counting severed pieces of corpses as individual bodies; by counting a whole corpse several times on the basis of multiple claims for "credit" (by the man or unit doing the killing, the patrol encountering the body, the headquarters outfit hearing about the killing, and so on); and by counting murdered civilians, animals, or nonexistent "bodies" according to the kinds of need, ambition, and whim we

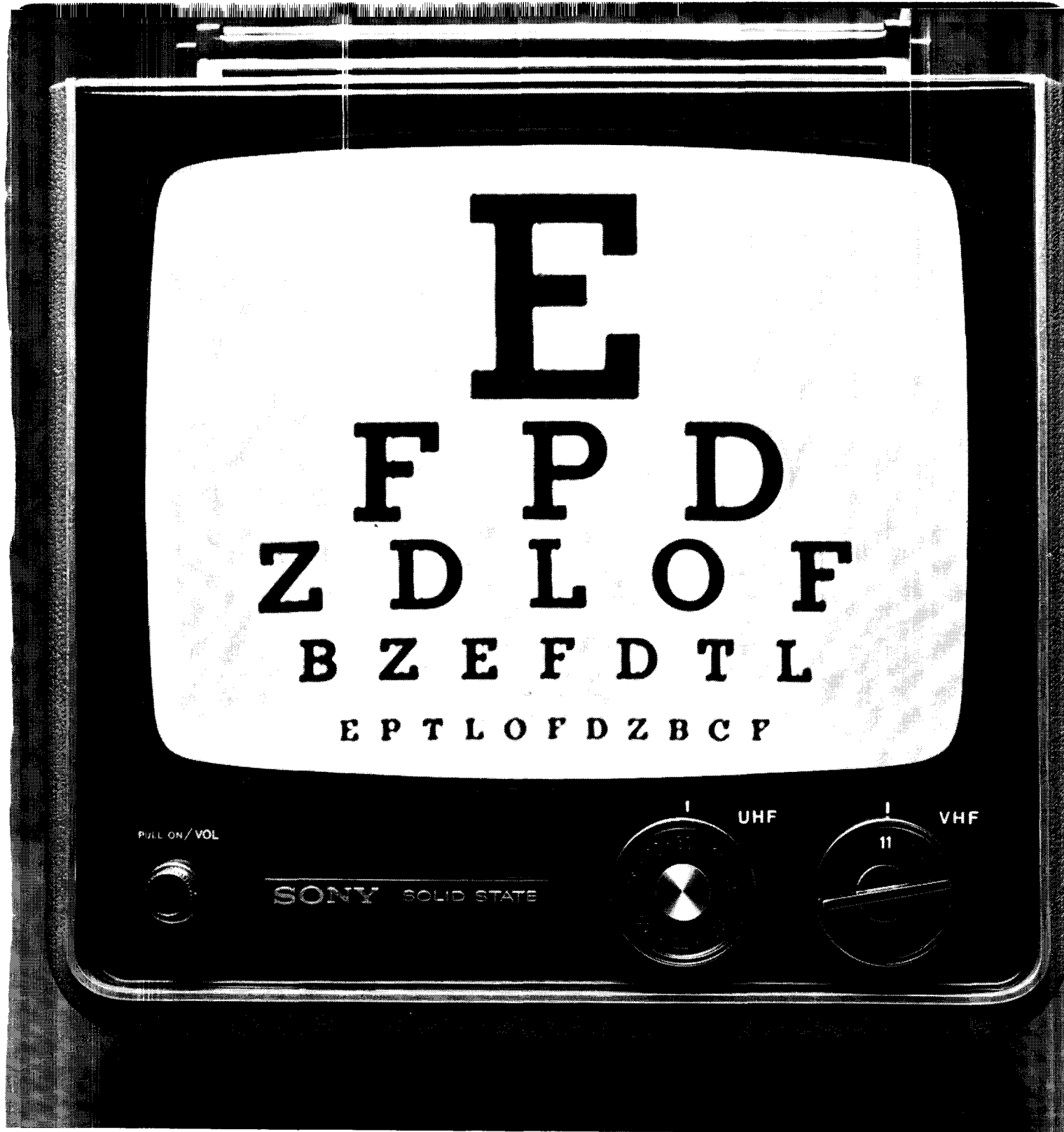
have already encountered. Once a corpse had been identified (or imagined), it *became* that of a slain "enemy," and therefore evidence of warrior prowess—as the My Lai survivor makes clear: "If it's dead it's VC. Because it's dead. If it's dead it *had* to be VC. And of course a corpse couldn't defend itself anyhow." He went on to place the body count in a framework of corrupt competitiveness—a company commander "obsessed with the body count" who "wanted a body count that would just beat all," that would "satisfy him . . . [and] satisfy higher headquarters . . . even if he knows this body count is a big dirty old lie." For "probably higher headquarters knows also. So they're fooling each other and themselves as well."

I am convinced that the ethically sensitive historians of the future will select the phenomenon of the body count as the perfect symbol of America's descent into evil. The body count manages to distill the essence of the American numbing, brutalization, and illusion into a grotesque technicalization: there is something to count, a statistic for accomplishment. I know of no greater corruption than this phenomenon: the amount of killing—any killing—becomes the total measure of achievement. And concerning that measure, one lies, to others as well as to oneself, about why, who, what, and how many one kills.

3. Opening Up

In earlier work, I found that survivors of the Hiroshima holocaust experienced what I described as "a vast breakdown of faith in the larger human matrix supporting each individual life, and therefore a loss of faith (or trust) in the structure of existence." The same is true not only for large numbers of Vietnam veterans but, perhaps in more indirect and muted ways, for Americans in general. This shattered existential faith has to do with remaining bound by the image of holocaust, of grotesque and absurd death and equally absurd survival. Even Americans who have not seen Vietnam feel something of a national descent into existential evil, a sense that the killing and dying done in their name cannot be placed within a meaningful system of symbols, cannot be convincingly "formulated." The result is a widespread if again vague feeling of lost integrity at times approaching moral-psychological disintegration.

What distinguishes Vietnam veterans from the rest of their countrymen is their awesome experience and knowledge of what others merely sense and resist knowing, their suffering on the basis of that knowledge and experience, and, in the case of antiwar veterans, their commitment to telling the tale. That



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commitment, especially for rap-group participants, meant asking a question very much like that of Remarque's hero in *All Quiet on the Western Front*: "What would become of us if everything that happens out there were quite clear to us?" "Out there" means Vietnam, their own minds, and in the end, American society as well.

As part of their mission as survivors, antiwar veterans seek understanding of and liberation from the political and military agents of their own corruption. Their constant probing of these and other aspects of American society is less in the spirit of calm reflection than of anxious and pressured need. Amidst their confusions and touchiness, they have shared with one another a bond of brotherhood around their holocaust, their corruption, and their struggle against both. There is a sense in which they can fully trust only those who share their experience and their mission, though in each this trust may live side by side with suspicion of one another, related to suspicion of oneself.

They are loath to judge other veterans whose corruption has been much greater than their own. I recall a very tense moment during a psychiatric meeting at which a group of veterans described some of their experiences. When they had finished, a questioner from the floor asked them what they thought of a promise made by Lieutenant Calley (who was then still on trial) that, should he be acquitted, he would go on a speaking tour throughout the country on behalf of peace. The men visibly stiffened and answered in a series of terse phrases, such as "I can't judge him," "I have nothing to say about him," and "It could have been any of us." They knew too much about their own corruptibility and everyone else's within that specific atrocity-producing situation to be able to pass judgment upon a man in whom the disintegrative process had gone still further. They were trying to cope not only with their own guilt but with their overall formulation of their holocaust.

For they have taken on a very special survivor mission, one of extraordinary historical and psychological significance. They are flying in the face of the traditional pattern of coping with survivor emotions, which was to join organizations of veterans that not only justify their particular war but embrace war-making and militarism in general. Contemporary "antiwar warriors" are turning that pattern on its head, and finding significance in their survival by exposing precisely the meaninglessness—and the evil—of their war. They do so, not as individual poets or philosophers (like those who emerged, for instance, from World War I), but as an organized group of ordinary war veterans. The psychological rub in the

process is the need to call forth and confront their own "warlike" selves, or, as they sometimes put it "the person in me that fought the war."

For a number of them, and at varying intervals, political activities become inseparable from psychological need. Telling their story to American society has been both a political act and a means of confronting psychologically an inauthentic experience and moving beyond it toward authenticity. For such people not only is protest necessary to psychological help—it *is* psychological help. At one moment one sees confused youngsters struggling to put together their shattered psychological selves—at another, young people with premature wisdom. As one of them expressed this uneasy combination to me, "I feel bitter because I'm a pretty young guy and the things I had to do and see I shouldn't have to in a normal lifetime." Still, they feel they have come to difficult truths that "adult" American society refuses to face. Indeed, in their eyes most of adult America lives in illusion. They describe others saying such things to them as "You're different from other people" or "You seem to know things that other people don't know." Since that knowledge has to do with death and pain, they have a double view of themselves in another way as well. They see themselves sometimes as a victimized group unrecognized and rejected by existing society, and sometimes as a special elite who alone can lay claim to a unique experience of considerable value in its very extremity and evil.

There is an additional paradox: that of an anti-military group creating itself around its military experience, an antiwar group made up of those who fought the war and now oppose it. This means that their war-linked death anxiety and death guilt are constantly at issue. Merely to be in one another's presence is a reminder of the conflict and pain around which their group takes shape. No wonder they are wary of their own identity as antiwar veterans. As one of them said during a rap session: "Our life is being against the war. When the war ends, then we end as people." While ostensibly referring only to his antiwar organization, he was unconsciously revealing his own sense of depending totally upon—and being consumed by—the identity of the antiwar warrior.

By a number of criteria, the groups my colleagues and I have worked with—several hundred men—represent a small minority of the thirty thousand Vietnam veterans against the war, and they, in turn, of the three million Vietnam veterans.¹ For one thing,

¹The figure is much higher if one includes those who have been involved in the war while stationed in Thailand and other parts of Southeast Asia.

The men speak of “sneaking back” into society, just as they were “sneaked” into Vietnam.

most of the men in these groups saw active combat, as opposed to the majority of men stationed there, who were in support assignments. For another, they emerged with an articulate antiwar position, in contrast to the majority, who take no public stance on the war, and to another minority, who emerged strongly supporting it. Concerning the first issue, my impression was that the intensity of residual conflicts was roughly parallel to one's degree of involvement in (or closeness to) combat, but that the sense of absurd evil radiated outward from the actual killing and dying, and that every American in Vietnam shared in some of the corruption of that environment; hence Polner's finding that no Vietnam veteran was free of doubt about what he had been called upon to do.

Similarly, even those who later come to insist that we should have gone all out to win the war—should have “nuked Hanoi” or “killed all the gooks”—are struggling to cope with their confusions and give some form and significance to their survival. There is evidence that antiwar and prowar veterans (the categories are misleading, and the latter hardly exist in a public sense) are closer psychologically than might be suspected—or to put the matter another way, they take different paths in struggling to resolve the same psychological conflicts. Clearly the great majority of Vietnam veterans struggle silently, and apolitically, with that specific constellation of survivor conflict associated with Vietnam's atrocity-producing situation, so that one antiwar veteran could comment: “I hear a lot of people say, ‘We know Vietnam veterans and they don't feel the way you do.’ My immediate reaction to that is, ‘Wait and see. If they are lucky, they will. If they are lucky, they will open up.’” The likelihood is that relatively few of the three million Vietnam veterans will be able to “open up” in the way he means. Yet there is a very real sense in which those few are doing symbolic psychological work for all veterans, and indeed for all of American society.

4. Guilt

The American survivor of Vietnam carries within himself the special taint of his war. His taint has to do with guilt evoked by death. His most disturbing images are of particular encounters with the dead and dying; his harshest self-judgments emerge from these encounters and concern not only what he did or did not do, but his sense of the overall “project” he was part of.

In the rap groups, the men frequently talked of their resentment of others viewing them as “monsters,” “beasts,” and “murderers.” But before long they made it clear that these were their own self-

judgments as well. A typical sequence was that of one man who described being unable to take a steady job after returning from Vietnam largely because of what he took to be negative attitudes of prospective employers: “They would think, ‘There's a murderer, a monster.’ I sometimes still think that myself.”

One man in our group described being spat upon by an anonymous greeter at the airport when he returned, an experience referred to so often by veterans as to become a kind of mythic representation of a feeling shared by the American people and the veterans themselves: an image of Vietnam as a war of “grunts” immersed in filth (rather than one of noble warriors on a path of glory) who return in filth to American society. They have fought in an undeclared and therefore psychologically “illegitimate” war, without either ceremonies of departure or parades of victorious return. Rather, the men speak of “sneaking back” into society, just as they were “sneaked” into Vietnam by higher authorities spinning (and caught in) a web of deceptions about whether American troops were to go to Vietnam, how many, how long they would stay there, and what they would do there.

There is a bitter paradox around the whole issue of wrongdoing that is neither lost on these men nor fully resolved by them. Sent as intruders in an Asian revolution, asked to fight a filthy and unfathomable war, they return as intruders in their own society, defiled by that war in the eyes of the very people who sent them as well as in their own. Images and feelings of guilt are generally associated with transgression—with having crossed boundaries that should not be crossed, with having gone beyond limits that should not be exceeded. Here the transgression has to do with two kinds of death, that which they witnessed and “survived” (deaths of buddies) and that which they inflicted on the Vietnamese. Though the two involve different experiences, they merge in the absurdity and evil of the entire project. Hence the men feel themselves to have been part of a “killing force” not only in the literal military sense but in a moral-psychological sense as well. Above all, they are survivors who cannot inwardly justify what they have seen and done—and are therefore caught in a vicious circle of death and guilt. Memories of deaths witnessed or inflicted, the *death imprint*, evoke disturbing feelings of guilt, which in turn activate that imprint. The resulting death guilt, at whatever level of consciousness, is the fundamental psychological legacy of this particular war.

Hence the touchiness of the veterans, revealed especially during early rap groups, about certain questions frequently asked them upon their return, espe-

**"I felt sorry. I don't know why I felt sorry.
John Wayne never felt sorry."**

cially by children: "Did you *kill* anyone over there? How *many* did you kill? How did you *feel* when you killed someone?" The veterans felt badly used by their questioners, saw them as deriving some kind of pleasure from hearing about killing, and interpreted these questions as proof that people in America, even children, are "programmed for violence." But they quickly came back to their own struggles about how much to condemn themselves for having killed or helped with killing, and for having remained alive. They explored the realization that they *could* kill, *did* kill, and only partly accepted the justification they themselves put forth, namely that it was *necessary* to kill in order to survive. Much of those early meetings was taken up with the men testing one another—and finding themselves wanting—by setting up virtually impossible moral choices: "If you had to kill someone again in order to survive, would you do it?" "If you had to kill an innocent person in order to survive, would you do *that*?" "If you had to kill a *child* in order to survive, would you do *that*?"

In posing these dilemmas, they were groping for a moral and psychological "position" on what they had done. They were performing a kind of psychic *danse macabre* around their own death guilt, moving gingerly back and forth, toward and away from it. At times they seemed to pass judgments of total evil: on all men or on "human nature" (the idea that anyone would kill anyone to save his own life); on American society (its demand that everyone be violent); and ultimately on themselves (their willingness to kill, sometimes even with pleasure, having revealed them to be, at bottom, nothing but murderers). But one could also perceive a search for an alternative to total evil, for a better way to recognize and confront their own guilt.

A man who had earlier believed in the military, and in fact was able to refrain from firing at My Lai largely because he felt the true soldier did not do such things, now asked himself: "Is there anything in [the military] that's worthy of anything . . . worthy of me . . . that I should stay in, that they should have me?"—conveying the impression that in his own eyes neither he nor it had lived up to acceptable warrior standards. He went on to speak of a profound loss of faith in both ordinary men ("I'll never trust people like I did before") and in leaders (" . . . before that I thought . . . people who had the power had enough sense . . . they couldn't make mistakes, at least big mistakes"). He had difficulty extricating himself from an abyss of infinite evil: "I used to think that there was a certain limit to what [people] do." Underlying everything was his realization that "*I could have been one of those who did the shooting.*"

He faced another pitfall as well. Telling the truth

about My Lai made him feel guilty toward his buddies because "even though you may be trying to help them they will think that you're hurting them—and you don't want to have them think that you're hurting them."

He remained confused, longing always for the kind of precise, authoritative (and authoritarian) self-judgment, the definitive survivor formulation, that kept eluding him. One man put the matter of these confusions rather simply when, in the course of a discussion, he told of killing a Viet Cong soldier with a knife, and then added rather softly: "I felt sorry. I don't know why I felt sorry. John Wayne never felt sorry." That is, one was supposed to be tough and numbed, but one was not—at least not entirely—given the extent of disbelief in "the enemy" and in one's right to kill him.

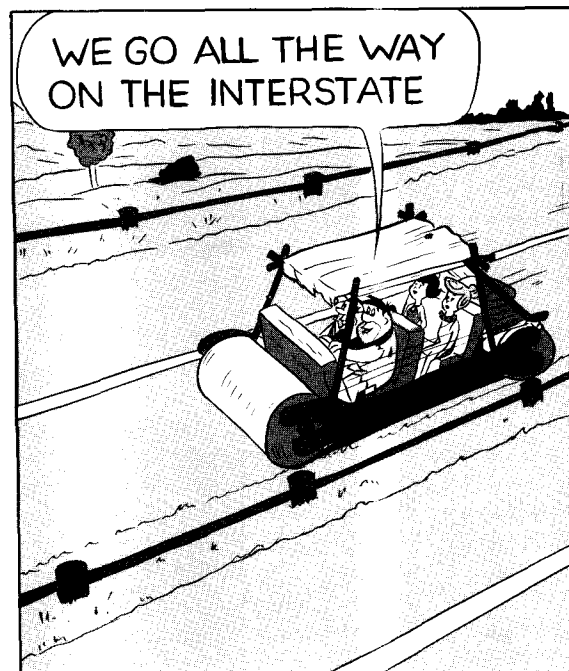
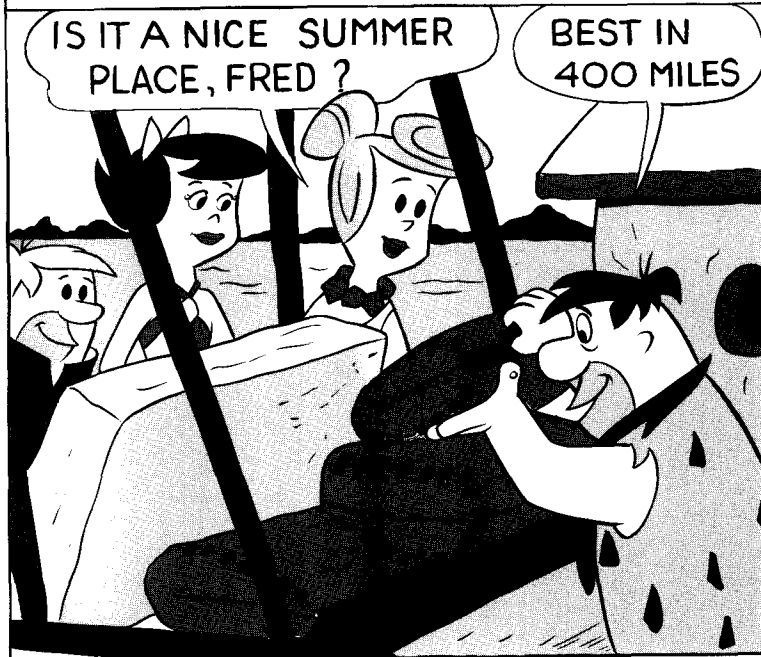
We see two general forms of guilt, that can be designated as *static* and *animating*. Static guilt is characterized by a closed universe of transgression and expected punishment in which one is unable to extricate oneself from a deathlike individual condition. One form we see it take is that of *numbed guilt*, in which one's "deadened state" seems to be a literal form of retribution for one's own act of killing: the punishment fits the crime.

Numbed guilt resembles what Freud called an unconscious sense of guilt—but I use the term to emphasize the extent to which the entire being is "frozen" or desensitized in order to avoid feeling the "wound" (or "death") one has caused (or thinks one has caused), leaving one anesthetized from much of life itself.

Numbed guilt includes a vague feeling of badness, of having transgressed, in the absence of a form or even a clear-cut emotional structure within which to articulate that guilt. Unable to confront what one has done, or even to feel clearly guilty, one is instead plagued by an unformed, free-floating discomfort with oneself, which is likely to be associated with touchiness, suspiciousness, and withdrawal.

"Self-lacerating" guilt is another form of static guilt, in which, rather than a sustained "deadening," one performs a perpetual "killing" of the self. That is, the *mea culpa* of self-condemnation takes the form of a repetition-compulsion, and the very insistence upon one's own unmitigated evil prevents actual "knowledge" of guilt. The "as if" situation here is that of continuous reenactment of the retribution, continuous killing of the self. Guilt accompanying clinical forms of depression, and what we speak of more generally as "neurotic guilt," tend to be of this self-lacerating variety.

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In both of these forms of static guilt one is cut off from the life process—held in a state of separation and inner disintegration as well as stasis—that is, in a death-dominated condition.

Animating guilt, in contrast, is characterized by bringing oneself to life around one's guilt. This requires active imagery of possibility beyond the guilt itself. Animating guilt and image beyond the guilt are in a continuous dialectical relationship, the one requiring the other. Thus, animating guilt propels one toward connection, integrity, and movement. But for this self-propulsion to occur, one requires prior internal images of at least the possibility of these life-affirming patterns, imagery that can in turn relate to something in the external environment. In this sense, the imagery of possibility antedates the animating guilt, but it is also true that animating guilt can activate the individual to the point of virtually creating such imagery.

Above all, animating guilt is a source of self-knowledge—confirming Martin Buber's dictum that "man is the being who is capable of becoming guilty and is capable of illuminating his guilt." In illuminating one's guilt, one illuminates the self. Nor is animating guilt merely "restitutive," though it can certainly be that. Rather, it presses beyond existing arrangements, toward new images and possibilities, toward transformation. Above all, animating guilt is inseparable from the idea of being responsible for one's actions—so much so that we may define it as the anxiety of responsibility.

To be sure, these various forms of guilt do not separate out as precisely as this schema might suggest; they in fact overlap and probably never exist in pure form. But I have observed in a considerable number of veterans a relationship to guilt so animating as to be a form of personal liberation. The discovery of one's animating guilt can, for such men, be nothing less than rediscovery of oneself as a human being. One deserter, for instance, remembered his dramatic recognition that "I was somebody with feelings who had done something wrong and I—I was not an animal or some kind of killing machine."

5. Rage and Violence

Unresolved death guilt can also be expressed through feelings of rage and impulses toward violence. These are prominent in survivors of any war, but the binds, betrayals, and corruptions experienced by the Vietnam veteran fuel those tendencies to the point where they invade large zones of his psyche. Bursts of anger were very frequent during our rap sessions, and it was more or less taken for granted that rage close to the surface

was the normal emotion of the Vietnam veteran. The important question was what one did with the rage. During individual and group sessions, three different patterns of rage and violence seemed to emerge.

There was first what could be called the habit of violence. In war, violence becomes a quick and absolute solution to whatever seems to threaten or intrude, all the more so when there is great confusion about where danger lies and who is the enemy. Beyond that, the veteran can become habituated to the survivor mission of "revenge" (for buddies killed and other forms of suffering) and extend it to the civilian environment. A number of veterans told how, when brushed by someone on the street—or simply annoyed by something another person had done—they would have an impulse to "throttle" or kill him. And they would directly associate this impulse with patterns of behavior cultivated in Vietnam: with "wasting" whoever passed for the enemy, with the numbing and brutalization underlying that behavior, but also with the rage beneath the numbing. As one man put it: "In Vietnam you're mad all the time—you wake up mad—you're mad when you eat, mad when you sleep, mad when you walk, mad when you sit—just mad all the time." He was undoubtedly over-emphasizing the *awareness* of anger, but probably accurate about the extent of its inner existence, even if defended against. (His use of the word "mad" could also unwittingly imply "craziness.") In any case, an important segment of a generation of young American men built identities and life-styles around the rage and violence of a war environment as absorbing as it was corrupting. The guilt-linked sense of these inner zones of rage and violence is precisely what causes a man to retain the image of himself as a "monster."

Others have observed a similar preoccupation with violence in Vietnam veterans. Charles Levy, a young sociologist who has done extensive interviewing and "rapping" with working-class marine veterans, says that "the thinking of these veterans seems to be dominated by a fear of their own violence." Moreover, they were prone to give expression to random violence toward relatives, friends, or strangers.¹ Levy recognizes that some of these men had violent tendencies before they went to Vietnam, but believes that "the level of violence has now changed," and "now it has no bound-

¹Out of Charles Levy's original sample of sixty men he interviewed, a total of seven have been accused of murder (two) or attempted murder (five), which comes to a total of more than 10 percent. Of course, much more extensive statistics on a national basis are required, but a greater potential for random violence in Vietnam veterans than in veterans of other wars would be consistent with their particularly intense survivor conflicts.

“In Vietnam you’re mad all the time— you wake up mad.”

aries.” We can say that the guilt-linked habit of violence cultivated in Vietnam undermines earlier controls and distinctions about violence—as evidenced in observations like Levy’s and in reports of violent crimes by Vietnam veterans.

Simply by coming to the rap group, the men I worked with were in effect taking a stand against random violence. Not that they lacked such impulses, often in complicated form. One veteran, somewhat prone to violence from childhood, spoke of his post-Vietnam struggles to overcome “the beast in me,” by which he meant an inclination to attack other people suddenly while in a dreamlike state in which he was hardly aware of what he was doing. For some time after his return from Vietnam he worked as a milkman on a night route, where he could avoid other people and express his rage by periodic screams into the night. He spoke about his violent impulses in a repetitious, self-enclosed fashion, as though protecting himself from something underneath the violence. One of the professionals helped the group break through this protective armor by pointing out the profound fear behind each situation of violence the veteran described, to which he quickly responded: “Yes, sometimes I think I’m still back with those thirteen guys [in my squad]. . . . It’s like going out on a mission and waiting for the first shot.” He was, in other words, associating his violent impulses with death anxiety. The imagery he used was reminiscent of a tendency, described by Levy, for veterans to experience, at the moment of their violence, what they referred to as a “flashback” to Vietnam—to a situation either of combat or the killing of civilians.

The veteran quoted above told how, when in Vietnam, he and other GI’s sometimes played a contemporary version of Russian roulette, in which one man would pull the pin of a grenade, which would then be tossed back and forth among the men until one of them made a decision to throw it off safely just before it exploded. Such a game combines violent and suicidal impulses as a response to overwhelming fear of death. In them, the men are able to re-create in playful-fearful microcosm—and thereby mock—the threat of *absurd* death characterizing the larger war.

Over the course of more than a year’s involvement in the rap group, this veteran’s violent tendencies greatly diminished. He could then “confess” that he had been much less violent in Vietnam than he had implied. He had previously given the impression that he had killed many people in Vietnam, whereas in actuality, despite extensive combat experience, he could not be certain he had killed anyone. After overcoming a certain amount of death anxiety and death guilt, that is, he had much less need to call forth his inner “beast” to lash out at others or at himself.

A second form of rage and potential violence centers around the theme of betrayal, the veterans’ sense of having been victimized, badly used, or as they often put it, “fucked over,” in having been sent to fight in Vietnam. They spoke about having been misled, put in a situation where they both slaughtered people and suffered for no reason, and were then abused or ignored on their return. There was sometimes talk of contemptuous treatment from employers or prospective employers, to whom “coming from Vietnam didn’t mean a damn thing” (though they also realized that on many occasions, it was they, the veterans, who resisted the jobs). In this and other ways they expressed “victim’s rage,” which could extend to virtually every aspect of living.

At the same time the group was sensitive to, and would critically explore, tendencies to remain immobilized by extreme suspicion and a paranoid outlook, or by notions of “destroying everything”—American society, the people in it.

For just as the men rejected the imposed role of executioner, so they rejected that of “victim.” It was always a matter of a particular person and his behavior, actions, or decisions—never a mere “victim”—however duped and badly treated by the all too real forces of victimization. These external forces (the government and military pursuing the war, the police and courts imposing absurd penalties for marijuana use as a way of suppressing a political militant, and so on) were taken seriously as part of the equation; there was never a reduction of all rage to childhood resentments, though these too were examined. Rage and indignation were too much respected for that: they were looked upon as significant, at times painful and self-destructive, but often appropriate and valuable emotions.

The rage could be directed toward any figures or symbols of authority, especially official authority—political leaders, the Veterans Administration, representatives of “the establishment” or ordinary middle-class society or the “older generation.” Specific leaders and symbols were also discussed at length, so that psychological judgments could be informed by critical perspectives on “normal” social arrangements. But there was a special kind of rage reserved for the military.

The men expressed fantasies, old or current, of violent revenge toward those in the military who had abused them, especially toward “lifers” (regular army men), who seemed much more hated than anybody officially designated as “the enemy.” These images could be relatively focused, or they could take on the diffuse, impotent quality of a recollection of one deserter: “I wanted to become a Communist. I wanted to assassinate the President. I wanted to or-

“Look, you bastards who are passing judgment—I did these things *too*—everyone did them.”

ganize some kind of uprising that would swoop down on the Pentagon—save the world from the imperialistic United States, et cetera, et cetera.”

More frequently, the men would describe a gradually mounting bitterness at being “hassled” and ultimately betrayed by the military. That “betrayal” could take the form of a variety of small indignities, broken promises, bad assignments, lack of recognition, or brutalization by specific officers or noncoms—but always at the end of the road was the ultimate betrayal of Vietnam. Those most embittered toward the military were the ones who had initially believed in it and given themselves to it. Their resentful critique could extend far beyond the Vietnam War to corruptions throughout its structure, but they would always return to the war as both reflecting and furthering the poisoning of an institution they had admired, and within which they had for a time flourished. For them the betrayal was greatest.

These first two patterns—the habit of violence and the sense of having been betrayed—hearken back to the past, even if mostly the immediate past. But there is a third, more forward-looking pattern of rage and potential violence that seemed to dwarf the other two in intensity—or, more accurately, to combine with the other two patterns to give the rage a more immediate focus. I refer to the rage associated with a man telling his story of what he had experienced in Vietnam—to a considerable extent laying himself bare—and then being rebuffed. This rage was directed not so much toward war supporters or political opponents but toward those who “don’t give a damn.”

When the antiwar veterans hold their public hearings in various parts of the country and reveal details of brutality, murder, and atrocity, they are by no means simply beating their breasts to insist upon their own everlasting guilt. Rather, they are angrily exposing the atrocity-producing situation within which these acts were committed. Even the handful of veterans who “turned themselves in” to legal authorities at the time of the trial of Lieutenant Calley were saying something like: “Look, you bastards who are passing judgment—I did these things *too*—everyone did them.” And when they flamboyantly cast away their medals near the Capitol building, they did so with the rage of “survivor-heroes” not only rejecting tainted awards but literally throwing them in the face of those who bestowed them. To be sure, there is guilt behind their actions. But there is also the bitter rage of men who have been betrayed, the angry insistence that the guilt be shared, and, above all, that the nature of the atrocity-producing situ-

ation be recognized. When they make this effort and are rebuffed, the antiwar veterans are left, so to speak, alone with their static guilt and impotent rage. What they seek and in some cases have partly achieved is a way of using their guilt and rage to transform themselves and their society.

6. Counterfeits

In their diffuse anger, the men reserved a very special tone—best described as ironic rage—for two categories of people they encountered in Vietnam: chaplains and “shrinks.”

The very mention of a military chaplain quickly brought forth smirks, jibes, and the kind of uneasy laughter suggested by the half-conscious witticism, “Those chaplains—oh my God!” With bitter enthusiasm, they gave endless examples of chaplains blessing the troops, their mission, their guns, their killing. As one of the men put it, “Whatever we were doing . . . murder . . . atrocities . . . God was *always* on our side.”

Or as a Catholic veteran explained: “Yes, I would go to confession, and say, ‘Sure, I’m smoking dope again. I guess I blew my state of grace again.’ But I didn’t say anything about killing.” Whatever his actual words to his confessor, he was referring to religious arrangements that held one spiritually accountable only for a meaningless transgression and not for the ultimate one. The chaplain presided over this hypocritical ritualization of evil, and then sanctioned—even “blessed”—the routine, unrationalized, and genuinely malignant evil. The real message of this ostensibly religious transaction was: Stay within our moral clichés as a way of draining off excess guilt, and then feel free to plunge into the business at hand.

One man spoke especially bitterly of “chaplains’ bullshit.” He went on to illustrate what he meant by recalling the death of a close buddy, followed by a combined funeral ceremony and pep talk—like that at My Lai, but this time conducted by a chaplain—at which the men were urged to “kill more of them.” Similarly, the veteran who had carried the corpse of his closest buddy on his back after his company had been annihilated told of “the bullshit ceremony” that followed, at which the chaplain spoke of “the noble sacrifice for the sake of their country” made by the dead. The same veteran told of having become so enraged at the time that he went back to the chaplain’s tent later and almost assaulted him. Overwhelmed with death anxiety and death guilt, and desperately in need of an authentic formulation of survival, the chaplain’s plea for false witness threw him into a state of rage and near psychotic dissociation.

References to “shrinks” were in the same tone. The men told a number of stories in which either they or others had asked to see a psychiatrist because of some form of psychological suffering associated with the war, only to be in one way or another “reassured” by him and “helped” to return to combat. One veteran told of two men he knew of who had served as marine undertakers, which meant they had to prepare bodies for shipment and place them in body bags. After a period of time both men sought out a psychiatrist to tell him that they simply could not do the work anymore—but in both cases were urged (in effect, required) to “accept” and adapt to their assignment. Both did, only to be faced with overwhelming conflicts much later on.

Chaplains and psychiatrists are not only spiritual counselors: Americans also perceive them, rightly or wrongly, as “guardians of the spirit,” as guides to “right thinking” and “proper behavior” (in this way psychiatrists resemble chaplains more than they do other physicians). The veterans were trying to say that the only thing worse than being ordered by military authorities to participate in absurd evil is to have that evil rationalized and justified by “guardians of the spirit.” Chaplains and psychiatrists thus fulfill the function of helping men adjust to committing war crimes, while lending their spiritual authority to the overall project.

The men sought out chaplains and shrinks because of a spiritual-psychological crisis growing out of what they perceived to be irreconcilable demands in their situation. They sought either escape from absurd evil or at the very least a measure of inner separation from it. Instead, spiritual-psychological authority was employed to seal off any such inner alternative. Chaplains and psychiatrists then formed “unholy alliances” not only with the military command but with the more corruptible elements of the soldier’s individual psyche. We may then speak of the existence of a *counterfeit universe, in which all-pervasive, spiritually reinforced inner corruption becomes the price of survival*. In such an inverted moral universe, whatever residual ethical sensitivity impels the individual against adjusting to evil is under constant external and internal assault.

The men described experiencing *themselves* as counterfeit. They spoke of having been “like boys playing soldiers”—of having the feeling, upon entering combat: “God, this is right out of a movie!” One said simply: “Nothing was real.” The game of war, they seemed to be saying, was there, but reduced to childish deception and self-deception. The play element was isolated, disconnected, never a

part of a believable ritual or contest. They were counterfeit warriors engaging in counterfeit play.

One former marine technician described the kind of protracted struggle that could take place between commitment to immediate military tasks and ever more insistent awareness of the counterfeit nature of the larger project. He had doubts about the war before going to Vietnam, together with a vague but persistent patriotism, so that he tended initially to look upon much of what he encountered as “doing it all wrong” rather than ask why his country was doing it at all. He immersed himself in his highly technical radar work with the intensity and pleasure of a mechanically inclined American boy: “Nobody took the time and effort that I did to, you know, play with [the radar]. It was like tinkering with a car. . . . I got along very well with my radar set. I used to play with it very well.” That “tinkering,” moreover, by locating enemy emplacements, saved American lives: “They’d stop and call up, ‘Thanks . . . man, we only lost three.’ . . . They’d come back from the field . . . come in and shake your hand and cry and say, ‘Wow! Thanks a lot’ . . . because they knew.” Conscientious, effective, and increasingly recognized, he was also sustained by ambition and pride: “I was into the [military] game. I was starting to catch on to how you played it.” Over a period of time, though, his powerful sense of duty and responsibility “eroded” and “it reached me”—“it” being an amorphous sense that the war, the military, everything around him was counterfeit.

Smoking pot helped him come to this realization. He had already begun to feel that a lot that Americans were doing was “ridiculous,” but would then insist to himself that “there must be a reason . . . a purpose, even though it seems ridiculous to me.” Only when he and a few other enlisted men would retire to a quiet place without their weapons and light up would everything become clear: “When I was smoking, then I would say, ‘It’s just a bunch of bullshit, it really is . . . it really *is* ridiculous . . . really stupid.’”

He would have such additional thoughts as, “Somebody back there in Washington and somebody in Hanoi . . . is programming both of us and we’re just being tools of it.” He became especially aware of the absurdity and ultimate impotence of the military-technical arrangements in which he was enveloped:

Back there they were playing silly games and we had to be somehow involved in their silly games. . . . I realized the absurdity of all this electronic warfare . . . this giant technological element that we had that was rendered entirely impotent by a few little Vietnamese running around and throwing land mines here and there.

Collectors' Item

In a growing number of American cities can collection bins have been retired with honor. No more collecting, boxing, hauling, dumping. But no cop-out from environmental concern, either.

In these cities former collectors have entered into a responsible partnership with their communities. They buy their beverages and other products in steel cans. Then they simply drop the empties into their garbage pails, and the city separates them, easily and economically, for recycling.

The secret is steel's unique magnetic quality. It makes the process of magnetic separation a practical reality that any city can use.

And communities across the nation are using it—to help solve the can disposal problem, to turn used steel cans into new products, to conserve other resources like tin and copper, to save shrinking landfill space and to bring

money into municipal coffers from the sale of can scrap.

Seventeen cities already have magnetic separation systems—big cities like Chicago, Atlanta and Houston; and smaller ones like Madison, Wisc., Franklin, Ohio, and Melrose Park, Ill. They're recovering an estimated two-and-a-half billion used steel cans a year. By the end of 1973, 11 more cities will join the parade.

If your city gets into the act, you can stop collecting cans, too... and start collecting something you want to keep.



Tinplate Producers/American Iron and Steel Institute
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**“Those chaplains—oh my God! Whatever we were
doing . . . murder . . . atrocities . . . God was
always on our side.”**

The large amphibious tractors (or “amtracs”) sent in and out of his gun station every day, containing weapons, parts, and electronic equipment, came to symbolize the absurdity of our technology.

While smoking, the men began to develop an elaborate collective fantasy about a different kind of amphibious tractor—one decked out in psychedelic colors—“all swirls and everything”—and “filled up with dope.” That happy vehicle was driven by “Alice,” a fortyish, apparently American woman, “kind of dumpy and matronly,” whom everyone was delighted to have around:

She was . . . very much into what we were doing, and she liked to smoke dope and she had good stuff. She would come around, smoke with the men, pass out her dope to them free of charge.

Alice had the power to turn men off war and on to pot and booze. On one occasion, so the tale went, the men were ordered to sweep through a village on a combat mission, but then instead

Alice was going to come . . . [and] there wasn’t going to be any fighting. . . . Instead of . . . sweeping through the village we were going to . . . say hello to the [Vietnamese] girls [who actually did sell marijuana to the men] and sit around and drink a little Vietnamese beer . . . and smoke dope.

Sometimes Alice would come along on a patrol, which would mean that “what we were going to do was go in and smoke dope with the villagers.” As for the “enemy”:

If there were any [Viet Cong] they would have just sat down and smoked with us because they were, you know, on our side. Maybe it was absurd for them too.

Sometimes the fantasy carried Alice herself into wildly absurd situations of slapstick adventures and misadventures, a situation not unrelated to their own, but now depicted in comic inversion.

Well we would just get on a kick like it was a Wild West rodeo or something. And here comes Alice . . . out there waddling around, because she wouldn’t move very fast. And she was out there trying to rope a steer or something and the steer was coming after her and Alice was wobbling around, you know, and we’d go through the whole involved thing and Alice was trying to jump on the walls . . . and get away. . . . I guess they’d gotten into a bullfight too because there was a bull chasing her and she was trying to jump on the wall and she was just too fat and big to do it, you know. So the bull had gored her in the ass, I guess. And, you know, this was very funny—poor Alice, you know. But then we all ran over and helped her. . . . You throw in some little extras . . . like . . . now somebody would pick it up and say, “Oh ya,” and now here comes this thing and they’d go on for a

minute and then someone else would jump in and so it was a communal-type thing.

Alice even applied herself to military inequities, as in another scenario when she “left her ‘trac’ for repairs” and drove up instead in a smaller vehicle, the very jeep that had been illegally taken from a nearby Air Force unit and absorbed into the marine car pool (here the fantasy partly paralleled an actual incident). As the marine veteran explained:

They [the Air Force] had so much anyway with their PX’s and everything and we had been sacrificing all this time. . . . Alice was a friend of ours so she was simply redistributing the wealth, I think. That’s what she was doing.

In Alice, the men were creating something of a latter-day Mother Courage, a mother-earth figure who gaily distributes her wares in the midst of war, and carries on no matter what.

Brecht’s Mother Courage is a cynical, if admirable, opportunist (“There isn’t a war every day in the week, we must get to work”), an ironic survivor-prophet who sells not only food but soldiers’ boots, belts, and guns, and predicts (accurately, it turns out) the deaths of soldiers she meets and of her own two sons as well. But Alice is a more simple and loving nurturer-buffoon, whose mission in life is to replace war with pleasure. The message of Mother Courage, for whom business always comes first, might be paraphrased as “buy and die”—while that of Alice, for whom pleasure is all, is closer to “take, smoke, and live.” One wonders, though, how much of Mother Courage as harbinger of death—as death itself—there is even in Alice. Her creation, at the very least, is an attempt to “play with” and mock death anxiety; and it is possible that pursuing the fantasy further would show Alice to have more direct connections with violence and death (perhaps suggested in the “Wild West” sequence). In any case, both figures ultimately serve to reveal the counterfeit nature of war—Mother Courage by means of survival in corruption, Alice by means of her absolute reversal of the war environment.

The name Alice, of course, came from the song, “Alice’s Restaurant,” which the men had heard (they had not yet had a chance to see the film). The whole Alice fantasy was their way of turning the war over on its head (or, should one say, “to its heads”), finding expression for its absurdity, and replacing its grotesque death with marvelously charmed life. Even violence could be noted and tamed, in a sense domesticated, through the mildly black-humor rodeo-Western sequence, in which Alice’s mishaps could provide not only imagery of violent buffoonery, but

still another reversal of nurturing whereby the men could actively help, indeed save *her*.

Above all, the fantasy was a group venture, a "communal-type thing" both in creation and content. It provided a sustained counterscenario right in the midst of actual combat. Similarly, pot-smoking in general became the center of a counterenvironment in the midst of the atrocity-producing situation. Thus the same marine veteran describes how, as a noncom with considerable authority over the men working under him as well as responsibility for complex technical equipment,

pot smoking . . . was in conflict with the role that I was playing in the military . . . with the rest of the image of what I was doing. . . . People . . . in my category, that had been dedicated, and [then] started smoking . . . say, three months after they had gone over there [he began after about four months] . . . you know, they got kind of . . . they didn't care about the war. . . . They just weren't as ambitious or dedicated.

One member of the rap group described to me, during a talk we had, what he called a "crisis of faith"—mentioned in connection with individual psychotherapy he was undergoing elsewhere, but extending far beyond that:

It seemed like why? why him? why there? And what was this doing? . . . Why don't we all go back to the country and chop wood? Or get quill pens and write by candlelight and just forget all this shit? War, where's the war? Where's the peace? Where's the bomb? Where's, you know, there's nothing. . . . What's the sense of Vietnam Vets Against the War?

And about rap groups, after one particularly gripping session:

We come together out of the blue and then that happens within a three-hour period, and you march off. . . . There were people I had nothing to do with other than meet those needs. Sometimes it strikes me as completely absurd.

The VVAW, particularly in its early stages, had special importance in the quest for authenticity. In it one could call forth some of the intimacy and solidarity that existed in military combat, and do so for other than counterfeit purposes. But this man was asking himself, as were others, whether in any endeavor it was possible to be other than counterfeit. Over the course of time, virtually all of the men found

areas of authenticity, but the concern remains strong for most of them. It is, in fact, at the center of their survivor struggle.

Nor is the question always answerable throughout the rest of American society. Vietnam veterans are by no means the only ones asking: "Where does Vietnam end and America—the America one used to believe in—begin?" It would be too much to suggest that the whole of America has become a "counterfeit universe." But one can say that, with the Vietnam War, a vast, previously hidden American potential for the counterfeit has become manifest. From the atrocity-producing situation in Vietnam; to the military-political arrangements responsible for it; to the system of law confronted by militant opponents of the war; to the pre-existing but war-exacerbated antagonisms around race, class, ethnicity, and age; to the war-linked economic recession; to collusion in the war's corruption by virtually all of the professions and occupations—what is there left that we can call authentic?

To ask the question is to assume that there *is* something left. But that something has to be sought out and re-created. Correspondingly, the expanding contours of the counterfeit universe have to be identified. The model suggested by military chaplains and psychiatrists is that of a counterfeit situation . . . which the price for survival includes not only external compliance but internal corruption furthered by spiritual authorities serving the prevailing power structure. This kind of counterfeit universe is probably inherent in any system of social authority. The Vietnam War has revealed and intensified counterfeit dimensions throughout American society. And once one has begun to grasp the principle of the counterfeit universe, can one continue to ignore the malignancy of related constellations around and within oneself?

Philip Kingry, a Vietnam veteran and talented novelist, has put the matter this way: "The war isn't just an excuse. *It was everything*. I am a lie. What I have to say is a lie. But it is the most true lie you will ever hear about a war." If the counterfeit universe is not to remain *everything*, one must explore its manifestations everywhere, even if the counterfeit manifestations seem to render those very explorations "a lie." War veterans and commentators alike can at least begin with such "true lies" as a way of initiating the difficult climb out of the abyss. □

HIS LAST AUTUMN
(for Andrew Young, 1885-1971)

He had never known such an autumn.
At his slow feet were apples
Redder than sun, and small flowers,
Their names no longer thought of,

Grew afresh in his recovered innocence.
His eyes had taken colour of the speedwell.
Looking at the sea, he felt its
Lifting pull as he dived, years deep,

Where slant light picked the rocks
With brilliants. It was the distant
Road of his boyhood we drove along
On sunny afternoons, it was the laid

Dust of his past that rose beneath
Our wheels. Tranquilly the weather
Lingered, warm day after warm day.
He was dead when the cold weather came.

Leslie Norris

GHOSTS

A story by Frank O'Connor



For twenty-odd years we've always had Oorawn Sullivans for servants; why I don't know, unless it was the only hope of getting something off the bill. The bill went back long before my time. When one got married we took her younger sister, and when she died of consumption we took Kitty. The first week we had Kitty I found her with all the tea things down the lavatory basin, pulling the chain. She told me townspeople had great conveniences.

Then one Thursday last summer, Mary, the eldest girl, came in to do her bit of shopping. I always had a smack for Mary for the way she reared that family. I heard her whispering something across the counter to Nan about a bottle of whiskey and cocked my ears. Oorawn is the Irish for a spring, but it isn't only water that flows there. All the poteen they drink in our part of the country rises there as well. When they have a wedding or a wake they come in for a bottle or two of the legal stuff and take care that plenty see them with it. A couple of days after they bring it back under cover and get credit for it. They call it "the holy medal."

"What do ye want the medal for, Mary?" said I, taking a rise out of her. "Is it one of the girls getting married on you?"

"Wisha, the Lord love you, Mr. Clancy!" says she. "'Tisn't that at all, only a cousin that's coming home from America on Friday. He mightn't be able to drink the other stuff."

"Which cousin is that, Mary?" said Nan. "I never knew you had cousins in America."

"Wisha, Mrs. Clancy, love," said Mary, "'tis a cousin called Jer that we hardly knew we had ourselves," and off she went into the usual rigmarole

about her grandfather's brother that married a woman of the Lacys from Drumacree; not one of the Red Lacys at all, but cousins of theirs. I could just follow her, but she might have been talking double Dutch for all Nan understood.

"And how is he going to get up to Oorawn?" she asked.

"Oye, he can probably get a lift," said Mary, "or he might get the bus as far as Trabawn Cross."

"And walk all the way up the valley with his bags!" said Nan. "Ah, Tim will meet him at the station and drive him up."

Nan is the kindest soul in the world with my time and car. Still, I suppose she could hardly do less, and Kitty with us. So next evening I left her in charge of the shop and drove up to the station. There was the usual small handful on the train, but the devil an American boy could I see. When they cleared there was only a family of four left by the luggage wagon; father, mother, daughter, and son, to judge by appearances.

"Is it anyone you were expecting, Tim?" said Hurley, the stationmaster.

"Only a Yankee cousin of the Oorawns that's coming home," said I.

"'Twouldn't be one of them?" said Hurley, pointing to the family.

"I wouldn't say so," said I, "but I suppose I'd better make sure."

I went up to the elder man, a fine, tall, handsome-looking fellow about the one age with myself.

"Your name wouldn't be Sullivan, by any chance?" said I.

"That's right," he said, reaching out his hand to me. "Are you one of my Oorawn cousins?"

"No," said I, trusting to God to give me words in the predicament I was in, "only a friend with a car. Mick Hurley and myself will take out the bags for ye."

And while we carried out the bags, I was thinking

harder than ever I thought in my life. The family wasn't my class at all. And as for Oorawn, you might as well drop them on a raft in mid-Atlantic. This was a case for Nan, and damn good right she had to handle it, seeing 'twas she that brought it on us with her interfering in other people's business.

"I'll have to call at the shop first," I said as I got in. "Anyway, I daresay after that journey ye wouldn't say no to a cup of tea."

The one thing about being to a good school is that, like Nan, you can make a fist of anything, even Americans. I took her place in the shop, and she went upstairs with them. She came down about ten minutes after, looking a bit dazed.

"Do you know who they are?" said she, frightened and at the same time delighted. "Sullivan Shoes."

"I never heard of Sullivan or his shoes," said I, "but I wish he was in mine this minute."

"Go up and talk to them while I get the tea," said she. "I told them 'twas Kitty's day off. They're on their way to Paris. We'll have to stop them going to Oorawn."

I saw Kitty coming down the stairs as I was going up, and she was like a ghost. She must have caught a glimpse of her American cousins and was thinking about the cabin and the pint of whiskey. With the main responsibility off my shoulders I didn't mind. They were a nice family; the father was quiet, the mother was bright; Bob, the young fellow, was writing a book on something—he took after the mother, but Rose, the girl, was a real beauty. Every god-damned thing you told her, she took seriously. She wanted to know had we any fairies! I told her we had no fairies since the poteen was put down but the ghosts were something shocking.

"You mean you have ghosts in this house?" she said.

"Dozens of them," said I, seeing that we were lacking in a lot of the conveniences a girl like that would be accustomed to and we might as well take credit for what she couldn't see. "The mother, God rest her! knew some of them so well she used to quarrel with them like Christians."

"Didn't I tell you what Grandfather used to say about the ghosts on the farm at home?" said her father, taking a rise out of her too.

I nearly laughed when he talked about "the farm," but I thought it was better to leave that to Nan. All the same I was glad when she came in with the tea. I took a cup and went down to the shop, and by the time I came back she was after persuading them to stop at the Grand Hotel. I ran the bags over, and then we set out for Oorawn. The car was pretty full with Rose sitting on Bob's knee. Their father sat in front with me where he could see a bit of the country. On a fine evening the sea road is grand. The sea was like a lake, and the mountains at the other side had a red light on them like plums.

"Is there only this road from Oorawn to Cove?" he asked me.

"There's only this road from Oorawn to Hell," said I. "Why?"

"I was thinking," said he, "this must be the road my grandfather traveled on his way to America. He used to describe himself, sitting on their little tin trunk at the back of an open cart. My grandmother was having her first baby, and she was frightened. He sang for her the whole way to keep her courage up."

"There was many a homesick tear shed along this road," I said, because, damn it, the man touched me the way he spoke. "Count the ruined cottages, and you'll see your grandmother wasn't alone."

Then the road turned off up the valley and over the moors, a bad place to be on a winter's day. When we reached the Sullivans', what did we see only Bridgie, rising up like an apparition from behind a bush with her skirts held up behind, and then away she flew like the wind to the house. I was wishing then I hadn't Nan with me. It was bad enough, a lonely cottage in the hills that was expecting one American laboring boy from Butte, getting a blooming family of millionaires or near it. Signs on it, that was the last we saw of Bridgie.



will say for Mary Sullivan that she made a great effort not to look as put out as she was. I smelt when I went in that she had just been baking for him.

"Wisha, and are you Jer?" she cried, wiping her hands in her apron before she'd touch him. "Law, I'm hearing about

you always. And your family and all! Ye must be dying for a cup of tea!"

"We've just had tea, Mary," said Nan, being tactful. "I don't want to put your cousins out, but Tim and myself have an appointment in town."

"Why then, indeed," said I, planting my ass on a chair near the fire, "the appointment can wait, because out of this house I don't stir till Mary Sullivan gives me tea. Have you griddle cake, Mary?"

"I have, aru," said she. "Do you like griddle cake?"

Nan gave me a look like a poultice, but the woman didn't know what she was talking about. If the Sullivans' cousins had left that cabin without a meal, the disgrace of it would have driven Mary to her grave.

"I hope we're not putting you out too much, Mrs. Clancy," said Sullivan, "but I'd like it too. It isn't every day a man comes back to his grandfather's house."

"Your grandfather's house?" cried Mary. "Ah, my darling, this isn't your grandfather's. Your grandfather's is about three fields away. 'Tis only an old ruin now."

"Whatever it is," he said, "I'd like to see it."

"Will I show it to you?" she said, at her wits' ends to please him.

"After we have the tea, girl, after we have the tea," said I. "What a hurry you're in to get rid of us!"

"Hurry?" she said, laughing. "The divil a hurry then, only the state we're in. Mrs. Sullivan," she said, holding out her two hands to the American woman, "we're a holy show."

"Ah, Mary," said I, "if you took my advice five years ago and bought a vacuum cleaner, you needn't be afraid to hide your face today."

"Do you hear him?" cried Mary. "A vacuum! Lord save us! You'll have to drink your tea out of a mug."

"Have you ne'er a basin?" said I.

"Why?" said she. "Would you prefer a basin? Or is it making fun of me you are?"

The two younger girls were standing in front of Rose with their fingers in their mouths, looking at her as if she were a shopwindow.

"That's right," I said. "Have a good look at your cousin, and stick to the books and maybe ye'd be like her someday."

"Wisha, how in God's name would they, Mr. Clancy?" said Mary, really upset at last. "And don't be putting foolish notions into the children's heads . . . Your daughter is a picture, Jer," she said with the tears of delight standing in her eyes, and then she took Rose's two hands and held them. "You are, treasure," she said. "I could be looking at you all day and not get tired."

"Why then, indeed, Miss Sullivan," I said, "as we're getting so bloody polite with our misters and misses, you're not too bad-looking yourself."

"Och, go away, you ould divil, you!" said she, giving me a push. Nan was mortified. She felt she'd never get a day's good of Kitty after that push.

"There never was a Sullivan yet without good looks, Mary," said Sullivan, "and you have your share."

"Wisha, God forgive you, Jer Sullivan!" she said, blushing up, but I could see the way the spirits rose in her.

We had the tea, and the griddle cake, and the boiled eggs, and then we had the whiskey—the first bottle of proper whiskey opened in Oorawn for generations, as I told them, and then Sullivan got up.

"Now, Mary," he said, "if you'll forgive me, I'd like to see the old place before it gets too dark."

Inoticed he brought his glass. He went on with Mary; his wife and daughter with Nan, Bob with me, and the kids bringing up the rear, too bewitched to talk. Mary was apologizing for the dirt of the fields.

The sun was going down when we reached the ruin of the little cabin. It was all overgrown, and a big hawthorn was growing on the hearth. Sullivan's face was a study.

"Grandfather used to say that the first Sullivan to come back should lay a wreath on the grave of the landlord that evicted us," he said in a quiet voice.

"A wreath, is it?" cried Mary, not understanding

his form of fun. "I know what sort of a wreath I'd lay on it."

"Now," he said gently, a little embarrassed by us all, "I'd like to stay here for a few minutes by myself, if you won't think it rude of me."

"Don't stay too long," said his wife. "It's turned quite chilly."

We left him behind us, and made our way back over the fields.

"He's a very gentlemanly sort of man," said Mary Sullivan to me. "Oh, law, wasn't it awful the way ye caught Bridgie?"

I saw the girl thought it was the same thing that was detaining her cousin, but I didn't try to enlighten her. I knew what he wanted with in the old ruin by himself. He was hoping for ghosts; ghosts of his grandfather's people that might be hanging round the old cabin so that they could see him there and know he had brought no disgrace on the name. I was touched by it the way I was touched by what he said about his grandfather. There was something genuine about the man that I couldn't help liking. I had an idea that the Sullivans would have no reason to regret his coming.

"Well," I said, when he came back with his empty glass (I was afraid that someone would start asking him questions and he wouldn't like it), "we may as well be making tracks."



As we were driving back down the hill I was pointing out the various landmarks to him. Behind us, Nan was explaining to his wife that Oorawn was exceptional and that all the "peasants" weren't as backward as the Sullivans. Some of them had fine cottages with beautiful gardens. You could see the Americans were a bit disappointed because there wasn't a garden.

Then as we reached the coast road Nan tapped me on the shoulder and said: "We'll call at Hopkins' as we're passing, Tim."

"We will not," I said.

"We must, Tim," she said, getting as sweet as honey to cover up my bad temper. "Mrs. Hopkins promised me a few slips."

As long as Nan is in the shop she never yet has learned anything about country people. How the blazes would she and she calling them "peasants"? I knew well the game she was up to. She wanted to show the Sullivans that we had good society, and herself and myself were the hub of it. But I thought even she would know who the Hopkins were and why we couldn't bring the Sullivans there. She didn't. She nagged and nagged till I lost my temper.

"Very well," I said, "go to Hopkins and be damned to you!"

And I turned in by the gate with the urns on top of the pillars. The Major was out under the portico with his dirty old cap over his eyes, and his face lit up when he saw me. The Major's old Colonel won't let him take a drink unless 'tis with visitors, and he knew I could lower it for him.

"Just in time for a little drink, Clancy," he said. "And is that your charming wife?"

"These are some American friends called Sullivan," said I, "that want to see your house, and I came with them to make sure you didn't try to sell them anything."

"You talk about selling things!" he said, delighted with me. "You damned old ruffian! In the good old days I'd have been on the magistrate's bench and seen you up in the County Gaol. Don't believe a word this old rascal says to you, Mrs. Sullivan," he says, pawing the American woman's hand.

It seemed supper was late, and the Colonel asked us to have it with them. It went against my grain, but I knew it was what Nan wanted. The Colonel was one of the Fays of Frankfort. In her young days it used to be naval officers, but since the daughter grew up she went in more for social welfare. The Americans were delighted with the big staircase and the plaster panel on the first landing with a big picture in the middle of it. Then Bella came down after changing, a big, tall, broody-looking girl. You never saw anyone light up like that American boy did. We had our supper in the front room overlooking the bay, and they were delighted again with the fireplace and the paneling, and then Bella took Bob and Rose off to see the house. They came back in great excitement, and their mother and father had to be shown it.

"You don't want to see the Bossi mantelpiece, Clancy?" says the Major, going off into a roar as he filled my glass.

"If 'tis one of those fireplaces you can't put your boots on. I don't," said I.

"Or the historic plaster ceiling in the saloon, Clancy?" he says. "I'm sure you'd love the historic plaster ceiling. Wonderful for shooting at with champagne corks. Pop!"

"Don't forget to show them your ghost!" said I. "Was it some priest ye hanged or someone ye put out of his house?"

"Look at him!" said the Major. "You can see the sort of chap he is, sitting there drinking my whiskey, and hating me."

Nan gave me a look meaning that she didn't know where her wits were when she married me, but I was past caring. The younger ones went out to the garden, and after a while the others joined them. Nan was collecting her slips. The Major was taking advantage of me beyond my capacity. I knew what he'd say after when the Colonel studied the decanter, that 'twas my doing.



hey all came back for a drink, and Sullivan was talking to Mrs. Hopkins about the backwardness of "the peasants" and she was telling him about her club for peasant reform. He mentioned the subject of bathrooms, and I could see he had Bridgie on his mind. The Major couldn't get it out of his head that I was trying to sell him something and using his house as a blind. He kept looking at me and roaring. And, God forgive me, there was I roaring too, calculating how many gallons of petrol it would take to send his historic old house blazing to Heaven. I was excited, and when I have a few drinks in I'm very wicked.

By the time we left, the Sullivans were arranging to take Bella out on their way back through London. I tore back the road with the rocks rising up at me like theater scenery, thinking of the couple that traveled the same road on their tin trunk so long ago. Sullivan had the same thought in his mind.

"That was a delightful end to a remarkable day," he said.

"It was," I said. "Almost as remarkable as the day."

"You probably can't appreciate what it meant to me," he said.

"You might be surprised," I said.

"All my life," he said, "I wanted to stand in the spot where the old couple set off on their journey, and now I feel something inside me is satisfied."

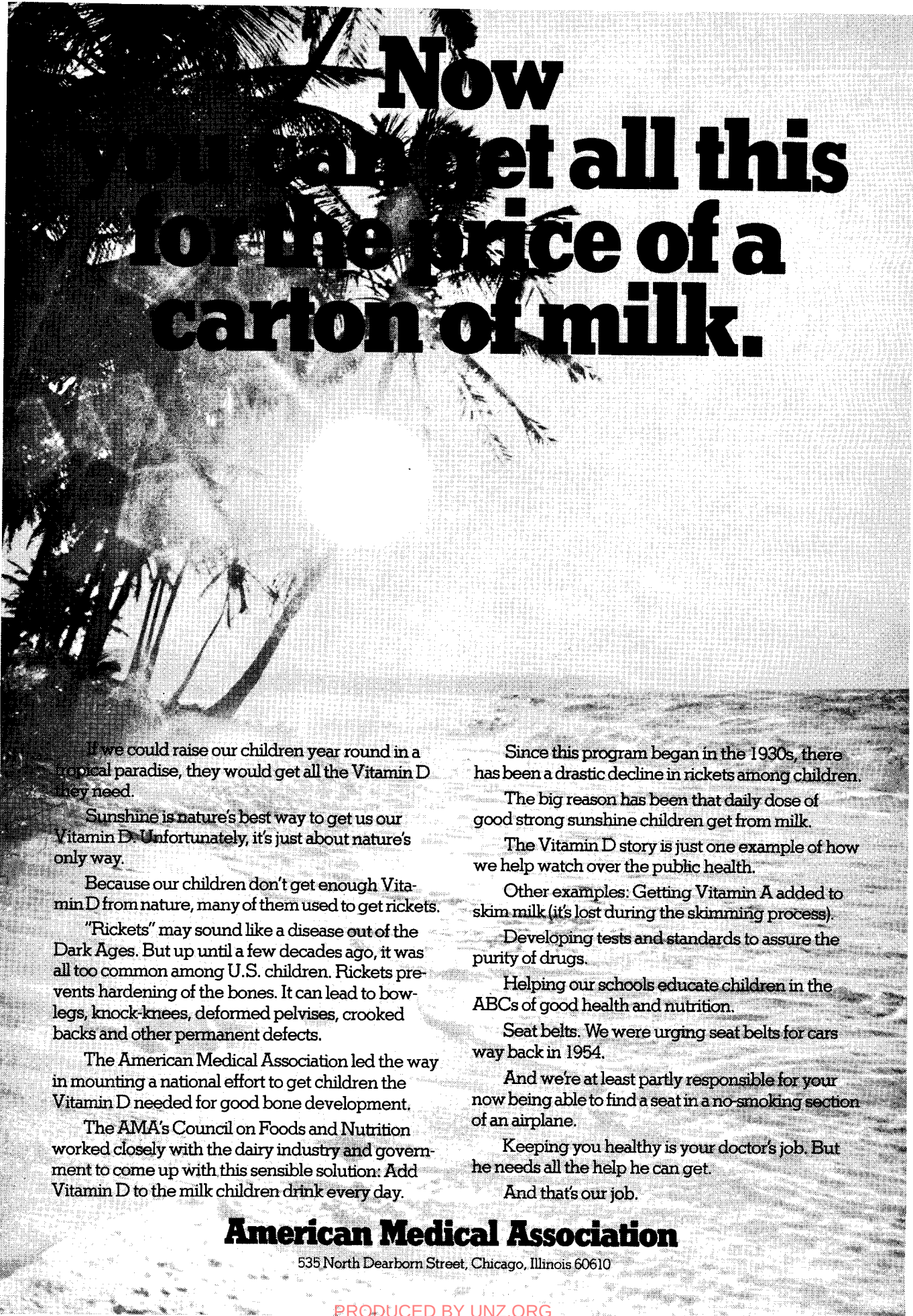
"And you laid a wreath on the grave of the man who evicted them as well," said I. "Don't forget that."

The funny thing was, it was the wife that knew what I meant.

"What's that?" she said, leaning forward to me. "You mean the Hopkins were the landlords who evicted them?"

"They were," said I. "And cruel bad landlords too."

I knew 'twas wicked of me, but the man had roused something in me. What right had any of them to look down on the Sullivans? They were country people as I was, and it was people like them that had gone crying down every road in Ireland to the sea. Bad luck to them! I was saying to myself. But they were delighted, delighted! Mrs. Sullivan and Nan and Bob and Rose, they couldn't get over the coincidence of it. You'd think 'twas an entertainment I put on for their benefit. But Sullivan wasn't delighted, and well I knew he wouldn't be. The rest were nice, but they were outside it. They could go looking for ghosts, but he had them there inside himself and I knew in my heart that till the day he died he would never get over the feeling that his money had put him astray and he had turned his back on them. □



Now you can get all this for the price of a carton of milk.

If we could raise our children year round in a tropical paradise, they would get all the Vitamin D they need.

Sunshine is nature's best way to get us our Vitamin D. Unfortunately, it's just about nature's only way.

Because our children don't get enough Vitamin D from nature, many of them used to get rickets.

"Rickets" may sound like a disease out of the Dark Ages. But up until a few decades ago, it was all too common among U.S. children. Rickets prevents hardening of the bones. It can lead to bow-legs, knock-knees, deformed pelvises, crooked backs and other permanent defects.

The American Medical Association led the way in mounting a national effort to get children the Vitamin D needed for good bone development.

The AMA's Council on Foods and Nutrition worked closely with the dairy industry and government to come up with this sensible solution: Add Vitamin D to the milk children drink every day.

Since this program began in the 1930s, there has been a drastic decline in rickets among children.

The big reason has been that daily dose of good strong sunshine children get from milk.

The Vitamin D story is just one example of how we help watch over the public health.

Other examples: Getting Vitamin A added to skim milk (it's lost during the skimming process).

Developing tests and standards to assure the purity of drugs.

Helping our schools educate children in the ABCs of good health and nutrition.

Seat belts. We were urging seat belts for cars way back in 1954.

And we're at least partly responsible for your now being able to find a seat in a no-smoking section of an airplane.

Keeping you healthy is your doctor's job. But he needs all the help he can get.

And that's our job.

American Medical Association

535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610

THE RE-SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT

by Martin F. Nolan

If Joe McGinniss were to rewrite *The Selling of the President 1968* this election year, he would find a more discreet cast of characters. But in the background, behind the organizational mask of silent efficiency, there are muffled sounds of conflict, the echoes of a long battle in the White House centering on the primacy of public relations. The closest man to the President is H. R. Haldeman, who began his career in politics as an advance man for Vice President Nixon in 1956. "I make no claims to being a public relations man," says the President's chief of staff. He says he was "not a creator, only a manager," at the Los Angeles office of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. He has also said that he is *only* the President's doorkeeper and scheduler.

In most discussions of presidential policies in the White House, whether in the Saturday morning seminars presided over by Haldeman or in less formal bull sessions among aides and speech writers, strategic divisions within Nixon's circle of political advisers usually fall into two categories, "substance" and "P.R." In a typical battle for presidential attention, those urging, say, an emphasis on national health insurance, will include liberals, conservatives, media men, speechwriters, and political experts. This group would seek to enlist the President's aid and resources in easing a vexing personal problem for many Americans—an effort which, if successful, would unavoidably enhance

the Nixon image. But this coalition for "substance" might well be elbowed aside by a "P.R." brigade recruited from the same White House battalions. The P.R. men would urge the President instead to ask Congress for a reshuffle of Cabinet portfolios, a process to be called "A New American Revolution." This executive reorganization plan, the P.R. forces suggest, will cost less money, will seem more dignified, will not antagonize the politically generous American Medical Association, and will require very little White House follow-through since Congress is likely to ignore much of the idea, anyway.

In foreign affairs, the confrontation between these two forces is even more one-sided. Many "substance" spokesmen are entombed in the dungeons of the State Department and leading the P.R. brigade is Henry Kissinger, the former Harvard scholar, who has even shed the veil of the well-informed-White-House-official speaking on "background." During and after Kissinger's on-the-record narration of his secret visit with North Vietnamese negotiators, no White House claim was ever made that his and the President's earlier television speech fulfilled any mission of diplomatic substance. The President's China trip, too, was mostly "a picture story," in the words of Ronald Ziegler, and the unusual amount of attention the President received on American television could be regarded as an exercise in presidential

leadership and education. Could be, but won't, because the White House has been freer with the details of the tourism part of the trip than with the substance of the diplomatic talks.

Another way to measure the influence of the P.R. forces is to note their sheer number, which has grown steadily in the White House as vacancies in the ranks of "substance" advisers have been unfilled. During the first year of his presidency, Nixon had three Cabinet-level "Counselors." Arthur F. Burns dropped out to become chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Daniel Patrick Moynihan went back to Harvard, and Bryce Harlow returned to Procter & Gamble. The three men seldom agreed among themselves, but they did offer specific, day-to-day advice on policies that would affect the country for years to come. The two men now holding the office of Counselor are in retreat from lost wars with the bureaucracy—Robert Finch, former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Donald Rumsfeld, former director of the Office of Economic Opportunity. Neither man is as innovative as Moynihan or as well informed as Harlow or Burns. If there are other heavy thinkers in the White House these days, their identity—and accomplishments—are well concealed.

President Nixon probably didn't plan on fathering such a huge public relations bureaucracy. In the post-election days of 1968, one Nixon-Hal-

demean plan was to deny Ron Ziegler even the title of Press Secretary, calling him instead the President's "spokesman," a job description which conveys more accurately his deadpan, recorded-announcement demeanor.

Prime Time

Ziegler's success has allowed his staff and influence to grow. He has two deputies, Gerald Warren, formerly of the *San Diego Union*, and Neal Ball, formerly public relations director for the American Hospital Supply Corporation of Chicago. Taxpayers also pay the salaries of at least four full-time media advisers. John Scali, former diplomatic correspondent for ABC, works with Kissinger, and Mark Goode, a former ABC producer, handles liaison with the TV networks. Goode produced the Andrews Air Force Base Welcome Home ceremony after the China trip, setting up the fuselage of *The Spirit of '76* as the podium's backdrop and cueing the long layover in Anchorage to let the arrival take place at the peak of prime time. He also engineered the President's dramatic return from Russia. As George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey were slugging it out in the California primary, the Nixons emerged from the presidential helicopter at one minute past the prime time of 9 P.M. EDT and walked up the floodlit steps of the Capitol, where the President reported to a joint session of Congress on the first summit meeting in Moscow between an American President and leaders of the Soviet Union.

Herbert G. Klein, director of communications, is no television expert and he has lost his clout as well as most of his staff. Many of Klein's staffers have drifted to the jurisdiction of Charles W. (Chuck) Colson, the President's special counsel, whose growing supervisory functions over the President's television image included the hiring of Scali (to the momentary discomfiture of Ziegler). Van Shumway, formerly of UPI in Sacramento, left Klein's staff to work across the street for the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Ken Clawson, who impressed John Mitchell when he covered the Justice

Department for the *Washington Post*, may eventually take Klein's place. These professional publicists get aid and comfort from skilled journalists on the White House speechwriting staff.

Ray Price, former editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, writes the President's liberal speeches, and Pat Buchanan, former editorial writer for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writes the more conservative efforts (including those delivered by Vice President Agnew). Buchanan also prepares the President's "daily news summary," a collation of coverage and comment—mostly comment—neatly packaged in a loose-leaf folder. Speechwriter William Safire is the public relations whiz who arranged the "kitchen debate" with Khrushchev in 1959 (the kitchen manufacturer was a Safire client). Safire's numerous chores include doling out nuggets of "color" to inquiring reporters. An example: presidential economic adviser Herbert Stein was on his way to Camp David on the weekend of August 15, 1971, to complete details of Nixon's surprise economics message. Before boarding the helicopter at the White House, Stein said to a companion, "This may be the most historic weekend in economics since March, 1933." The incident was faithfully recorded in the "color" portions of economics stories in *Newsweek*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Washington Post*.

Humanization

Why the need for this flock of flacks? James Keogh, former executive editor of *Time* and former chief of Nixon's White House speechwriting team, provides an official answer in his recently published book, *President Nixon and the Press*:

The conviction that President Nixon could expect more twisted stories than straight reporting in the major media ran strong in his Administration. Assistant to the President H. R. Halde- man, the closest man to the President, once said quite openly that all of the problems President Nixon faced were magnified "by the determined opposition of a large number of the press corps and the establishment media

who, because of past efforts to write Richard Nixon off, had a vested interest in his unsuccess." It was this conviction which led the Nixon Administration to devote so much effort to its communication—an effort which from time to time summoned the energies of a large percentage of the White House staff.

The third year of Richard Nixon's presidency, like the third year of so many presidencies, had been a time of frustration. The off-year elections had been less than satisfying and his legislative program was stalled in Congress. Nixon's dramatic transformation of the economy and the announcement of his trip to China had brightened the summer, but the early winter found him perilously close to Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine in the esteem of George Gallup's constituents. The P.R. men in the White House noted the apparent warmth, candor, and earthiness of Muskie, and made a sudden decision to "humanize" Richard Nixon. In lengthy interviews for television and the news magazines, aides talked about his menu, reading habits, and personal philosophy. But just as suddenly they stopped. The President didn't like the invasion of his privacy. At this time, before his foreign travel successes, he was beginning to doubt prospects for his own reelection. On January 20 this year, he held a private dinner at the White House for his Cabinet, the senior staff, and their wives. Only the guest list was published and Nixon's talk was not made public by the White House, even though some of those present agree that he showed himself at his most human and most natural.

After toasts from his former Counselors Harlow and Moynihan, the President observed the third anniversary of his inauguration by suggesting that he and his Administration might have only eleven months left in office. This startling concession set the tone of solemnity for the twenty-minute speech that followed. We should act every day as though we won't be here next year, Nixon told his tuxedoed colleagues. We should ask ourselves each day whether what we're doing will advance the cause of world peace or the quality of life in America. Citing the careers of Disraeli and Melbourne

(whose biographies had been supplied by Moynihan), Nixon assured his audience, some of whom were close to tears, that real recognition comes late. They call us gray men, pragmatists. They say that we're not idealistic enough. Well, let them say what they want, Nixon added, we must be true to ourselves.

This self-portrait of the President so impressed members of his audience that a debate ensued at the next day's staff meeting over whether to release publicly a text of the President's talk. The decision was negative, then a smaller discussion followed on the desirability of printing a transcript of the homily in a souvenir of the evening for the private edification of the dinner guests. It was finally decided to print a small stock of handsome, leather-bound copies of the talk, at a cost of seventy-five dollars each, to be given to special friends. But indecision persisted and the presidential gifts sit, ungiven, in a box somewhere in the White House.

In both of these small discussions, the substance versus P.R. division of earlier arguments no longer applied. It was an election year and the debate was over whether to humanize the President or superhumanize him.

In a political dispute of more moment, the campaign apparatus was baptized not the Committee to Re-Elect Richard Nixon; instead it was called the Committee for the Re-Election of the President (joyfully shortened by the opposition to CREEP), that anonymous, distant, nonpartisan resident of the Oval Office, the walking official portrait on satellite television, toasted by the Chinese and saluted by the Russians.

Knuckles

The formal reelection effort has been more brass-knuckle, of course. Perhaps its spirit has been best expressed in *Monday*, the weekly broadside of the Republican National Committee and one of the sprightliest propaganda productions anywhere. In collating gems of Democratic absurdities and inconsistencies from mountainous piles of clippings, speeches, and testimony, *Monday's* thirty-one-year-old editor, John D.

Lofton, qualifies as an I. F. Stone of the right. Moreover, *Monday* has been adept at chasing the President through the labyrinthine course of his ideology. A Democrat could be denounced for favoring recognition of Red China in 1969, then ridiculed for opposing it in 1972.

An antipress, antimedia theme motivated *Monday* for several years, but these same suspect sources of objectivity were treated as Holy Scripture when Nixon began getting good notices. In the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, the tone and the P.R. staff are more nonpartisan.

The committee has as its director of communications Al Abrahams, associated in the 1960s with liberal Republican causes, in fact, specifically anti-Nixon liberal Republican causes. Assisting him, besides Van Shumway of California, is Powell Moore, former press aide to the late Senator Richard Russell of Georgia. The title of public relations director is held by a pretty girl and professional publicist, Ann Dore. Her previous clients have included Heublein premixed cocktails and Marymount College in New York, from which she was recently graduated.

The overall media coordinator and, indeed, probably the de facto campaign manager is Chuck Colson, the forty-year-old former lobbyist who has risen in the President's esteem to the heights occupied by Haldeman and former Attorney General John Mitchell. Colson is tough, taciturn, and zealous, scornful of publicity and absolutely loyal to Richard Nixon. "I would do anything Richard Nixon asked me to do—anything," he once said to a startled associate. Colson's involvement in the Watergate caper did not dim his luster with the President.

Colson had helped supply the Northern ingredients of possible reelection victory just as John Mitchell had bequeathed the Southern Strategy to Nixon. Starting out in early 1970 as special counsel and liaison with "outside groups," Colson brought hard-hats to the White House and courted groups as diverse and possibly sympathetic to Nixon as the Teamsters Union and Roman

Catholic archbishops. His experience in managing the 1960 reelection campaign of former Massachusetts Senator Leverett Saltonstall led Colson to urge the President in memos to woo the Catholic ethnic vote for 1972 and to avoid antagonizing labor with traditional Republican right-to-work rhetoric. The President followed Colson's advice. Colson also interpreted CBS as an "outside group" and when he didn't like a report by correspondent Dan Rather, he called up President Frank Stanton to complain. Stanton's civility was interpreted in the White House as a concession of error and Colson's clout and reputation grew as a mastermind of the media.

He did help lure both John Scali and Ken Clawson from good media jobs in Washington onto the President's payroll. Colson heard rumors of Scali's disaffection with new bosses at ABC. He also discovered that Clawson was disappointed in not being named national editor of the *Washington Post*. Clawson, in fact, had produced one of the major embarrassments to the Nixon Administration when he broke the story of the FBI's inordinate interest in CBS newsman Daniel Schorr.

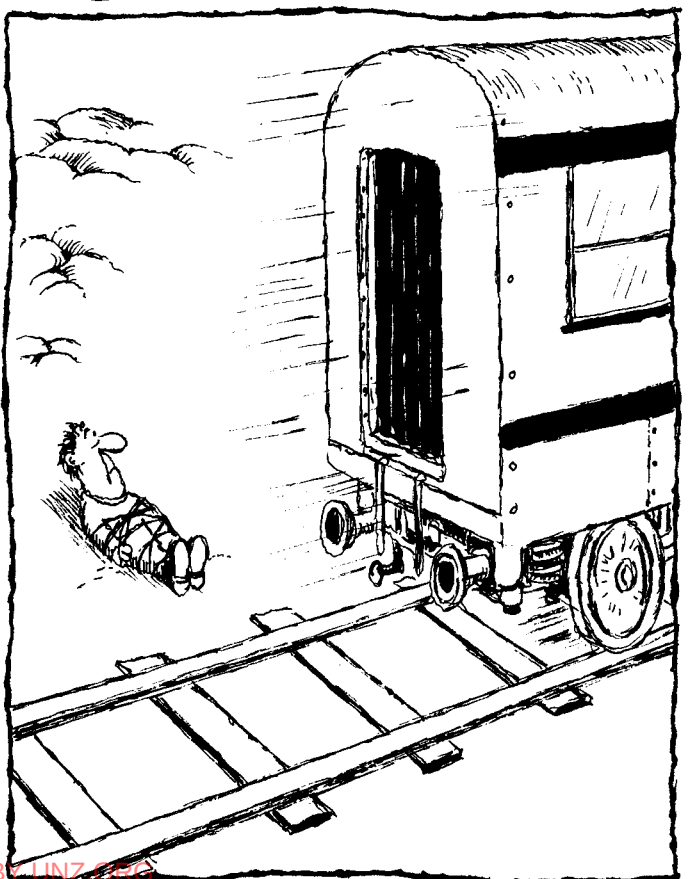
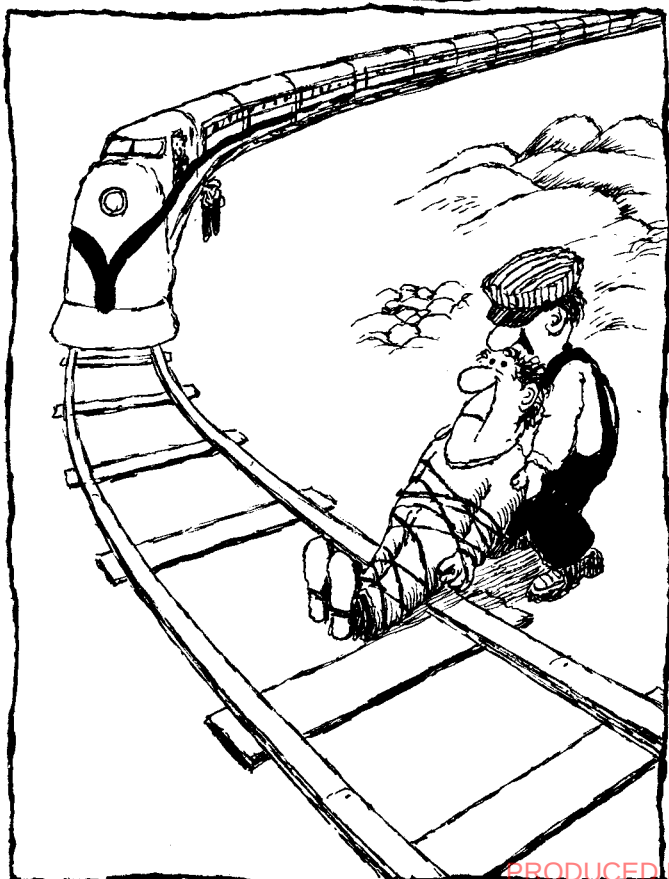
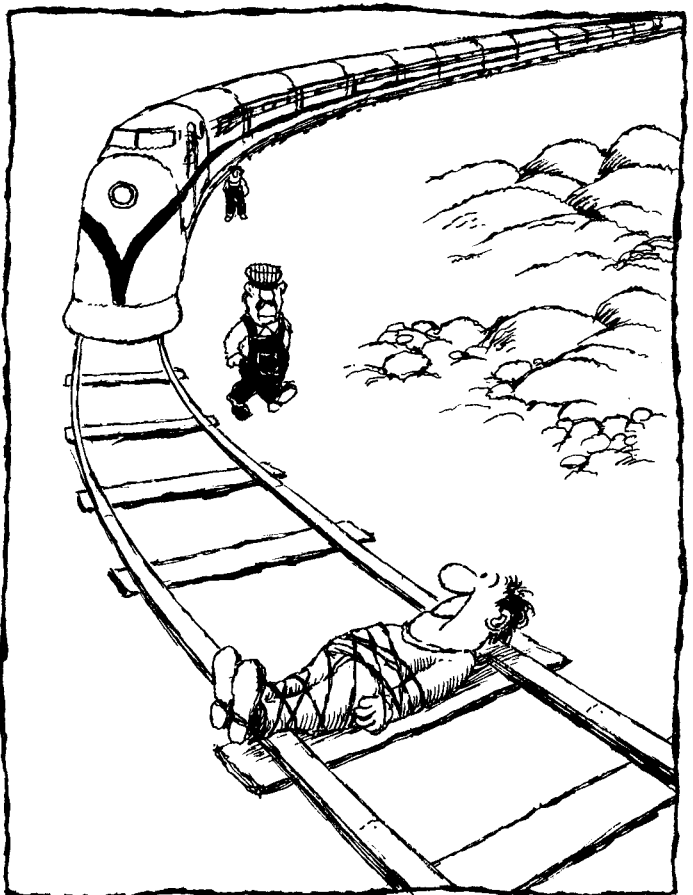
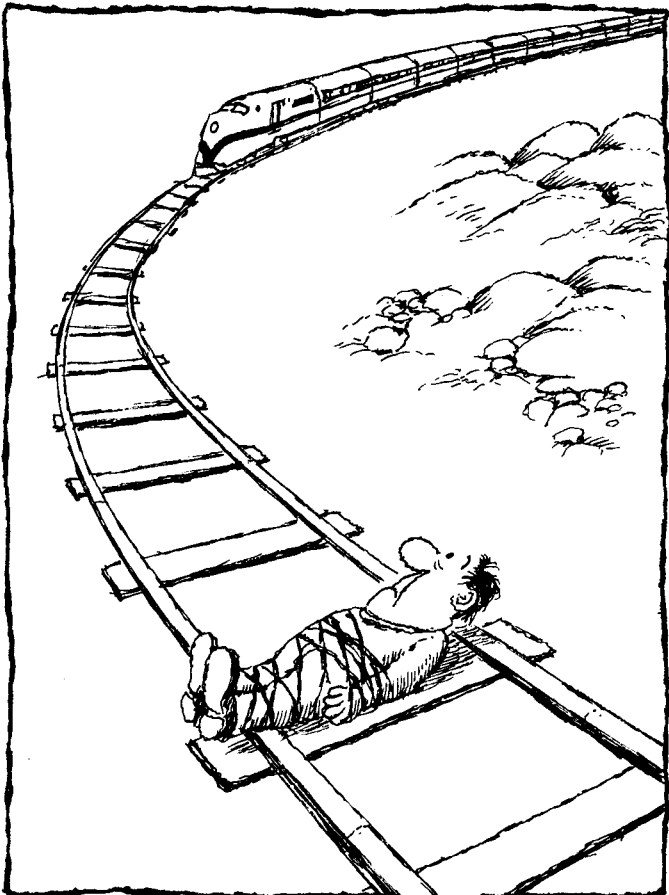
Throughout the campaign, Colson, Clawson, and Scali have met at 9 A.M. each day to discuss the P.R. possibilities of the day's events. Which Cabinet member should attack the latest McGovern charge? Where should Tricia campaign next week? Will that surrogate candidate appeal to the ethnic audience in that pinpointed media market? Oops, we mean "heritage group," not ethnic group.

How nonpartisan an audience can we get to accept a speech by Vice President Agnew on Halloween? How should the "work ethic" game be blended with the promise of tax reform? How short should the Nixonettes' skirts be? How many balloons at the shopping center rally in Upper Darby? Should we top McGovern's three-media-markets-in-a-day? How about L.A., Chi, and the Big Apple all in one afternoon?

What do we do after the election? Whirr. Click. *Cough, sputter, fade to black.* □

THE LAST LAUGH

by Fernando Krahn



A WAY OF CARING

Notes from a journal

by Stephen Spender

“By caring I mean the pursuit of knowledge and the determination to pursue knowledge.”

I keep journals in fits and starts. Always I abandon them because I find writing them too absorbing. I do not know how to select from events, conversations, anecdotes, thoughts. Sometimes I have found myself in the absurd position of not being able to do anything else except write my journal, with the result that there is no time to have the experiences which go into it. In the year 1955 I started dictating a journal into a dictaphone . . . Out of politeness to the plastic belts on which it was dictated, I felt I could not confine myself to writing two or three sentences a day. I had to keep a dialogue with the dictaphone going. This became ruinous in fees to the secretarial office which typed up the contents, so I had to abandon this journal. And I have scarcely written one since, apart from a journal I kept while I was “poet” at the Library of Congress.

1944

October 23

Lunched with Cyril Connolly. E. M. Forster was there. Morgan Forster always gives me the impression that, in his extremely diffident way, he is making moral judgments on everyone. The very reticence of

his personality shows up everyone else like a patch of color which, placed beside other colors, makes them seem tawdry and vulgar.

The effect of his presence was that I talked a great deal about myself. All the time I was thinking, while he looked at me with his head a little to one side, “How abominably vulgar I am. How often *I* come into my conversation.”

When Forster was gone I told Cyril this. Cyril said: “I agree. When I served the steak I wondered whether Morgan would notice that I had taken the largest piece, and I prayed that if he did he would also realize that his piece, although smaller, was juicier and more tender and had less fat on it. I wondered whether he would notice that I offered him a specially ripe apple. Although the one I took was larger, it was green and not so good.”

October 30

Several days of Sitwells. Edith stays at the Sesame Club, which consists mostly of old ladies. One of these stopped her on the stairs some days ago and said: “I *quite* like what you’ve been writing lately, Miss Sitwell.” Edith raised her hand in her episcopal way (as though giving a blessing full of menace) and said: “Oh, but you mustn’t spoil me. Take care, I’m not used to being spoken to in such a flattering way.”

At luncheon Edith looked round the dining room of haggard and nodding and bearded female faces and sighed very audibly: “Now if only I had to find the cast for *Macbeth*. What an opportunity!”

Edith’s tea parties are held in the upstairs room of

the Sesame Club and consist of her most recent friends, her most ancient, and numerous people who, for various reasons, "have to be asked." One of these is called by the Sitwells "Wiggy." He is a tall man, who does wear a wig. He is invited because he is secretary of the club. His wig provides material for compulsive watching. Someone noticing it said: "I wonder, since it is impossible to disguise a wig, that people don't wear stylized ones." "But Wiggy's wig is stylized," said Osbert.



Edith Sitwell

Edith's appearance is fantastic. She seems of ivory: a medieval carving of herself, attired with brocades and hung with enormous jewels. Her skin has the cold texture of ivory and her figure seems to consist either of round, almost tubular surfaces, or else very sharp beaky ones. She wears the stiffest, most sculptural clothes; and on her fingers those huge aquamarines. Her manner is that of Queen Elizabeth, welcoming and feline, warm and cold, in need of affection and at the same time luminous with a kind of salamandrine rage. One is either precariously popular with her or gnashingly cast out. Her conversation is of the malicious kind which is redeemed by its wit, so that one is able to think that things are said because they are more amusing than spiteful. The balance of the amusing is not always maintained.

We saw her fury after a party given for her by the pianist Franz Osborne. Edith sat on a sofa all the evening and a lady from Wolverhampton planted herself next to her. She told her all about the domestic troubles of the deputy town clerk of Wolverhampton. She did so for hours. After the party Edith was in a rage which twenty-four hours later shows no sign of abating. She will never invite Franz either to tea or to Renishaw again. She is also planning several revenges.

October . . .

Another autumn of war. The longer blackout, the darkness beginning at seven or eight, the cold canopy of night full of threats and malice, the city exhausted and weary under the roaring dome. The sense of all the will and money and energy which has gone into destruction, unable to stop until everything is destroyed. Fear. Exhaustion. All the people I know who are ill. The world may not be any more wretched than it always was, but the modern disorder insults our intelligence and moral sense to a degree that oppresses the spirit.

Yet all we pray for in our hearts is happiness; stop the bombs; give us security and the power to organize our material and human resources; give us strength to make a deal with Russia and America. If this can be done, after all we may still be happy. Goodness is left out of these considerations. For happiness is piecemeal; goodness implies a sense of the whole realized in and through particulars and people. The good of happiness can never make each of us sacrifice enough for all to be happy. No widespread happiness is possible without the sense of goodness which could also make some sacrifice of individual happiness, and even goodness cannot make us good.

1952

Christmas, 1952

The children [Matthew and Lizzie] saved Christmas from being quite awful. Myself, I find it that part of the year where my vitality is lowest, and I feel most discouraged; corresponding to 3 A.M. in the twenty-four hours. I hate the tawdry excess with which it's overdone; everything wrapped in a Christmas packing, the mails being swamped by a snow of Christmas cards, the choking crowds of people in the shops treating it like a bargain sale. But in the minds of the children it really seems wonderfully pure and free of all this. On the one hand they look forward to their presents, which are miraculous to them; on the other, they have thoughts about Jesus. I'll never forget Matthew's eyes when he looked at the candles burning on the tree, when he was two or three. Christmas Eve, this year, he said to me: "I wish Jesus was alive today." "Why?" I asked. "Because I'd love him so much." Then he added a bit later. "If Jesus was alive more people would love God." He was more excited this year about his presents than I've ever seen him about anything. He woke up at 6:30 to look at the pillowcase we'd left outside his door stuffed with parcels. He was really very gentle and sweet helping Lizzie to open hers, and teaching her how to play with her new toys.

The interesting story to write about Christmas would be this birth of something bright and innocent in the lives of children each year. In the end I really liked Christmas Day, because they did so much. . . .

In the evening I went to dinner with Julian and Ju-

liette [Huxley]. Julian is certainly rather strange in the way he wants to detach religious experiences from any ritualistic or dogmatic context. He was talking about Bach's Mass in B Minor. He argued that the penetration of the music into the divine had nothing to do necessarily with the religion of the Mass. The form was just one which permitted Bach to express a universal experience. I said it was very difficult to imagine Bach doing so except within the structure of the ritual; and that without such a framework of a belief it was difficult for people to express such feeling today. He said: "Yes, that is exactly the problem." He thinks the problem is to create a religion of humanity castrated of God.

1955

May 5

I am always very preoccupied with thinking about the difference between the child's and the adult's view of life. There is absolutely no reason why the adult should not retain his interest and wonder at outside things. For the child, every day is new, stretching out into infinite time, and infinite in extension. Since we always live in a world where anything may happen, and since we are always surrounded by an infinite number of untouched, unknown objects and people, the shells that grow around most adults and imprison them within the routine of themselves are like cataracts forming over the eyes of the soul. We might say that the first of our organs to become senescent is the soul and that with most people it becomes senescent at the age of twenty-five. The child's attitude of open-mindedness is such a true attitude to experience that one has to seek for an explanation for its disappearance. The inner shell, the inner routine, is partly an imitation of the outer shell of contemporary civilization. But the universal trait that makes adulthood a disease is corruption.

* * *

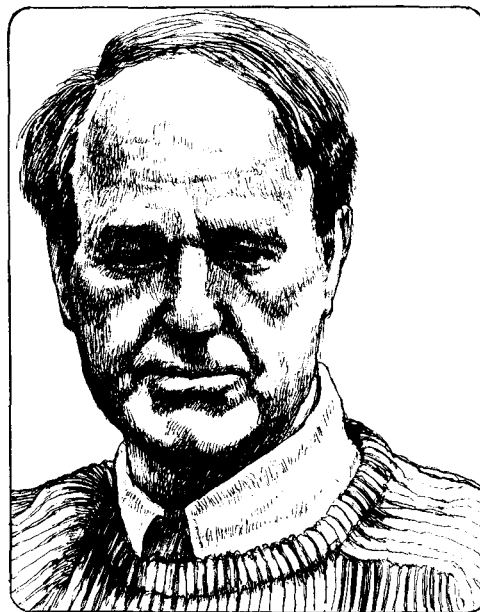
On Wednesday last we gave a dinner party for Clarissa Eden, Charlie Chaplin and his wife, Harold Nicolson, James Pope-Hennessy, and Jane Howard. We took a great deal of trouble about this, and even went so far as to buy a long-overdue new dining-room table. Charlie Chaplin is always amusing and extremely interesting when he talks about his youth, which I always try to get him to do. He said that when he was first in films, out at Hollywood, he intended, like all the other movie actors, to return to the stage. He regarded the movies as a craze which might not last and which anyhow had not very great importance. Then one day when he was in New York, he went to a cinema to see one of the movies in which he appeared. Surrounded by the public, for the first time he realized that he himself and the little group of people with whom he worked, who acted almost in barns, and who in the evenings used to go to the drugstore or stand at the street corner, that these people were part of an enormous development which

would become the great amusement of the future.

He talked about meeting Bulganin and Khrushchev. He said that he did not like Bulganin, who struck him as being a stuffed shirt, but he found Khrushchev very sympathetic. Obviously Chaplin sympathizes with people like himself whom he feels to be little men who have become enormously powerful big men but who still retain their interest in the little men and the poor. I am sure that the basis for his sympathy for Communism is that he feels the Communists to be a projected magnified image of a poor little man's success story, the Cinderella of the world ball.

May 6

Today we drove down to the country with the children to visit Henry Moore and his wife and their daughter Mary, who is Lizzie's age. There were some Americans from St. Louis, called Weil, who were there to buy sculptures. It was a beautiful day and the children played in the garden. Henry showed us his work in his studio attached to his house, and also in a large new studio built in his garden. Beyond this large studio there is a field and a small wood in



Henry Moore

which he has placed some large pieces of sculpture in order to see how they look in the open air. One of the pieces was a very large statue of the torso of a warrior with shield upraised, which is going to be the memorial for the British paratroopers who fell at Arnhem. Another is a very long, attenuated, skeletal statue which Henry said was suggested to him by the birdmen in Africa of whom he had seen photographs a long time ago. This figure had two heads, almost identical, and simplified as the points of large pins. He said he had done this in order to make this open figure expand at the top as though it were taking off

the earth in flight with wings. He talked about Giacometti.

Henry Moore said that he admired the sculpture of Giacometti, but that people did not like it who looked to sculpture for bulk and solidity. He said that Giacometti was doing in sculpture something which was the complementary opposite of what other sculptors did. Instead of bulk he produced lightness and thinness. It was the sculpture of the shadow cast by the rotundity of sculpture.

May 18

An awful catastrophe today. Fitz, the Siamese cat, got into Matthew's room when he was feeding his canary, and killed it. Poor Matthew [aged 10], who seems doomed to go through everything the hard way, saw it lying on the bottom of its cage dying. He threw himself onto the floor and cried and cried. I also felt terribly upset, and worried, because really the reason why this happened was that Matthew had got very much above himself and had taken the two Low children into his bedroom in order to have the bird flying round in the room while they were all very excited. He had invited the Lows to breakfast, and they had turned up about seven o'clock in the morning, and I had noticed how awfully overexcited Matthew was the whole morning. I couldn't help having a parent's feeling that perhaps the whole thing served him right. But to feel like this distressed me very much. I think of Matthew as a golden boy who is accompanied by a golden bird, and therefore the death of Hector (so named because of his resemblance to a golden helmet) was particularly upsetting. Altogether, Matthew is someone who suffers and with whom one suffers. He is happy, too. I mean "suffering" here in the sense of having to endure the real nature of what happens to him.

* * *

I went yesterday to Stratford, to see *Macbeth*. Beyond High Wycombe the train runs through hundreds of miles of densely packed green countryside, which seems completely unspoiled. Stratford itself is a bit disappointing, except for the stretch of the river near the Memorial Theatre. But the swans, the theater, and the laid-out gardens with Georgian-style stone brickwork do not altogether escape self-consciously presenting an aspect of England which travel bureaus suppose Americans like.

The play was extremely interesting. It opened effectively with the weird sisters of the picture framed by the stage. There then followed some rather dull pageantry. The Sergeant's speech was effectively done, but there was little excitement. One had the feeling of people trooping back and forth across the stage and in different directions. Olivier as Macbeth made little impression on me till later, and one was perhaps too conscious of the special interpretation that he was seeking. He evidently looks on Macbeth as a visionary of a kind, someone who above all sees, a kind of sick poet. He was haggard throughout, and

gave no impression of a Macbeth in rude health, of a kind that I have sometimes seen. He hunched, and lunged forward, with his staring eyes, and his idea of Macbeth had a slight suggestion about it of Richard III.

It was not until the line "Macbeth does murder sleep" that the performance to me seemed really to come alive. After this, though, one recognized the extraordinary merits of Olivier's performance. The superb part of it was the way in which he made one feel the impact of every single word, without a loss of speed or direction. He also had wonderful moments of hectic, violent activity of the kind which makes him one of the great athletes of the theater. He is the only actor on the English stage who gives the impression of controlled acting with his own body. Magnificent as Gielgud is, he gives too often the impression of acting in spite of his body, nobly rising beyond it.



Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier

Vivien Leigh's performance has been criticized, but it seemed to me that it related very well to his. To a great extent, she interpreted Lady Macbeth as a foil. And this is what she imagistically is. When she reads his letter after his meeting with the weird sisters, she is foil to his mind. When she holds out her hands covered with blood, they counterpoise his, already covered with blood. She is his fantastically beautiful foil, balancing his wildness with her hysterical calm in the scene of Banquo's ghost. The sleepwalking scene she did in a sustained, clear way, like the single line of a solo instrument in an adagio. The doctor and the waiting woman muttered behind against her clear tone and beautiful physical outline.

After the performance, I went to the green room and then to supper with the Oliviers. In the green room there were Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Danny Kaye and his wife, and some French people,

Docteur et Madame Seidmann. Green room conversation always amuses me. Mrs. Fairbanks said that she was so shaken by the performance that she could say absolutely nothing and doubted whether she would recover at all that night. Danny Kaye gave Vivien Leigh a kiss that lasted for at least two minutes.

Dinner was very nice. Vivien Leigh talked about her collection of paintings. She is extremely attractive, in her personality as well as her appearance, and now I come to think of it, I do not believe I really looked at anyone else in the room. Olivier always seems to me a bit like a cricketer who has a sporting attitude toward everything. His utter devotion to his wife is very apparent. In fact it's remarkable how when everyone is acting a role, a strong feeling of this kind can make itself felt. For always with actors and actresses, there is the embarrassment that even if they do feel what they say, they are doing a performance of a person feeling it as though it were written for them by someone else. Danny Kaye seems to have exactly the same charming personality when you meet him as on the stage or screen.

When I got back to my hotel, I noticed a strong smell of burning in the corridor. The night porter had shown me up to my room, and I felt sure that he must have noticed this also. I walked along the corridor and noticed a cigarette that had been stamped out and thought that perhaps the smell came from that. However, as I lay in my room, I found the smell of burning so unpleasant that I could not sleep. I think the real reason why I did not report it was because I was in a befuddled daze, in that sort of mood in which one wakes up in the middle of the night and, although perfectly wide awake, cannot get out of bed. But I do also remember thinking that it would be rather rude to draw to the attention of the hotel authorities that the hotel was on fire. The mechanism which prevents me intervening when a car is being driven by a drunken driver in which I am a passenger was operating here.

In the morning I asked the porter about the burning smell, and he said: "Yes, sir, I wish you had told us because the porter's room was completely burnt out as a result of the fire, and indeed the whole hotel might have been burnt down." It seems extraordinary to me now that I did not think the matter worth mentioning.

* * *

Lizzie said to me recently: "I don't know why I like horses so much. I simply can't stop myself thinking about them. I don't understand why it is. I can't explain it at all. But I just do simply love them." She is a tremendous "just-doer." In fact, this is the first time in her life that she has ever asked herself or me why she likes something. Usually, if you ask her whether she likes school or her headmistress, she says: "I hate them." When you ask her why she hates them, she just says: "I don't know. I just do." She is so mad

about a clockwork white horse whose tail and ears wag when it is wound up, that she carries it about wherever she goes. When I take her to the zoo, she is so overcome by the ponies and the horses that she ceases even to want to ride them. She simply wants to look at them and, in an ecstasy, stroke their noses.

May 19

I went tonight to the Annual Meeting of the Institute of Contemporary Art. Herbert Read, Rowland Penrose, Peter Watson, and Dorothy Morland were on the platform. They asked for criticisms of the ICA, and they got them. One after another, members of the organization got up from the floor, and complained.

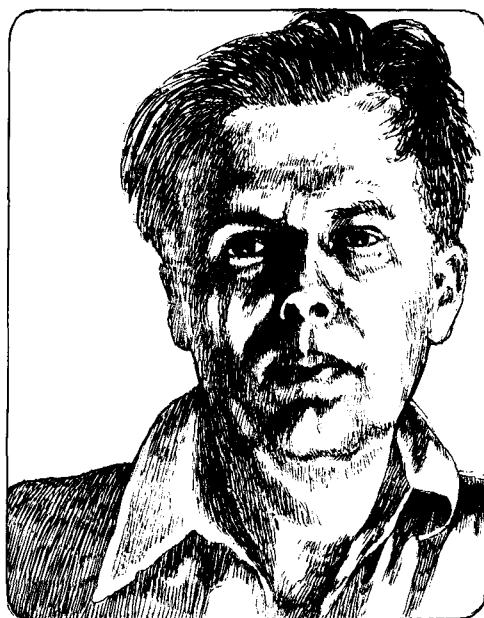
The meeting gave me the feeling that the avant-garde in England is now an isolated little movement of middle-aged people, with absolutely no support either amongst its contemporaries or amongst the young. Herbert Read pointed out that most of the criticisms of the members were only justified insofar as the ICA had no money. I am sure Herbert is right that the economic starvation of organizations like the ICA in England is catastrophic for them. Their counterparts in the United States are flooded with funds. All the same, I think that the failure in England of the ICA is the result not only of economics, but also of a profound English apathy. What the speakers showed last night was really that they had no point of view of their own, and that they expected others to provide one for them. At the same time, the point of view of people like Herbert Read does not any longer appeal to them or seem fresh and new and vital. They cannot even imagine an attitude which would revive them.

This apathy of the ICA is curiously similar to the apathy about the general election. After attending that meeting last night, this morning I read in the newspapers a report of an article by Aneurin Bevan about the election. Bevan writes: "There is another influence working against the Labour attack. Spiritual exhaustion, lethargy, of the collective will. After all, it must be kept in mind the British people have been kept on their toes for more than 16 years; more than 6 of them in the supreme effort of war." Bevan then goes on to complain about the Tories taking advantage of this lethargy. But, of course, this is absurd. It would be there, with or without the Tories, just as it was there last night with or without the managing committee of the ICA. The lethargy is lethargy precisely about the ideas which are supposed to be inspiring and positive. The lethargy is really a kind of disillusion in the public mind about the ideas which once were the visionary ones of socialism and of advanced movements in the arts. Spiritual exhaustion is also only a phrase. It denotes the absence of some quality which ought to be present. It seems far more likely that it is the result of what has happened since the war than of the war. It may be even the result of

something profoundly negative about the causes which were once regarded as so positive. It may be that the success of those causes has revealed that what seemed positive in them has turned out to be negative. Thus the things that Bevan stands for, which are social welfare, and security for a great many people, are revealed, when they are achieved, to be after all negative.

May 22

Juliette told me that when Maria was dying, Aldous was the only person able to persuade her to eat. In her advanced condition of cancer, when she went to the hospital, all the food that she was given she vomited up. But Aldous was able to hypnotize her, and to get her into a state of body or mind in which she could take nourishment. When one dies, the last faculty which remains is hearing, and Aldous was able right up to the moment of her death to make Maria, although she could not speak to him, understand what he was saying to her. He reminded her of



Aldous Huxley

mystical experiences which they had shared, and was able thus to carry her spirit right through to the moment of her death.

June 10

This evening went to the performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* with Peggy Ashcroft and John Gielgud. This is the third time I have seen this same production, though sometimes with different actors, apart from John, who has remained the constant factor in it. I first saw it at Stratford two or three years ago, then at the Phoenix Theatre, then tonight. Gielgud turns the whole play into a kind of ball in which he and Peggy are the waltzing central couple. There is real gaiety, wit, and intellect in the dialogue and

also the relationship between Benedick and Beatrice. All the same, after seeing it for the third time, the absurdities of the plot became irritating, and the foolery of the malapropisms of Dogberry tiresome. There is a kind of slum area of stupidity in this play which destroys its proportions.

John has developed a way of creasing his eyes as though they are blinking in a too great light. This gives his face a masklike fixity of expression, which is growing on him.

Walking home through the London streets, and seeing people in pubs and standing in doorways on this hot evening, I was struck again by the terrible thought—which always obsesses me—that the world ought to be redeemed by art. This is a stupid thing to think, and yet it so fills my mind that it's like a rock against which I continually break myself, and the real cause of the depression I feel tonight is being aware that the world is a very ugly place, and that I blame myself for doing nothing to transform it, and yet people do not wish to be transformed. They wish perhaps for all sorts of improved facilities, more motor cars, radios, and so on; and I do not blame them for this; but they do not wish to live in a town in which at the turn of the corner one encounters something beautiful, a statue or a fountain. Yet to anyone who cares about it, ugliness is the most depressing thing in the world and no amount of utilities can redeem cities from ugliness. Also, although people cannot understand this, perhaps their lives are far more depressed by ugliness than they themselves realize. To feel like this is to feel oneself in a prison, to be forever beating against bars, to long to live in any time or place except that where one does live. Considering how very many people do want to live in some other time, and think nostalgically about the past, probably there are a good many people who do feel in this way without realizing it. John and Peggy are at the center of a slum which they turn into a dance, and they themselves are the golden waltzing pair who transform everything round them into light. One goes out of the light theater into the darkness, and one is immensely grateful to them.

June 28

I shall note down some random impressions of the past few days. Five days ago, on Friday, I lunched with T. S. Eliot and John Hayward. Eliot seemed in better form than I had seen him for a long time. He was smiling and chuckling and really quite gay. John did most of the talking, gossiped, and discussed magazines. They both agreed that *Encounter* had much improved. John said that it certainly contained boring articles, with which I agreed. But Eliot said that he thought that as long as a magazine had one brilliant piece which one had to read in each number, it was doing pretty well. Indeed, he added rather characteristically, it would be a mistake for the reader to feel he had to read everything in each number, because he would have the impression there was

too much reading. Eliot said that a good editor should not be someone who simply waits and collects the best material submitted to him. He has to impose his own personality on the magazine, and he has to go out commissioning stuff.

July 24

Writing this morning until 2 A.M. When I read through what I had written, it seemed absolutely meaningless to me. In the morning, reading it through again, I had to do so two or three times before I began to recapture what I had meant to say. If one writes too long, words seem beaten, bludgeoned, and out of spite they retort by eluding one. It is as though one had forced one's way through the spaces dividing the letters of words, and arrived at a blank space of emptiness beyond. Today, I had suddenly completely forgotten how to spell certain words. The word "seal," which I was using in the sense of an image and printed on wax, seemed to me indistinguishable from a performing seal, unless it was spelled in some different way—s-e-e-l perhaps. The word "excel" looked wrong with a letter *c* in it. I thought it should be spelled e-x-e-l. I could not imagine whether the word "forego" had an *e* in it.

September 22

Reading John Lehmann's autobiography, I find myself on the verge of being able to express a thought which has obsessed me for the last twenty-five years. The thought simply is, "We do not care enough." The 1930s were a confused, perplexed period, and yet reading a book like Lehmann's, one feels that they were coursed through by a very clear stream of suffering. This suffering which writers like Lehmann and myself in my autobiography hold on to is like a white thread running through darkness and fire. In a sense it redeemed us, because it put us on the side of the victims of Fascism, and on the right side in the struggle against Fascism. All the same, even here there is a note of accusation in the thought, "We did not care enough." For if we had cared still more deeply, we would have been able to penetrate still further into the truth of the concentration camps and of the impending war, and our warning would have been stronger. If we had cared enough, we would have seen more deeply into the faults of those whose side we supported. Measuring things in terms of anguish and suffering, we would have seen into the prisons of the Spanish Republic, the slave-labor camps of Stalinist Russia, the morgue of Madrid.

It is very easy to think that caring enough in the 1930s really led to and consisted in dying in the International Brigade. Dying, that is to say, to be a corpse, does express a kind of symbolic and ultimate identification of oneself with a cause. All the same, if one is thinking of caring in terms of understanding, reality, and truth, death does not really prove that one cares. Moreover, anyone who takes part in a rev-

olutionary action must realize that there is an accidental element even in the most heroic death, and the death tends to make the most cowardly into heroes. Someone who is killed by a stray bullet is suddenly identified with the cause for which he died; and even the soldier in the front line does not identify himself with his own death, and therefore there is something accidental about the symbolic identification which is made for him in the minds of others. Thus one can't pretend to oneself that those who are killed cared absolutely, just because there seems to be something so absolute about death and the willingness to die. A heroic death may even be an escape from thinking too deeply about a cause.



Stephen Spender

Caring, does, however, seem to me the absolute test. Perhaps I should add, that in addition to caring, one must have intelligence and knowledge. But by caring I in fact mean the pursuit of knowledge and the determination to pursue knowledge. If one cared and followed where one cared, one would know as much as can be known about injustices that go on in different parts of the world and loss of freedom. One would be able to measure causes by one's caring. From this point of view, what seems to me inexcusable is to decide that since one supports a certain cause, one will ignore the wrongs committed by that cause. This was certainly the case in Spain, when we considered it a waste of time and energy to think about the wrongs committed by the Spanish Republic, because we were rightly convinced of the far greater wrongs committed by the Fascists. Political leaders and soldiers of course cannot care in this way. My point, though, is that the nonpolitical, when they are involved in politics, are involved in a way which is not that of political leaders and generals. It is the way of caring. □

THE 400-YEAR-OLD COMMUNE

by Jon Swan

“Without religion sharing doesn’t work.”

If, tomorrow, a group of men and women, many of them married and with children in tow, were to set out on foot from one town to another to found a “community of love,” and if, on their way, they were to agree that henceforth they would work and live together and would share all things in common, the odds are that within a few years that group would be atomized back into stray individuals or bewildered couples.

In 1528, however, a group of Austrian, German, and Swiss men and women did so, and in 1972 their descendants—a number of whom I visited on their colonies in September of last year—continue to work and live together and to share all things in common. If this group of people—known as the Hutterites, after a sixteenth-century Austrian leader named Jakob Hutter—were given to celebrating temporal events, which they are not, two years from now they would be able to celebrate the centennial of the arrival of the first Hutterite settlers in New York on July 5, 1874, or, more aptly perhaps, the purchase of their first, still colony-worked farmland, in South Dakota on August 24 of that year. If they were impressed by statistics, which again they are not, these “apostolic communists” and pacifists might also celebrate the fact that while the 1880 census for South Dakota listed a mere 443 Hutterites living in four different colonies, now some 20,000 of them live on more than 200 colonies scattered throughout South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota, Montana, Washington, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. No nonmonastic, communal group has endured as long as the Hutterite sect. No other group of its kind is flourishing with comparable vigor in the New World today.

I had been interested in the Hutterites for nearly a quarter of a century. So when a death in the family

called me out to Sioux City, I decided to stay put in the Midwest for a while to investigate an alternative society that included both young and old, and that appeared to work.

On a mid-September Thursday, driving a borrowed car that seemed as big as a barn door to me, I crossed the bridge over the Big Sioux that leads into South Dakota and headed west toward Yankton. It was to Yankton that the immigrant Hutterites—who, after their founding, had been pushed eastward to Russia by persecution, and had then faced persecution there as well—had come to look for land in 1874, and it was in Yankton that I planned to ask around for advice on where to look for the world-shy Hutterites. I had seen maps that showed colonies as dots—many along the James River, which joins the Missouri just east of Yankton—but no map that put the name of a town next to a dot. The Yankton County courthouse seemed a likely place to check up on their whereabouts. I found the county sheriff and his deputy shooting the breeze across the top of an uncluttered desk. I told the sheriff—a lean, good-looking man named Jeff Scott—the sort of information I was after. He said that Bon Homme—the first Hutterite colony established in the United States—was only about twenty miles west and a good place to start; but, he went on, “for your own good maybe you’d better see Mike Wurz first; he’s the manager of the Jamesville Colony, up north a few miles on the Jim River.” And Sheriff Scott described how to get to both colonies.

I headed due north to look up Mike Wurz at Jamesville, doing 85 on an endless highway. Slowing down to turn off on a gravel road, I got lost, asked for directions, and finally, coming down over a low rise, saw a bridge, a river, and a colony. I parked my fat, white car near a long barn, in front of which stood a young man who was wearing a black hat, a plaid shirt, wide suspenders, black pants, and work shoes. I asked him if Mike Wurz was around. He looked me

over with the slow, quizzical half-smile I was to be met with again and again on the colonies; then, looking me in the eye, he said: "He's out in the field, getting the corn in. About two miles north. A big green truck. You can't miss it."

I didn't, either, except that it shot past me on its way to the colony as I shot past it on my way out to the field, so that by the time I had turned around and reached the colony the big green dump truck was already dumping its load of corn out through a tailgate door into the high-rimmed O of a tractor tire, from which the kernels were being noisily sucked up into a grain drier going full blast. Walking up to the man standing by the truck, I roared: "Are you Mike Wurz?" He said he was. Then I shouted: "You have a minute?" He said he didn't; he was getting in the corn. "The preacher here?" I yelled. No, Wurz said; the preacher was out in the fields. Then he asked me what I wanted and I got across to him that I wanted to talk about Hutterites, and he said I should go to Maxwell Colony. "They got an old minister over there," he said, "who knows more about it than anybody." The corn kept pouring out, the sucking noise went on, the drier boomed overhead; Mike Wurz looked at me and smiled; and I thanked him—for nothing, I thought—and headed back to my car, feeling walled out by noise and work.

I had been warned not to try getting into the colonies without proper academic introductions. I had decided to see how far an interested outsider could get on his own. I was beginning to wonder if I would get anywhere. Hoping my luck would change, I recrossed the bridge and headed for Maxwell Colony, which Wurz had indicated lay off "a few miles to the west."

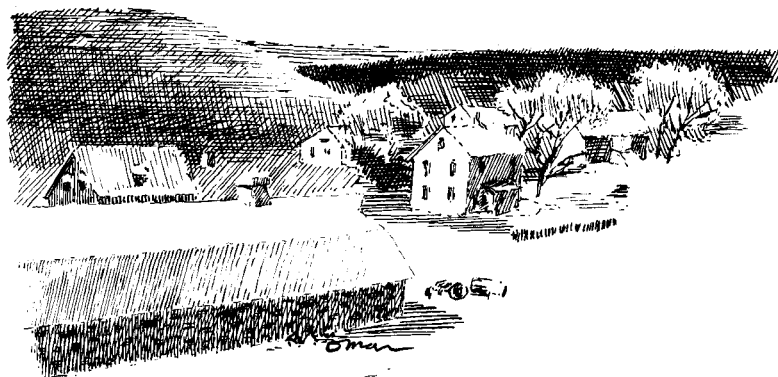
About twenty minutes later I came down another slope from the flat level of the Great Plains and found myself facing Maxwell Colony. Behind the large, two-story central house that was built of stone, I could see barns and the James River. Parallel to the big house was a long low building still under construction. Near it rose a white wooden church. On my right was a long, cinder-block work shed, a tractor parked in one doorway. A group of bearded older men and unbearded younger men in black jackets and pants and hats stood in a cluster by the door. As I walked up, the cluster sauntered off, leaving only one man in the doorway. I told him Mike Wurz had sent me over; he smiled. Then he asked just why I wanted to talk about Hutterites. After patiently hearing me out for a full five minutes, he thought for a moment, then said, "Come along."

We walked over to a small one-story building. Steps led down to a low door. The floor inside was packed dirt and the room was lit only by sunlight. By the door stood a young man attaching broom bottoms to wooden handles. In the shadows at the rear of the room an old man sat on a box. He was short,

plump, and wore a trim white beard, and his glasses glinted up at me as my guide—the colony's manager, Joseph Wipf—introduced me to him: Joseph Hofer, the colony's preacher. Reverend Hofer laughed when he heard that I was thinking of writing about the Hutterites. "Useless, useless," he said, with the glee of a man who could still be amused by meeting a fool. "More words won't do any good. Too many words already. You've got to live the life, and then you won't have time to write."

Reverend Hofer continued working as he spoke. Picking up stalks of broom corn, he shaped them into a sheaf, tied a string around the sheaf, then knocked the grain out by rubbing the ends against a whirring wheel-spike. The floor was littered with the cut-off ends of the blue-dyed stalks. I asked him what he thought was the reason why all other experiments in communal living in America had failed, while the Hutterites had lasted so long, and again this brought out in him a scornful glee. "They all fail, every one of them. The Shakers—*kaput!* Amana—*kaput!* Sure! And you want to know why? Because it's hard, too hard for most people to give up the self. They can't do it. They say they want to, but they can't. If you want to live the way God intended, you've got to give up a lot of things, and people want to hold on. Ja, it's a constant battle. Each grape must be crushed to give strength to the wine, each kernel crushed to make flour. People want to live together but they want to keep themselves. It won't work."

He was eighty-three years old, he told me, yet he appeared in excellent health and his memory was clear. When had the colony moved up to Canada to avoid persecution both as pacifists and as a German-speaking people? "We left August 22, 1918." When had they returned? "June 1, 1936." And again Reverend Hofer laughed, telling me a long story about the rich man's son from Sioux City whose father had bought up the colony for him and who had been a flop as a farmer. For a time we talked together in German (my vain hope was that by speaking German I would seem less of an outsider); then, switching back to English, I asked him how the colony cared for its mentally ill. That was no problem, he said. His wife was senile; he and a daughter looked after her; if he himself got senile, others would look after him. "My daughter made this shirt," he said. It had hooks and eyes instead of buttons—Joseph



Wipf's had buttons—and was a yellow plaid. Then Reverend Hofer bounced up abruptly and asked me if I had ever seen a broom stitched together. I hadn't. He switched on an ancient stitcher, held the sheaf firmly in place, trod on a pedal, and a needle as long as a lance darted back and forth in front of his hands five or six times, and he held the broom bottom out for inspection. He was showing off. I was impressed.

Wipf led me back up into the sunlight and gave me a tour of the colony. He had nodded his head in agreement during the course of some of his preacher's longer sermonettes, I had noticed, and his eyes had respectfully glazed over from time to time. Fond of the old man, yet having obviously heard the message before, Wipf seemed more at home in the realm of barns and equipment and animals: 50,000 turkeys; 10,000 laying hens; 1700 pigs; 300 sows; 200 Hereford stock cattle; about 50 milk cows; 3600 acres of land. He said the colony had branched in 1964 and that there were now 90 people on the Jamesville Colony, and that although they were building a new dormitory, still, they would branch again. With more than 150 on a colony, the Hutterites feel, the sense of community starts to come unstuck.

In the new, 200-foot-long swine barn—which was equipped with automatic feeder and slat-cleaner systems, and which he and his work crew had built in about three months—I asked Joseph Wipf why, even if farmers didn't want to form colonies like the Hutterites', they couldn't at least cut down on costs by pooling their equipment. "They'd all want it first when the weather was right," he said, "and who would pay for repairs if it broke down when one man was using it? Without religion sharing doesn't work."

After Wipf had shown me through various barns, he invited me into the big stone house and we sat down at the kitchen table in his apartment, where his wife served us coffee and banana cream pie. She asked me if I would like to wash up before I ate, and as I looked down at my hands I saw they were blue from having handled the dyed broom corn. I made my way through a chatting group of boys and girls standing in the entryway and washed my hands with a bar of colony-made soap at a sink around the corner. Back at the table, I mentioned that I had three children; Wipf, who was only five years older than I, said he had eleven. His large, lively wife added that three grandchildren were in the room—one, by then, on her knee. Yet there was no hubbub.

On his way back to work, Wipf showed me the multipurpose building under construction: communal kitchen (complete with colony-built walk-in freezers, stainless steel tables and sinks), dining hall (colony-made tables, benches, and cabinets), kindergarten, and living quarters. Then he took me into the unadorned church and eventually to the workshop.

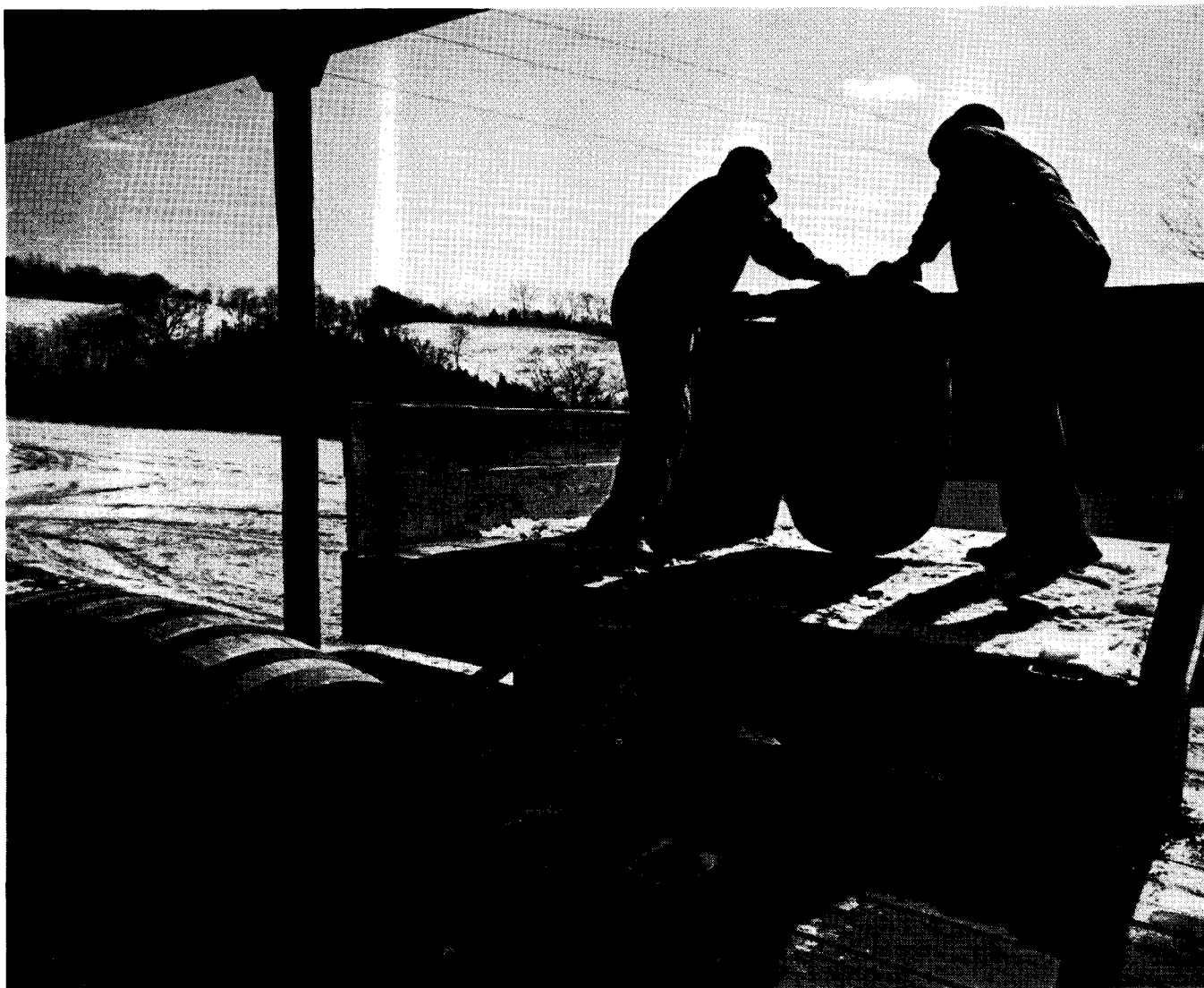
As I drove back to Sioux City late that afternoon, I reflected that when Joseph Hofer's wife died he would be spared the extreme solitude that my surviv-

ing Iowa aunt would feel when those of us who had flown in for her sister's funeral returned to our homes. The colony would support Hofer as he—both as a preacher and as a broom maker—helped support it. It also struck me that Reverend Hofer was the first preacher I had ever seen who worked with his hands.

The following day I paid a brief visit to Bon Homme Colony. The preacher was out in the fields; the colony manager was off somewhere; everybody seemed to be out of sight except for the boys by the metal workshop door who gave me this news. Then, suddenly, an outburst of children came whooping out of the small white schoolhouse: "Today is Halloween!" It wasn't, but a couple of the long-skirted little girls were wearing owl-eye, cardboard glasses. The children waved at me, said, "Hello, there. Who are you?" then vanished as quickly as they had appeared through the open schoolhouse door, which closed behind them. Off to the right, a group of teen-aged girls came out of a communal washhouse, carrying a steaming tub of washed laundry. I said hello. Giggling, they set down the tub and darted back into the washhouse.

I walked down the barnyard lane past duck pens, goose pens, chicken pens, toward the groaning bin of a grain drier shuddering on top of its tall metal stilts. At the workshops a man emerged, the work crew of younger men clustered around him. He was talking in Hutterisch, the sixteenth-century Tyrolean dialect the Hutterites use among themselves; then he noticed me. His name was George Hofer, he told me, and he had a minute or two, but he and the boys were making a silage tipcart like the ones I had seen at Maxwell Colony, and they had to get on with the job. We talked for a while about why the Hutterites had endured, and, in nearly the same words as the Maxwell Colony preacher had used, he spoke of the need for a strong belief, a willingness to bend the self. The colony's population was up to just over 100, he said, and Bon Homme was getting ready to divide again—two families were already living up on the new site, getting things ready. I asked how a colony decided who was to go. Hofer replied that heads of families, and older people too, chose which preacher they wanted to be with—the main preacher or his assistant—and that an attempt was made to keep the groups balanced according to age and sex. The two preachers then drew lots—a piece of paper from a hat—to decide which group would leave. People at new colonies were often overworked, he added. They took with them their share of the machinery and livestock; but they had a lot of building to do.

As I walked back to the car, I heard women laughing and talking in loud voices. A fuel truck from a nearby town was about to pull out and colony women were shaking hands with the couple sitting up in the cab; the gabble sounded as free and easy as my talk with George Hofer had been courteously re-



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Whiskey being matured has to breathe. It does that through temperature change. Warmth expands whiskey, gently driving it into the deep char of the new barrels. Cold eases it back out again. So throughout the aging years, all seasons with uncountable temperature changes make our whiskey

breathe constantly. We've always aged it this way. And the friends of Jack Daniel's can breathe easy we always will.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's

marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

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Cruse

strained. When a male Hutterite is faced with an inquisitive outsider, his eyes express a docility that has nothing in common with weakness, and a patience that contains a speck of suggestion that the sooner you leave the better. Frequently, too, he displays the good humor of a person accustomed to being misunderstood and not much minding. The gaze is frank and unflinching, and one should not expect the grin that cracks most modern American faces so quickly in half. Smiles take time in coming; and hearing outright laughter, as when the Bon Homme women said good-bye to their friends, remained, for me, a novel experience.

Later I stopped in Yankton to see a lawyer who, in 1970, had provided counsel for the Hutterites in one of their frequent legal binds. His name was Robert W. Hirsch, a compact, energetic Republican in his mid-forties who was the former majority leader of the South Dakota state legislature. He told me that his help to the Hutterites consisted in drafting an accommodation to a law that, unamended, would have endangered the existence of the on-colony school. There had been a hitch, however. In the original wording, the accommodation had obliged school boards petitioned by the Hutterites to organize an elementary school "for such children . . . and to employ a teacher therefor, provided a suitable . . . building is made available by such petitioners." In committee, though, a "shall" had been changed to "may," leaving such matters as who would pay the teacher's salary, school supplies, and so on up to the discretion of the board involved. In general, Mr. Hirsch said, the school boards had assumed these costs, "since, after all, the colonies pay their school taxes and the boards get state aid according to the number of children attending school in the district."

Before taking on this case, Mr. Hirsch said, he had read up on Hutterite history and had gotten to know a number of the colony people. "A good, hard-working bunch," he called them. I asked him if there was much anticolony feeling in the state. "The only thing people get uptight about," Hirsch replied, "is the way the Hutterites are supposedly eating up the land. But per family they own less than the average farmer." Later, another informant remarked: "Nobody says a word if a Texas or Kansas millionaire buys up fifty thousand acres of South Dakota so he can write off a farm operation as a tax loss, but if the Hutterites buy three thousand acres, people get all worked up."

In the light of what Mr. Hirsch went on to say, this resentment seemed somewhat ironic. During the Depression, he told me, both the state itself, which had gone into the credit loan business, and various other loan associations, had acquired "so much land they didn't know what to do with it all. With nobody farming and nobody buying, it wasn't any good to them." Agents had been sent to Canada to invite the Hutterites, who had been driven out of the state during World War I, to return. In 1935, to encourage

their return, the legislature had passed a communal corporation law that granted the colonies the same tax benefits as were granted to cooperatives. "In the 1950s, though," Mr. Hirsch said, "when the colonies started spreading out again, a law was passed to forbid the expansion of already incorporated colonies, though it did not prevent the formation of new ones—most of which are nowadays set up as trusteeships."

As a boy Hirsch had run the projector at the movie theater in Tripp, a small town in the next county north, where he had grown up. Every once in a while, he said, a couple of Hutterite kids would buy their way into the theater with a colony-made broom or a watermelon and sit in the back with their hats on, until the farm boss or maybe the preacher would come in and clear them out. "I suppose that sort of thing happens with every generation," Hirsch said, "but I wouldn't be surprised if some of those kids who broke colony rules then are preachers or managers now." Mr. Hirsch also gave me the names of two Hutterites I should talk to: Levi Tschetter at Poinsett Colony, some two hundred miles north; and David Decker at Tschetter Colony, near Freeman, only a half-hour drive north of Yankton. Levi, he said, was a teacher and the only Hutterite in South Dakota who was doing graduate work, at the South Dakota State University at Brookings; David Decker he referred to as the only other South Dakota Hutterite teacher, an assistant elder, the head of the Hutterian Brethren Association, and an authoritative spokesman.

I set out the next morning to look up David Decker at Tschetter and, on my way, to drop in on a neighboring colony, New Wolf Creek. My first stop, however, was at a farmhouse just outside of Freeman that, its owner proudly informed me, had been built in 1892. Mr. Gottlieb Lang had lived close to the Hutterites for most of this century. He had come over from Bessarabia in 1905 and had been farming his fields since 1907. About the Hutterites all he would say was that "they bothers nobody. We're used to them. They're a friendly people." His middle-aged daughter, Martha, was more voluble. As she poured me a cup of coffee in the kitchen, she said: "Don't praise 'em up too high. They're all right, but they don't do much for the government." Then she spoke of "the young guys—they come over the hill to watch TV at my sister's, or anyhow they used to, three or four every evening. And they'll smoke, too, if they can get smokings on the sly. And every once in a while they run away for a summer or a year or two, but they come back." (Other neighbors emphasized how helpful the colony people are: "If



you're in a pinch, you may find a whole team of boys will show up to help out.”)

After I had finished my coffee, Mr. Lang asked if I would like to see the “old house”—the sod house he had lived in for years. I said I would. We walked out the kitchen door and around to the back of the main house—and there it was: the slightly sloping sod walls were whitewashed, the wooden door framed with blue paint, the windows small. It was a beautifully simple six-room house that, Mr. Lang said, had been built in 1873 and which he had kept in good repair, “though nobody else seems to care much about it.” I suspected that there weren’t more than half a dozen like it left in the whole Midwest.

Old Wolf Creek Colony, a couple of miles from Mr. Lang’s farm, had been established in 1879. It was the second Hutterite colony to be built in America. Abandoned during World War I, the site had been repurchased (from Mr. Lang) by a branch from Tschetter Colony in 1964 and renamed New Wolf Creek Colony. The houses and barns I saw as I drove down the dirt road were all new. The welcome I got was novel, too. “Howdy!” said a young man standing by the usual barn door. I asked him where the preacher was; he pointed to a one-story apartment building filled with the buzz of power saws. I walked the plank into the unfinished house and saw a bearded man smiling down at me from where he stood on top of a chair, a hammer in his hand, nails in his mouth. “Are you the preacher?” I asked. He said he wasn’t, but that he would show me the way. The preacher was sawing a hole for a light fixture in the next room; his name was Paul Decker; and when I told him that I was on my way to see David Decker and to talk about the Hutterites, he suggested that I come by on Sunday evening and he would invite David down and the three of us could talk. He was busy now, but my carpenter-guide said he had a moment. He was a clockmaker named David Hofer.

As the power saw started up again, Mr. Hofer led me down the plank, across the stretch of green lawn that divided the two long rows of modern, two-family dwellings, and into his apartment. All around us, clocks ticked or sat perched on shelves silently waiting to be fixed. A jeweler in a nearby town sends Mr. Hofer

about sixty clocks a year for repairs and in the course of a year he repairs close to a hundred. “When I get one apart, she’s got to run in the morning,” he said. He admitted, however, that he sometimes had to work until two in the morning to get them to run, and that one century-old clock with wooden works had taken him longer than usual. He had had to make new parts. How had he learned his craft? Just picked it up, he said. His colony training had made him a jack-of-all-trades.



Now sixty-seven years old and actively retired, David Hofer had been a carpenter for fifteen years, a blacksmith for twenty-two years, and finally a farm boss for three years. He had seven married children, sixty-three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild; George Hofer, whom I had met briefly at Bon Homme, was a cousin of his; the wife of Joseph Hofer, the minister I had met making brooms at Maxwell, was his aunt; the assistant minister here at New Wolf Creek, Joseph Decker, was his son-in-law. Curious to know how the Hutterite “way of death” differed from the typically American, I asked this former carpenter if he had made coffins. “Yes,” he said, “out of plywood now, though we used to use pine. Very simple—a box, that’s all.”

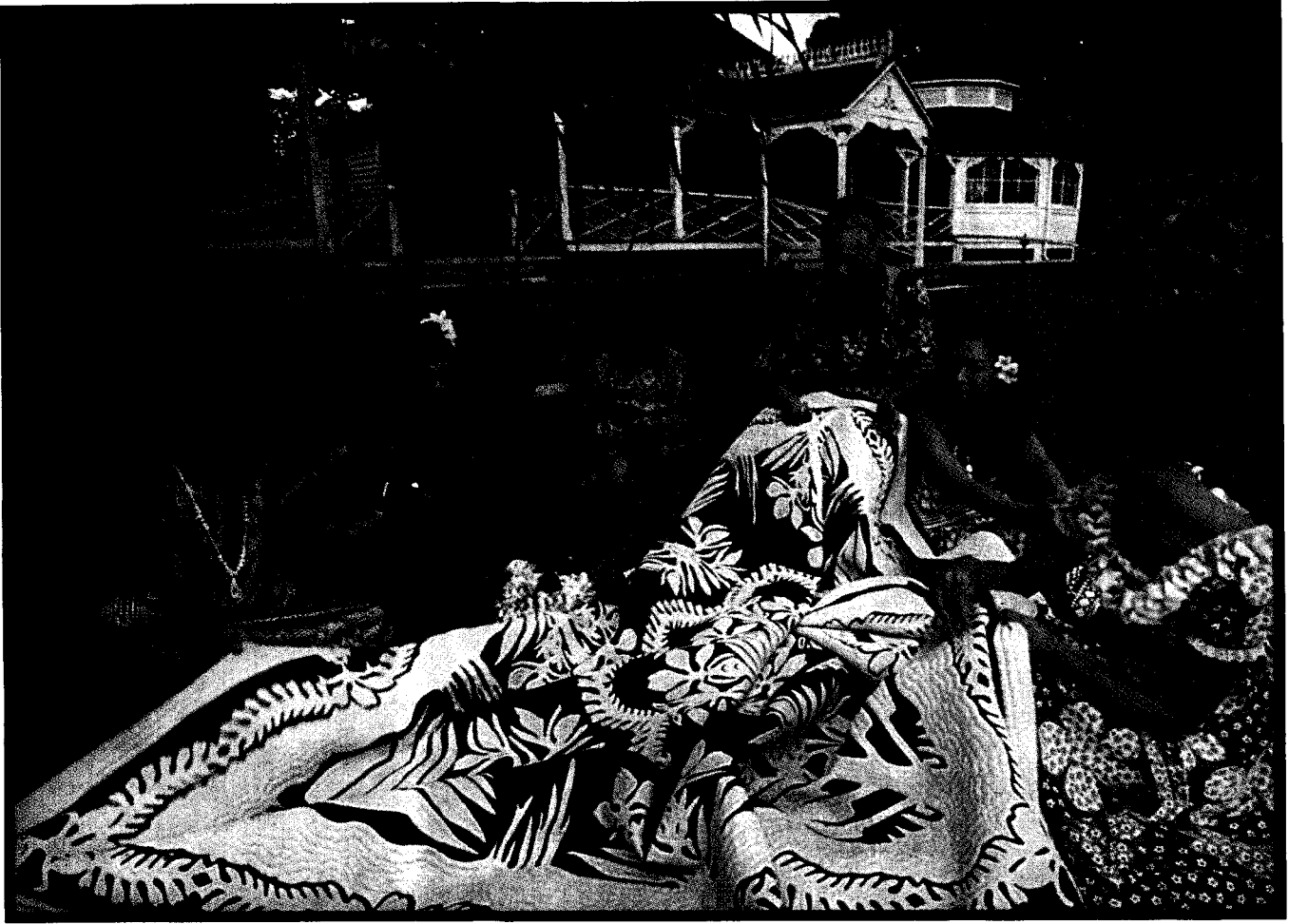
For a time, then, we talked about the colony’s economy. He said they had brought 25 milking cows down from Tschetter and now had 125; that they had about 12,000 chickens, and more geese and turkeys, and a couple of hundred hogs. Safeway, he said, was the main buyer of New Wolf Creek Colony eggs. The colony’s present population was 110, and they were planning to divide in the next four or five years. “That house we’re working on now,” Mr. Hofer said, “it’s being built so it can be moved right out on a trailer: thirty feet by sixty feet and built of wood instead of cinder block like the others.”

Just then the dinner bell rang, and the clockmaker asked me to join him for lunch. People came streaming in from all parts of the colony—children under fifteen heading for one door, older children and adults for another. Between the two dining halls was the spotless kitchen. The women, wearing polka-dotted kerchiefs on their heads and long skirts, sat at long tables on one side of the adult dining room while the black-suited men were at the other end. The men removed their hats as one of them offered up a short prayer in the Tyrolean dialect. Then all fell to: warm buns, honey from colony hives, a soup made of cut-up string beans, potatoes, and cream; a stainless steel bowl full of large chunks of ham; another bowl full of pickled watermelon. For dessert, peaches and coffee. The meal was immense and delicious. The retired Mr. Hofer and I, as an outsider, ate slowly. Ten minutes after we had sat down, I noticed, almost all the other men had gotten up and gone out. There had been only a dim hum of conversation.

On Sunday I called Tschetter Colony to ask if David Decker was there. No, a man told me, he had left for Minneapolis to pick up linoleum on Monday for the new colony at Pembroke. “So he’ll return to Pembroke instead of to Tschetter?” I asked. “Most likely he will,” the man said. I thanked him, then looked at the map to plan Monday’s itinerary: 137 miles practically straight north to Brookings, near which I hoped to find graduate student Levi Tschetter at Poinsett Colony; and, from there the next day, another 170 or so miles northwest to Pembroke.

It was mid-afternoon when, on Monday, I came on the by now familiar sight of a cluster of barns and

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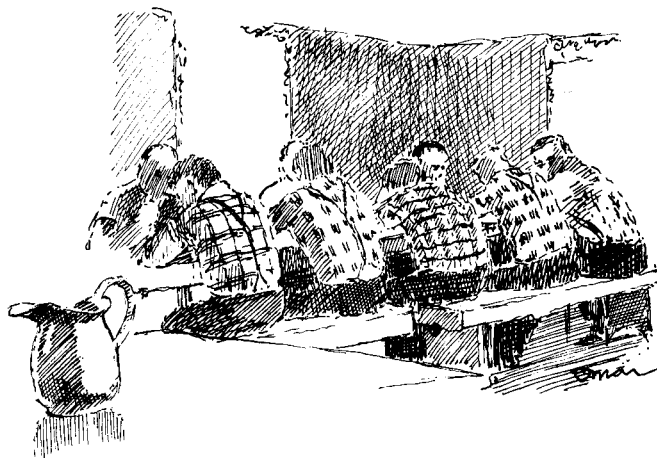
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sheds and two long rows of one-story houses characteristic of a modern Hutterite colony. Poinsett, for a change, was not tucked out of sight down by a river; it was out in the open. A sign saying MELONS pointed down the dirt road to the colony. Stopping by a barn where I saw a man, I asked where Levi Tschetter, the teacher, was. I was told to look in the carpentry shed.

The teacher was sawing a piece of oak at a table saw. He was making a handle for a meat cleaver; he would be done in a minute. (Besides being the colony's public school teacher, Levi Tschetter was also in charge of the meat department and assisted in butchering.) When he had finished sawing, he invited me to sit down and talk at his apartment. We walked down a sidewalk to one side of the wide strip of lawn planted with fast-growing Chinese elm saplings. "This was all flax fields before," Levi said. Building had begun in 1967, he went on, and by the following year three houses had been built and most of the dining room. When the ten families (comprising seventy-two people) who had left New Elm Springs Colony first moved in, some of the families had had to double up until there were enough houses. Two barns had been built only last year. "It was a mud-hole when we arrived," Levi added. It looked spruce now.

The living room of Levi's apartment was large and simply furnished—most of the furniture, he said, was colony-made—and its walls were adorned only by a clock, a calendar, and a big Swift's Feeds thermometer whose pointer stood at 70. A hefty man with a short-trimmed beard, Levi told me he was the father of seven children and the grandfather of two. I took him to be about forty-five; he said he was fifty-four. This struck me as a ripe old age for a master's candidate; I asked him how, with all his colony and family responsibilities, he had gotten as far as he had. He had started by taking high-school correspondence courses, Levi told me, back at the mother colony, but when he had applied at nearby Dakota Wesleyan all his credits had been disallowed, so he had been obliged to take a ten-hour entrance exam, which he passed. At Dakota Wesleyan, where he had gotten his B.A., as now at the state university, he could attend classes only during the summer session when the colony's public school was closed for vacation. So he still had a long way to go. Had both colonies encouraged him to study? I asked. Yes, and he and members of other colonies had strongly encouraged young men to pick up their education where they had left off at the eighth grade. About ten men had tried for a time, but their colony workload, combined with the lack of stimulation that other students provide, had forced them one by one to give up.

I asked Levi what he thought of the colonies' own educational program, which consists of kindergarten for all children up to five and, for children up to fifteen, of the German school which meets for three-quarters of an hour before public school classes start and for another half an hour after it closes, and on



Saturday morning. "We don't teach them anything bad," Levi replied, "but the system could stand some improving. Too little attention is given to the selection of the kindergarten teachers, for instance. Usually they're older women, with an assistant or two, depending on the size of the class. The German teacher, too, has a very important job, since he not only teaches the language but religion, yet as educators . . . We could all be better at that."

I asked Levi why the German school was considered essential. "Because we want the children to retain what we think of as our mother language," Levi said. "And because it was the language our founders wrote in." Was it not also a factor that, by setting the children apart from others, helped keep the colonies together? "Yes, and our dialect, too—they are both cohesive factors. They make us feel a bit different."

Levi doesn't get paid for teaching public school at Poinsett Colony. This school, he explained, was in one of the five South Dakota districts that refused to contribute to the support of a colony school. So he received no pay at all? "That's right," Levi replied. How much, I asked, would he receive as a near M.A. "About eight thousand dollars, I guess." And why did the colonies object to having their children bused into town? "It just doesn't leave any time for religious education—for German school—and we consider that an essential part of our life. One colony near here tried it for a time. It didn't work." Still, Levi took pains to point out, the Hutterites did not want to have private, parochial schools. They welcomed state supervision and they welcomed outside teachers and their children studied the state curriculum; all the Hutterites wanted was for their children to be educated on the colonies.

The dinner bell rang. Levi asked me if I would care to join him for supper, adding that his wife was head cook. I said I would be delighted. As we entered the dining room, he pointed out the cabinets; his eldest son, Alvin, had made them. Then, after a prayer, we sat down to a filling supper of duck livers, french fries, mixed vegetables, bread and honey, honeydew melons, and coffee.

After supper I mentioned that I was going to spend the night at Brookings and Levi asked me if I would make a copy of a map for him at the state university library—a map showing where the Hutterite colonies were located in the United States and Canada. The thought that not only outsiders but born Hutterites, too, might wonder just where their colonies were amused me; I said I would be glad to. We were back

in Levi's living room then; his youngest son, Tommy, was alternately reading a book and listening to us talk. Earlier, Levi had mentioned that Tommy had two foxes. Would he show them to me? Tommy was eager to. We would have to go in my car, though, and use the headlights now that it was dark. I asked Levi if he had trapped them, and he said, yes, that was one of his jobs; the colony had to protect its turkeys.

I drove Tommy over toward a barn. The headlights picked up a pen, and as they fixed on the two, small, pacing cubs I wondered if the boy felt as much delight as I did in seeing those fiercely independent, untamable eyes that glowed as they turned to glare at us. But then I didn't raise turkeys. Nor did I belong, in any meaningful sense, to any community.

Holing up in a Brookings motel that night, I clicked on the ubiquitous TV set and was promptly rewarded by the sight of the Alamo blowing up. I wondered if, a score of years hence, Tommy Tschetter's sons and daughters would be permitted to watch TV in a less simple living room than his parents', whether, that is, the Hutterites' proliferation would result in their being gradually assimilated. How long could they keep up the German school and retain their Tyrolean dialect—those two essential layers in the wall that so far had helped to keep the Hutterites as distinct from "the world" as their geographical isolation? Yet even this was diminishing. Levi had told me that the reason all the old colonies were tucked out of sight was that they had required rivers to power their mills; with that need gone, the new colonies could be built anywhere, and now they were generally right up on top of the Great Plains—open to view. Also, I had noticed that whereas the old colony dwellings had been built to hold at least four families, the new ones were built to hold two. Was the one-family dwelling the next step? How thick was the line that divided privacy from private ownership?

The next morning at Estelline, a small town close to Poinsett Colony, I called ahead to Pembroke Colony to ask if David Decker had returned from Minneapolis. The man on the phone said he was David Decker and that he could see me. I should look for three blue silos, he said.

Shooting west through Doland (WELCOME TO DOLAND, HOME OF HUBERT H. HUMPHREY) and flushing whole families of pheasants as I headed north later on, I frequently thought of Joseph Hofer's remarks on how hard colony life was, what a struggle it involved. Was there any joy in this life? I wondered. An irrelevant matter, no doubt, in the eyes of these almost medieval-minded people who had yet learned to live with twentieth-century machines, a people who believed their way of life was *the* true way, the road to salvation.

It was late afternoon when I caught sight of three blue silos. I turned off onto a dirt road and pulled into Pembroke Colony.

David Decker, a lean, rather short man, conducted me on a brisk tour of the colony. He is the father of fourteen children, the grandfather of six. A good part of his family stood around us as we talked after supper on the glassed-in back porch of his farmhouse. Two of his sons held babies in their arms. Sunflower seed hulls pattered on the floor as we talked. I asked David—the Hutterites called me by my first name and expected me to do likewise—what his duties were as head of the Hutterian Brethren Association. He said his title was a bit more modest: treasurer of the Hutterian Brethren Fund—a small sum that took care of the costs involved in arranging for a rotating group of colony preachers to be with the boys doing their alternate service in Custer State Park.

Later, David began to talk about a girl, an outsider, who for a time had lived at the colony. She had heard about the Hutterites somehow out in California and, after taking a bus to Salt Lake City, had hitchhiked the rest of the way. "That was just six weeks before we branched," David said. "We were all very busy at Tschetter, but she had come a long way and we all liked her and somehow she seemed to fit in the family. We told her to get in touch with her parents right away and tell them where she was, and the sheriff came out later to see if she had any drugs, but she didn't, and she stayed with us for the six weeks there, and then when we moved she moved up here with us and stayed for two more weeks. Then her father told her to come home. We've written back and forth to both her and her father."

I was curious about what pleasures an outsider, not a believer, would find in the Hutterite life. Ida Decker had been the California girl's best friend. She read the letter she had received that morning:

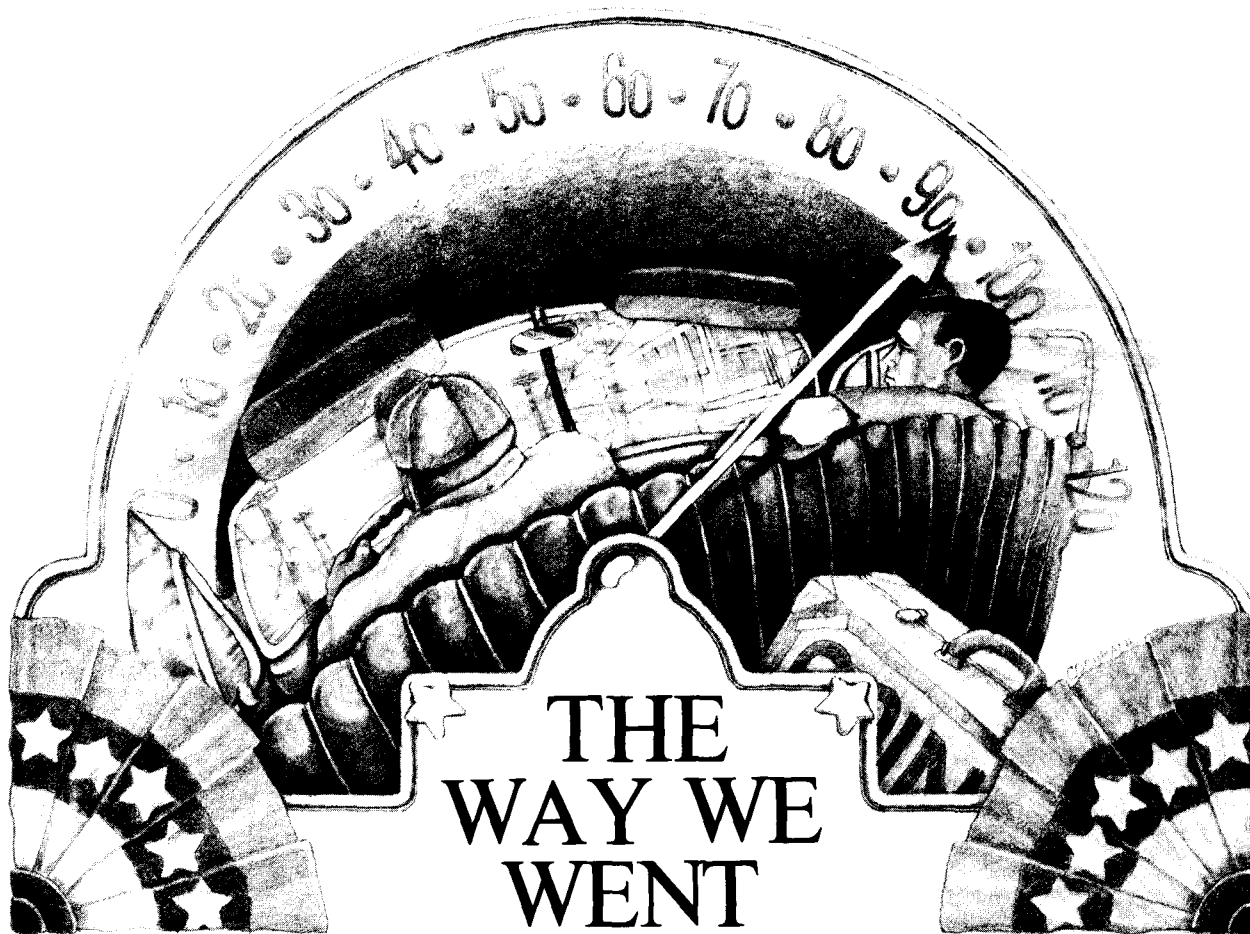
I sure do miss this time of year in the colony—all the watermelon tossing and sunflower seeds and how the mornings were when we would get up early and I miss the prayers and the way the canning cellar smells and listening to jokes in the evening and hanging laundry at Pembroke with you when it is windy and cold—oh, all those things I love with all my heart.

Goosechaser

On my flight back to New York, I realized that though I had gone out to the Midwest to attend a funeral I had not visited a single Hutterite cemetery. The only book on the Hutterites I had taken with me was an annotated bibliography of literature on these people. The first entry under "Funeral and Burial Customs" read:

322. Clark, Bertha W. "The Hutterian Communities" (Part I). *Journal of Political Economy*. Vol. 32 (June 1924), pp. 361, 366.

"In some obscure corner of a field, roughly fenced off, you will see God's Garden, where without any monuments or names or eulogies the Brethren are laid to rest as unostentatiously as they have lived." □



An Atlantic "First" by Wallace E. Knight

We were at an artfully chosen spot about forty yards from the bridge and near the graveled driveway of a store, our suitcases side by side so that the sign on Fooley's—"Going To"—and on mine—"Charleston?"—composed what we thought was a clever plea. From there we could see southbound cars coming for a full half mile. We knew we would have plenty of time to get up and stand attentively behind our suitcases, cupping cigarettes discreetly, so that any driver, having slowed down to take the sharp turn at the end of the bridge, would see us at our best, smiling and thumbing.

Fate, driving a pickup, had left us at Adrian, and so Fooley and I had looked the situation over and walked across the bridge and established our station where the grass was deep and pleasant. We sat and smoked. The sun was high. Four or five cars passed.

Before us the two stingy lanes of Route 4 curved marvelously around a hill to descend to French Creek and the bridge. We watched the point of the road's appearance hopefully.

And here came a car like a panther, alternately black and twinkling as its glass caught the sun, coming so fast its roar down the hill didn't reach us for a second. It started to brake and throw dust halfway down, touching the berm and swaying; momentarily it was hidden behind trees and a building, and then it was on the bridge, screeching, and Fooley and I

jumped slack-jawed up and stuck our thumbs out.

The car had to slow down. It almost stopped, whipping sideways and spraying dust and gravel, and then it was by us and I glimpsed two faces, thrust up near the windshield.

I thought I saw sparks. The car skidded and crouched and stopped, and then shifted and started coming back, and a man hung out of the door yelling.

At such times there are things to be done. I grabbed my suitcase and jumped back, and Fooley reached for his and fell over it, onto the pavement, kicking by the time he hit until he was standing up again with grit in his palms and bag retrieved. I caught the back of his jacket and jerked, and his heels came down on my toes. We swayed together, occupying nearly the same space.

Over the gunning of the engine came voices. They were shouting "Get in! Get in!" and so we got in fast, interlocked, and sprawled across the pinstriped back seat. The car started forward, and I twisted up and slammed the door.

Nobody said anything for a moment, and then the driver, pulling the car into high, raised his chin and tilted back toward us. "You fellows going to Charleston?"

"Yes, sir," said Fooley.

"Well, you're lucky because that's where we're go-

ing," said the driver. The speedometer needle climbed steadily to 80.

He was a plump man, thirty-five or forty, with a creased roll of fat across the back of his neck that a baseball cap leaned on, its bill pointing toward the sun visor. Brown hair stuck out all around it. I glimpsed, as he turned—he bounced around a lot, fixing his fingers on the steering wheel and shifting his weight—a long nose, lean for his round face. One ear was higher than the other.

"I'm Bruce Hammond," he said, straightening the car out of a gentle turn and accelerating to 95, which until that day was as fast as I'd ever seen a car go. He threw the words over his shoulder. "This is Merv York. How about you boys switching places and you"—indicating me—"pull your box over in front of your feet and leave the other one in the middle."

I slid over and squared my suitcase across my ankles, as instructed, and Fooley climbed across me and then sat back, looking ill.

"What's your name, son?" the driver said, apparently to both of us, jerking his head again in our direction.

"Harold Fletcher," said Fooley. "I go to school in Buckhannon, and we were looking for a ride to Charleston to go home. For the weekend." He said this very fast, as if he were driving 95.

I told them my name and said we appreciated getting picked up and then I asked the question. "What are you driving so fast for?"

The driver laughed, and the other man—York—laughed too, cautiously, and then York said they liked to get where they were going so they could relax when they got there. He was a lean man, younger than Hammond, with dark, darting, humorless eyes.

"You're going to get a long weekend," he added. "You'll get lots of time to spend in Charleston."

"Hell, Merv, go ahead and tell them," said Hammond. "You tell them, and I'll get us going."

Already we had crossed over into Lewis County, flying up the valley of the right fork of the Buckhannon River. In a brand-new high-bodied Hudson sedan. Quick. With pinched-in sides, vestigial running boards, thunder.

So Merv told us. "We got this bet. We bet this car can get us from the front of the courthouse in Buckhannon to the front of the courthouse in Charleston in two hours flat. Got a hundred dollars each on it, and we took off at one o'clock sharp."

Two hours. I think it's 136 miles. And these guys were going through country where the creeks planned the roads, with towns and railroad tracks and one-way bridges and farmers everywhere driving wagons.

Fooley was pale, I noticed, and I think I was, too.

"Why did you pick us up?" I asked.

"You're ballast," said York, grinning.

And that's the way we went to Charleston once in the spring of 1947, through lovely country that few people know, relatively speaking, as the world is so

large. We went out of Upshur County and across the southern neck of Lewis, past Ireland, which is a cluster of cottages in green, and into the watershed of the Little Kanawha, into Braxton County, to Falls Mills and Bulltown, out of the Kittanning coal country and into the Pittsburgh seams, across the Roanoke syncline and the Orlando anticline, through Wine Gap to Heaters and Flat Woods, and then down Granny Creek to Sutton Junction.

And there, as you may know but probably have never had the chance to know, runs the Elk, shallow and sometimes clear, snaking and straggling all the way to Charleston, past some other remarkable places.

"Fooley," I whispered, leaning toward him as we swept into another turn. I wanted to ask him how we could get out. I nudged his leg. He never heard me, or at least he didn't look at me. "Fooley," I whispered, "for God's sake, listen here." He didn't.

Fooley, who later got killed in a motorcycle wreck, was skinny, dark-haired, had acne scars, and customarily was quietly pleasant. We roomed in the same house in Buckhannon, and there we had found we were both from near Charleston, not near enough to know the same people but familiar with the neighborhoods and football teams and so forth. We had thumbed back together two earlier Fridays during the winter, and we'd meet at the Greyhound station Sunday afternoons and ride the bus to Buckhannon on the slower, surer road through Spencer and Weston.

He got his nickname from a movie—I've forgotten its name—in which there was a ship's doctor named Louie who was a drunk. Harold Fletcher wanted to be a doctor, and he liked beer, so we started calling him Louie. He spoonerized well, and so became Fooley Letcher, but eventually the Letcher had been dropped.

This process can be harsh. A sophomore girl whose name was Dorothy Snider—Dottie—was turned into Snotty Dider, and I think it affected her personality. Fooley didn't seem to mind being spoonerized, though.

We had been taking some bad turns, and York swiveled and stared back at us.

"Boys," he said, "you're going to have to help a little. Lean away from the curves. Lean uphill. This car's tall, and we got to keep her square." Hammond nodded without saying anything, and so did Fooley and I. We were back to 80 now, and Hammond had been straightening bends by easing over to the left when the road rolled left, touching the right berm when we turned right. He continued to bounce around and adjust his grip, and he'd mutter and even occasionally chuckle. He was pleased with the pace, I think.

I saw the Bulltown marker flash by, and saw the river and low field to the right. I had stopped here once while riding with an old couple from North

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Carolina, and we had read the brief statement of its history. Everyone should read markers.

Bulltown is notable only for a mistake.

There had been a man named Stroud who lived deep in the Glades of the Gauley. Once, in 1772, he came to Bulltown for salt, and got to know the Indians who lived there, a small band of displaced Delawares who were friendly and mild. When he went back south across the mountains to his home he found the bodies of his wife and children, scalped, and the trail of his livestock led back toward Bulltown.

So Stroud had taken off north again and as he trotted through the forest he quit grieving and started hating. He gathered friends from Hacker's Creek and the Buckongehanon country and led them back to Bulltown. There, in a few moments, they killed everybody. John Cutright, who lived to be 105, past the Mexican War, said they scalped the Delawares and threw the bodies into the Little Kanawha. It's quite shallow, so the mess must have been around for some time.

A few days later the men learned that Stroud's family had been murdered by Shawnees, who had purposely left signs pointing toward Bulltown. Tricked, damn it, Stroud sank out of history. A Mrs. Cutright was the cook for our rooming house, an admirable woman who baked excellent pigs in a blanket, and she said John was her great-grandfather. Bulltown was named for Captain Bull, a chief. A rush of wind and we were past it.

Nobody was talking, but the car was filled with noise. Both vane windows were open a quarter inch, and wind whistled across them, low and powerful and at the same time with a persistent warble modulated by every sway. Bumps brought loud clicks as well as jolts; the shock absorbers weren't what they should have been. And there was a rattle up front that I took, after analysis, to be a loose horn button. The seats made noises, and the frame creaked, and I felt that my body was making noises too. And from outside came the almost constant cry of the tires.

I looked out of the window directly to the side and could see almost nothing, as trees and weeds and grass blended into a yellow-green smear occasionally interrupted by a mud smear or a house smear. Little else was identifiable. A bridge was a noise, rather than something seen.

I have never enjoyed the rides at amusement parks or fairs; I get sick. A park manager told me once, with professionalism leaning on every word, that there were riding families and nonriding families, and if this is true, I'm from a nonriding family. The Hudson was becoming a car on a roller coaster, swooping and fluttering and falling, and queasiness crept in beside my fear. So I started looking ahead, over the driver's shoulder.

We came to a railroad track, a quick dip to the

right, skidded, straightened out, and flew ahead, the road smooth and fast, and were in Flat Woods, a town that hadn't pulled itself together but stood in its own wide fields, with just a school and a few stores and neat homes.

Flat Woods, according to collectors of things, is the geographical center of West Virginia. I'm not sure how such things are decided. If you draw a line from the southernmost point in the state to its northern tip, and then from the farthest east to farthest west, the intersection is somewhere near Linden in Roane County, thirty miles east of Flat Woods. I never heard of anybody at Linden getting excited about this, but at Flat Woods there definitely is pride in centerness. If West Virginia didn't have such an irregular border, perhaps it would be easier to find the middle.

Flat Woods is where the Braxton County Monster visited in, I think, 1953 or 1954; actually, it was near Flat Woods. He was a great green giant ten feet tall with a red face and a helmet that seemed to have horns, and he landed on a forested hill and got out of his luminous spaceship to look around. The odor was harsh and penetrating and persistent, and this was vividly recalled by the woman and four boys who met him. They ran off, and presumably so did the monster. Others smelled the stink, though, and saw burned places.

If you think it is a small thing to be so visited, you're wrong. This monster stopped no place else on earth, but stood above Flat Woods and looked down toward Cedar Creek, and what visions he gained came from here and no place else. "It's a damp place," he could have said, "dewy and rather dark, but I made out many white oaks and shagbark hickories and meadows lined with thorns and sumac, and a fair amount of cedar. There was greenbrier pulling at my boots. The earth is beautiful."

Of course, this had not yet happened when Fooey and I and Bruce Hammond and York raced through there in 1947. But it was going to happen.

McNutt's next on Route 4, and then Karl's Siding on the B&O. It's on Granny Creek.

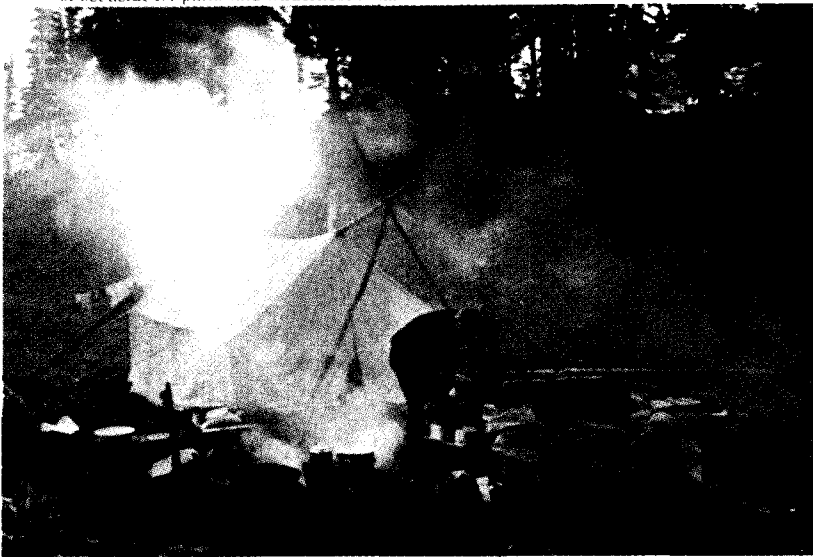
Hammond glanced back again. "You all watch this one," he said as we arced down an easy hill. "Right up here we're going to bust or win. This is where the trooper parks."

It was a flat statement, cold and reckless. We were coming to Sutton Junction, where the highway joins the Elk at an angle leading off east to Sutton itself, a placid, messy town. But here we had to turn acutely west. Prudent people drove up beside the restaurant and filling station at the junction, stopped, looked both ways, and eased off in low. We weren't going to do that, I knew.

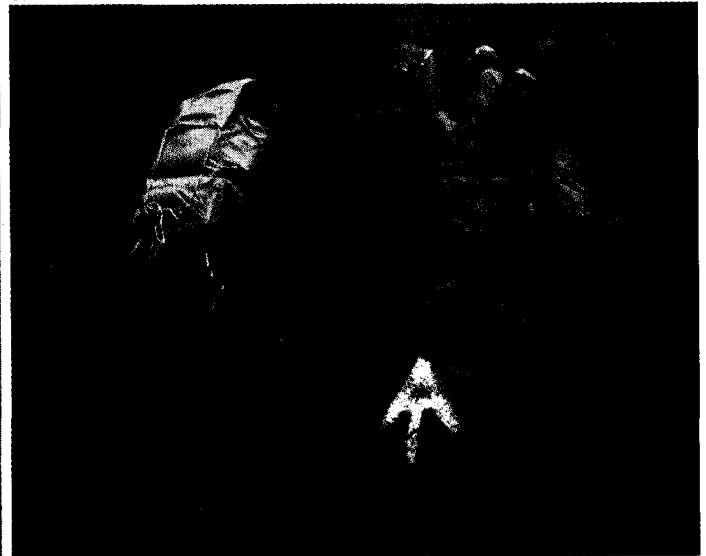
I saw the restaurant and a clutter of gasoline pumps and cars in front of it. It seemed in the air flying at us. Hammond pumped the brake, jerking us, jerking down from 90 to 60 and sliding us forward in our seats. Then he cut off the road—right off the road

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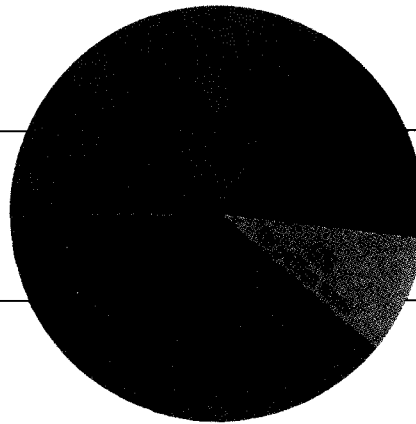
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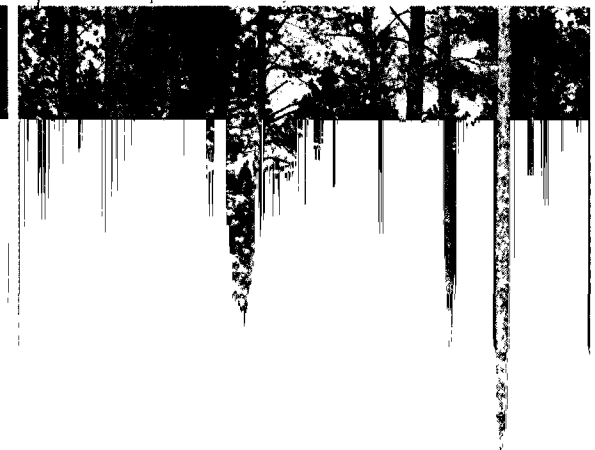
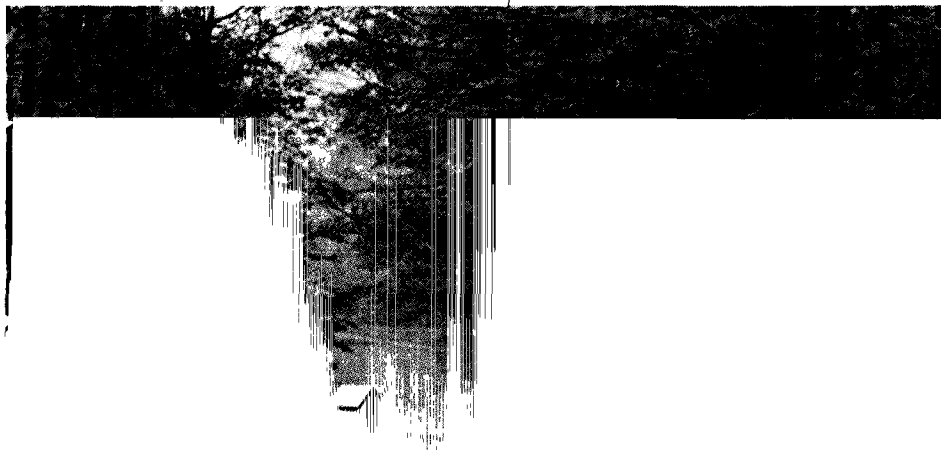
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American Forest Institute

3

9% forest products industry forestland.



and into a backyard tangle of garbage cans and junk behind the station, making a dust cloud that must have billowed for minutes, and sending a big dog up and over a barbed-wire fence like a deer. We dipped and the Hudson's body banged down on its springs and my head hit the roof hard. Down again and up again, with the car turning sideways under me. And then we were going west, with the calm Elk to our left, picking up speed and going faster and faster.

"I didn't see him," said York.

"I didn't either," Hammond answered.

So presumably the state trooper was someplace else.

"I didn't see him either," said Fooley.

The next place is Gassaway—another place to look out for, with two traffic lights, a bad bridge, two sharp turns a block apart, and a clutter of slow people.

Henry Gassaway Davis is the man it was named for, a gloriously rich man who made his money from coal and timber and railroads, and who entertained Presidents, looked out for things in the Senate (1871–1883), and went to international conferences in behalf of the interests of the United States. When he was young he lived for a while in a boxcar, and later he built the Coal & Coke Railroad, 175 miles long, that opened this part of the world so that its wealth could pour out. When the Coal & Coke came here, Gassaway was born. When Henry Gassaway Davis was an old man, he gave every school in West Virginia a state flag. On the whole he lived a good life, as he gave people things to do. He took long rifles out of their hands and gave them green and red lanterns to swing, and you must remember that this had never been done here before. He destroyed a wilderness, which once was considered commendable.

He preferred to ride horseback.

Over the bridge, into town, through a green light, through a red light, quick right past the depot, quick left to keep from landing on the tracks—his tracks—and we were out in the country again.

"That was Gassaway," York told us. "It's easy from here on in."

That is not necessarily true. It has never been true, as the hills are old and ragged. Sometimes, I've been told, even the creeks here have gotten lost. A man at Frametown once told me, as if he believed it—and he frowned and left when I laughed—that he had found a place where a creek got confused and tried to run up a hill. It had gone up and run into a hole under an overhang, and then had turned around and come back. Water ran both ways, he said; leaves floated upstream and down. It sounded to me like he found a spring.

But think of William Strange if you think that's odd, because Bruce Hammond now was getting us to Strange Creek. I saw the store beside the riverbank a little ahead, and the old steel bridge to the left, and the rush of the car smeared it away. I looked back at it momentarily.

William Strange had come here in 1795 to hunt and to map the ground. He was with a party that came up the Elk, and actually they shouldn't have had any trouble. In 1795 there were forty or more people living in Charleston, which had been chartered the year before; Kentucky already had become a state; and the last man to die at the hands of Indians in this region, hapless Shadrack Harmon, was four years buried.

But Strange got lost. He couldn't find his friends, and they couldn't find him. He got hungry, but he couldn't get anything to eat. Maybe he lost his powder. And so he did a very unusual thing. He carved a poem into a tree. It said, hauntingly, with rhythm and grace:

Strange is my name
And I'm on strange ground,
And strange it is
I can't be found.

Probably it was a beech, with even gray bark and a trunk large enough for such a message.

Several years later his rifle was found leaning there, and his bones were nearby.

I'm not skeptical, as it's better to believe that improbable things frequently occur than it is to demand the commonplace, but I do find William Strange's death inconsistent with the nature of the region, so rich in game and fish and Queen Anne's lace to eat. Perhaps he just sat out there and thought, "I've written four lines too good to leave . . ." Or perhaps sometimes the streams do run back and forth.

Strange Creek is where the big bend in the Elk comes. On to Villa Nova, which has a post office named Duck, by the county line, by Ira and Groves to Ivydale, long and narrow, past Standingrock, following closely the turns in the river to Clay Junction. The magisterial district to the north had been Otter; to the south, Buffalo. Now we were in Henry District, man having come to conquer forests, and the fiercest barriers were behind.

Clay, seat of Clay County, is off Route 4 a mile or so; the road turns west from the river and runs up Lower Two Run toward Maysel and Laurel Creek. Lower Two is logically named; it is south of Upper Two. And so we went away from the valley of the Elk for a while, across the Handley syncline and the Hansford anticline and toward the Grassland syncline, along which the old oil field north of Bomont is located.

The character of the land changed as if Hammond were sweeping it away and substituting new sights by turning the Hudson's wheels. We went up and up, flashing past cottages set in nooks and stores held together with Nehi and Clabber Girl and SSS Tonic signs.

I tried to talk to York once, when he looked back.

"You guys live in Buckhannon?" I said tentatively.

"He does," said York, pointing to Hammond. "I live up at Lorentz."

aller skyscrapers save space.
ower buildings for view of the sky.

fore parking spaces
to more parking spaces.

respect for civil liberties
freedom to do as I want.

varied neighborhoods
neighbors who don't look like me.

etter garbage collection.
ower sanitation costs.

a place to walk a dog.
dogs prohibited.

iving space to raise my family.
o noisy kids for neighbors.

city that's easy to walk around.
city that's easy to drive around.

etter school systems for everybody.
ower school taxes.

mediate end to air pollution.
ore power stations.

ore jobs for city dwellers.
o commercial zoning near dwellings.

place I want to come home to.
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he ideal

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can work together to build an environment
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he real

Our cities are threatened with chaos
to the degree that groups and individuals
ignore their interdependence
on one another.

There are no simple solutions to urban
problems. Because modern cities aren't
simple places. They're concentrations of
diversity—different people with different
attitudes, backgrounds, skills. Their
interaction makes a city stimulating; their
interdependence on one another makes

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"Do you all come this way a lot?" I asked.

"Not this way. We get to Sutton sometimes, but not down here. I haven't been here since I got drafted. It's too far."

"I can tell you some things about this road," Fooley broke in. "There's a god-awful turn up here a few miles, going down the hill to Prociuous. It just keeps turning. I'll tell you when we're coming to it."

Hammond had been sagging back a little, but now he bounced up again.

"Kid," he said, "you just hold your corner of the car down and I'll watch this corner. When we get to a turn I can't make I'll let you know."

I knew the turn Fooley meant. When we got there the tires started to scream, and they screamed, evenly and long, until we were through it. It wasn't bad. And we were back beside Elk River again.

In the next two miles we left Clay County and went into Kanawha County by King Shoals Run. Then we looped back into Clay County for a long bend, perhaps a thousand yards, and took off west once more. Behind us was farmland and riverland and tangled hills. Ahead was Clendenin, mainly on the other side of the river but still big enough to put cars in our path, and Falling Rock. Blue Creek, Elkview, Big Chimney—places where children and dogs played, trucks backed out, and buses and tank wagons and timber haulers crept.

"We're going to be coming to a lot of traffic," I said. "Have you figured on that?"

"Well, I figure on not stopping," Hammond answered after a pause. "Nothing's on the road here from noon until the school buses start out. And by the time they start, we'll be in Charleston."

I leaned up and got a quick look at York's wristwatch. It was 2:30 almost exactly.

When I looked ahead again there was a wall in front of us and Hammond was trying not to hit it. It was a dusty brown wall with red lights all over it and it was across half the road and towering over our windshield. I must have yelled, but I heard only the brakes and saw, like dust devils, two cars whip by us going east.

"Slow son of a bitch," York shouted. Hammond said something and then cut right, onto the narrow berm, and passed the truck on the right side. He whipped back into the roadway and Clendenin Bridge was before us. We sidestepped it. I looked back and saw the brown truck ponderously jack-knifing just short of the abutment.

Fooley, who hadn't said anything since before Prociuous hill, started to speak now, very emphatically.

"You let me out of this goddamn car or I'll wreck it," he said. He threw himself against me. "We'll tip over on the next turn. Stop, or I'll throw your keys out!"

Behind his acne Fooley was white. He started to push me into the corner of the car, and then he began to bounce heavily, wildly.

"Boy," said York, swinging around lightly, "you're almost dead."

He looked straight at Fooley, but I felt the power of his gaze from my place deep in the corner.

"You're going to kill us all and lose my hundred dollars, and even if you live I'll kill you."

It was not a very logical thought, but it was effective. Fooley, as I did, had a vision of sundering steel and shattered glass, the car flipping over and over, and York rising from the wreckage and choking him and then all of us sinking into flame and going to hell together. Fooley shut up and slid over, and slowly, after more glowering, York turned around. We passed the refinery at Falling Rock and the high school and the funeral home at Elkview and the base of the chimney at Big Chimney, the chimney itself having been torn down long before.

Twenty till 3. There was traffic: a bread truck, three cars, an RC delivery truck, and a stubby flat-bed. We passed them all in one heroic rush, and then got caught behind an old Packard as other cars plugged the left lane. There was nothing to do except cut to 40 and fidget, which Hammond did. "God-damn."

He started blowing the horn. He blew the car ahead of us off the road. Kids stared out of every window.

And so we went up the last hill and down, through Elk Forest, down and across railroad tracks with a bitter, skidding bounce, turned past a greenhouse, and roared on the straight stretch by the river—still the Elk, of course—toward the Charleston city limits. It was our last roar, and the needle reached 90. At 10 till 3.

I wasn't really scared anymore. I don't think Fooley was, either. We had begun anticipating an end to the ride, win or lose, and although I hadn't thought about getting out and saying thank you and watching the black Hudson drive off, I felt now this could happen.

Had I felt this at Flat Woods or Gassaway? I don't know. I don't think so. Gassaway was past, and consequently had become unreal. Strange Creek was not real, either—something imagined. And Villa Nova, where people sat waiting for the train on a bench at the end of the station, was so far away I'm not certain it ever existed. I've been there and watched the bustle, and they seemed like actual people, those who walked over and talked to the conductor, people from the other side of the Elk, but I know if you went there today they would not be there. Duck Post Office; a ridiculous name.

It was all a part of time's passage. Some passed there slowly, turning over rocks and looking under them for mussels. Some, such as we, passed fast.

To become a part of a place, one must cut marks into it. Henry Gassaway Davis did, and so did William Strange. So, for that matter, did the Braxton County Monster, scarring the stone exposed by wind on Cedar Creek, burning a message: "Came from far

off. Left something to talk about. I was more here than Grover Cleveland, and, as Grover Cleveland lived, so too did I."

Dodge to the right, over tracks and a rise past homes crowded on narrow lots; this was Bigley Avenue, Charleston. And we got behind a bus.

There wasn't any room to pass, none at all. A row of parked cars was beside us, the bus in front, and cars passing swiftly to our left. Hammond nosed out and dipped back, three times, four times. The bus let people off and took others on, stopping in the street as there was no place to pull over.

"We've got time," York yelled. "Seven minutes." He turned around and looked at me. "Now, where's the courthouse?"

"You don't know where it is?" I gasped. "You've come all this way and you don't know where to stop?"

"Bruce, this kid's arguing with me," York yelled just as Hammond jerked the wheel, gunned out, and stopped the other lane so that every car for a block rocked and began honking. The bus stopped too, and its horn was high-pitched and excited as we dipped in front of it. York flipped up on his knees in the front seat, facing me, with his arms dangling as if he wanted to grab me.

"I am not," I shouted. "I just didn't think you wouldn't know."

Hammond started shouting now, an awful noise in the car with the windows up. "How far is it and how do we get there?"

I had to think and couldn't. I'm not good at giving directions anytime. Fooley giggled and didn't try to save me, but I realized later it was a scared giggle.

"Well, there are several ways . . ." I started.

"Lord God!" screeched York. "Point!"

I pointed straight ahead, down Bigley, felt like crying, and then collected myself. "Straight ahead to the next railroad tracks, and then turn left, over to Pennsylvania Avenue, and then right on down to Virginia Street. It's maybe a mile or so."

York deflated. He sank back to his seat and pointed for Hammond, who was shaking his head slowly from side to side. He seemed unaware that cars were all around us, moving slowly, and that we were dodging them with sometimes only inches to spare. As if in slow motion, but terribly fast, Hammond drove up to their bumpers, blew, gunned, braked.

They had expected a tall building with an enormous clock, a stone building at the very center of a round city, and consequently they hadn't asked if this were so. Buckhannon's courthouse doesn't have to be inquired about, nor does Clay's or Sutton's. Why should Charleston's?

Fooley's fingertips gouged my leg, and when I realized what it was I remembered he had been poking at me for a long time—for seconds. I looked irritably toward him. He mouthed words I couldn't hear, and then I heard.

"Take them over the Spring Street bridge," he said. "It's quicker."

Spring Street led to a part of town I didn't know much about, a tangle of warehouses and wholesale places and can-covered lots; and the bridge itself was narrow and old. I didn't want to go that way. It would be too easy to get mixed up and lost.

Why did Fooley do this, confusing me when I had enough trouble already? York turned around to Fooley, bright eyes narrow, and shouted:

"What did you say about a bridge?"

"Fooley, you gutless bastard," I shrieked, "they're not going to let you off at any bridge. We're going to win this thing if you'll shut up!"

York sneered and spun away, and Fooley and I looked at each other. Neither of us said anything. I tried to create an expression that indicated I'm sorry but I'll explain later, but I couldn't. Fooley's expression was shocked and awful.

Ten seconds and we crossed Spring Street, and I looked left, trying to take in the view photographically. I saw Spring Street bridge and it was empty. Not a car or a person on it. And Fooley saw it too.

Hammond sped on and I leaned forward and pointed the way across his shoulder. He cursed the cars. Space seemed to pluck at us. Hammond fought it, but nothing helped.

More cars crept into our way, more and more and more, and then there were the traffic lights at Washington Street and Fayette, and the one at Virginia Street. Every one was red. Finally we turned onto Virginia and went up its wide old arching bridge with our tires chipping on and off the gleaming unused trolley tracks. We were past the center and going down when York sighed and threw back his head.

"Quit it, Bruce," he said. "We lost. We lost two minutes ago."

Almost imperceptibly our pace slackened. Hammond eased, but very gently. "Are you sure?" he said.

"Yes. Just over two minutes."

We rolled, glided, coasted, stopped. Another red light. Virginia Street was busy, but not too busy; an ordinary afternoon.

"Now," said Hammond. "Where's the courthouse?"

"Just up there on the right. It's the stone building with the tower," Fooley told them. "It's too bad you lost," he added.

I scooted back and turned toward Fooley, full-face. We looked at each other, and then he said, only to me, but loud and evenly, "Of course you could have won if you weren't so goddamn dumb."

Oh, God, Fooley. He stared at me and I turned away and Hammond pulled over to the curb at Summers Street, stopping the car so that it rocked. He jerked down the bill of his ball cap and the two of them, Hammond and York, both turned around.

"No, you just tell me, kid, where I was so dumb," Hammond said, low and angrily.

"Well," Fooley told him, like a lecturer, "first, you

wasted a minute picking us up. You could have sand-bagged the back of this car. And second, you could have driven at night and missed all the traffic. Your bet was for two hours—any two hours.”

Hammond looked at York and I kept watching Fooley, but now he wouldn't look at me. And then Hammond sighed.

“I guess you're right. Damnation, you're right. But I don't like to be called dumb right after I lose a hundred dollars.”

York laughed. It was the only time he had laughed since we got in the car. It was a high-pitched snorting. “That's the best time, Bruce,” he said. “That's the right time.”

I opened the car door and pulled my suitcase up on my knees. I was embarrassed, and, too, I was feeling the absence of sound. I seemed in a hollow. So I asked a question just before I got out, partly to fill in and partly to know.

“Tell me,” I said, “who knows you lost? You only came in three or four minutes late.”

“There's a guy in the assessor's office,” York answered. “We were supposed to get up there and tell him. He has half the bet against us.”

“I saw him,” Hammond added. “He was on the steps. He saw us, too.”

Well, we got out and they drove off. And Fooley and I were back in town at 10 after 3.

We stood on the sidewalk and I said, “Fooley, I hope you know why I cut you off like I did. I didn't want to go on Spring Street. I was afraid we'd get lost.”

Fooley looked at me with great seriousness. It was an open, overwhelming look. “It's all right,” he said. “I knew you were afraid.”

I've forgotten what I did the rest of the afternoon, although I expect I went over and bummed a ride home with Dad at five o'clock, when he got off work. But my memory stops with Fooley going up Summers Street beside the discolored bulk of the Kanawha Hotel and me standing and watching him out of sight.

Sometimes I still think, though, what might have happened if we had crossed at Spring Street. Probably we would have made it, and Merv York and Bruce Hammond would each have had a hundred dollars, which was a lot more then than it is now.

But I console myself by thinking of the infinite number of other ways we could have come. An infinite number, as the Kanawha County Courthouse, thought of in those terms, was at the very center of everything. □

VETERAN'S DREAM

never you think but
it is you beating your buddy with
a shovel burying him
alive stomping down the dirt
with each shovelful the dirt
tamped down around him like a tooth-
filling around a nerve and the nerve
still wiggling like a worm
you are eyeball to eyeball with
his eyes rolling at the
horizon rushing into his mouth his
hands finally his hands
clawing the wind to bring it
down with him like a mainsail
gathering it in and his earth-works
a product of his system how he eats
his own tunnels there is no
particular difference between what
went before and what comes after
counting each one like him
who made the world one less
you do not wake they
do not die they are numberless
the crusts of the world shift
when they turn over

by Anne Hussey

LIFE & LETTERS

HEROIN AND THE CIA

by Flora Lewis

THE POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

by Alfred W. McCoy
Harper & Row, \$10.95

One fact is beyond dispute: heroin is flooding into the United States in sufficient quantities to support an ever growing number of addicts. Estimates about the drug traffic are unreliable, but trends are painfully clear in mounting deaths, young zombies stumbling through city streets, crime to the point of civic terror. There are said to be some 560,000 addicts in America now, twice the number estimated two years ago and ten times the level of 1960.

Another fact goes unchallenged: suddenly, in 1970, high-grade pure white heroin, which Americans prefer to the less refined drug more normally consumed by Asians, appeared in plentiful and cheap supply wherever there were GI's in Vietnam. The epidemic was a vast eruption. It took the withdrawal of the troops to douse it, for the fearful flow could not be staunched.

Beyond those facts, the sordid story of drug trafficking has been a shadowy, elusive mixture of controversial elements. It was obvious that there must be corruption involved. It was obvious that there must be politics involved, if only because the traffic continues to flourish on such a scale despite the energetic pronouncements of powerful governments. It takes a map of the whole world to trace the drug net.

Since the United States suddenly

became aware of the sinister dimensions of the plague and President Nixon bravely declared war on drugs (unlike the persistently undeclared war in Indochina), it has been customary for U.S. officials to pinpoint the poppy fields of Turkey and the clandestine laboratories of Marseille as the source of most of the American curse. Nobody denied that the bulk of the world's illicit opium (some say 70 percent, some say 50 to 60 percent) is grown in Southeast Asia and particularly in the "golden triangle" of mountains where Burma, Thailand, and Laos meet. But the U.S. government insisted, and continues to insist in the 111-page report on the world opium trade published in August, that this supplies natives and seldom enters American veins.

Not so, says Alfred W. McCoy, who spent some two years studying the trade. And further, it is certain to become less and less so as measures which the United States demanded in Turkey and France take effect in blocking the old production and smuggling patterns. This is of crucial importance for two reasons. One is that firm establishment of an Asian pattern to America means that the crackdown in Turkey and France will be next to futile so far as availability of heroin in the United States is concerned. The second is that focusing attention on Southeast Asia would bring Americans to understand that the "war on drugs" is inextricably involved with the Indochina war, and has to be fought on the same battleground from which President Nixon

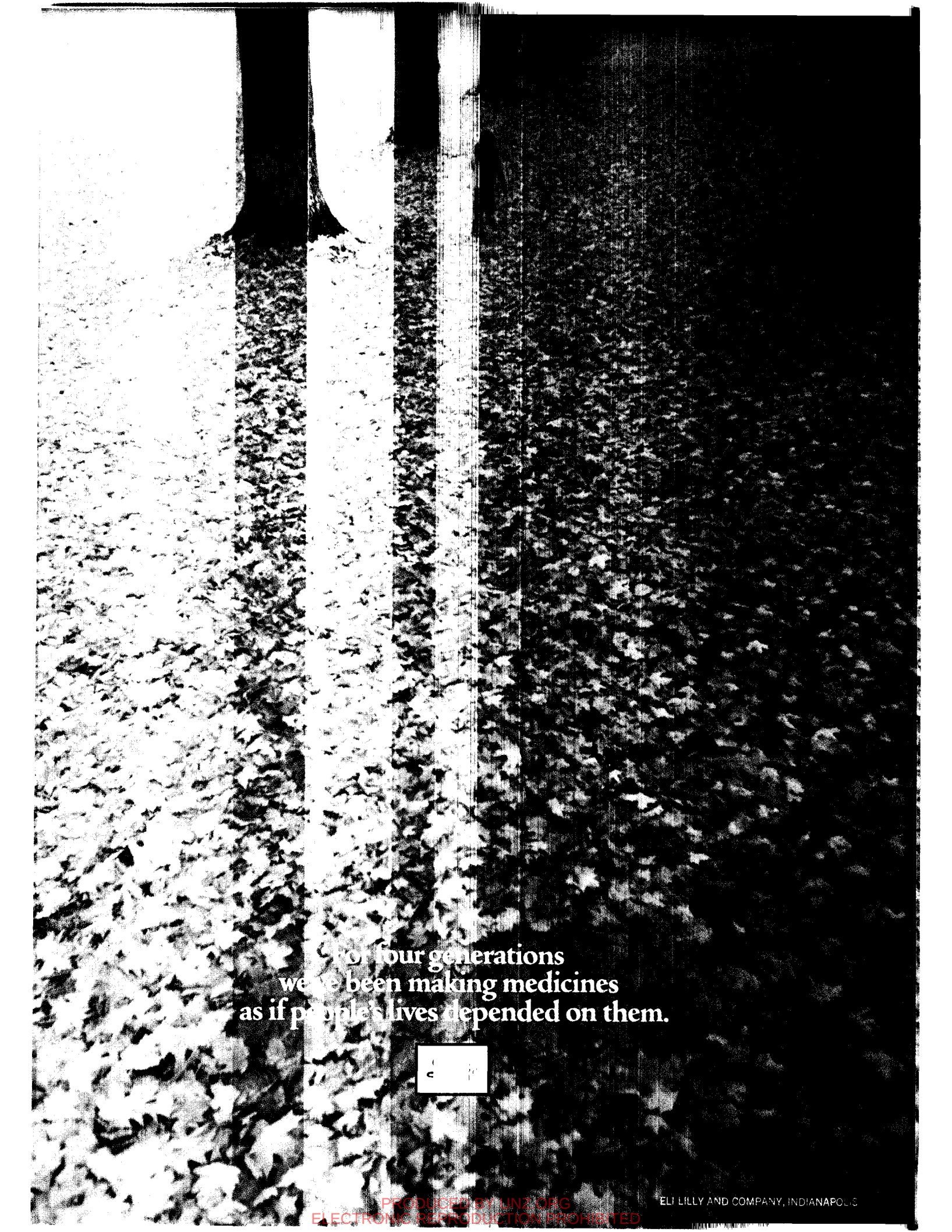
assured us he was disengaging "with honor."

McCoy, a twenty-seven-year-old Yale graduate student, worked with immense diligence and considerable courage—for the opium trade is dangerous business and the combination of opium, politics, and war can be murderous—to document the facts of the Asian pattern.

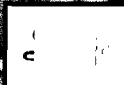
A good deal of it has been common gossip in tawdry bars of Saigon, Vientiane, and Bangkok for years. But the gossip mills of Indochina are a long way from the streets of Harlem and the high schools of Westchester County. The general knowledge that the rumors reflected is a long way from precise, confirmed detail. So the Asian pattern had never come through clearly in the United States.

Now, in his book *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, McCoy has set it down. To show how it developed, he had to backtrack. The use of opiates in the United States has a long history. It wasn't until after World War I that widespread opprobrium, added to growing understanding of the dangers, turned the trade into an underworld monopoly. But World War II disrupted the supply routes. Unable to get drugs, American addicts were forced to quit the hard way. The market diminished, and, with a modicum of enforcement effort and international cooperation, might have been wiped out.

A single U.S. official act, McCoy believes, turned that chance around and enabled the creation of a worldwide octopus of evil almost beyond



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November Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



The approach of Election Day always makes us think a bit about the larger questions of what makes civilized society work or fall apart.

Set in occupied Poland in 1942, **THE BARBARIANS AT THE GATES** is a haunting novel of moral ruin and a terrible atonement. The growing depravity—intellectual, moral, and sexual—of Christian Jan Romansky is closely linked to the collapse of German civilization. Once a shy, apolitical scholar in Hitler's Berlin, he is now an SS officer, responsible for trainloads of Jews on their way to what he thinks is a "transfer camp": actually, the death camp of Belzec. This is the fifth of **RICHARD BANKOWSKY**'s remarkable novels, his most ambitious (an enormous cast, a violent and eventful plot, a soaring theme), and by all odds his finest.

* * *

Ten years ago, the Supreme Court ruled, in *Baker v. Carr* (the "one man, one vote" case), that malapportioned voting districts violated the Constitution. Truly a grass-roots movement, the struggle for equal representation was spearheaded by a handful of young reformers who fought the case through legal intricacies and setbacks to the final victory that makes your vote more meaningful this November.

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE is a fascinating story, and **GENE GRAHAM**, who followed it closely as a reporter for the *Nashville Tennessean*, retells it in a fast-moving style, missing neither the human nor the legal nuances.

THE BARBARIANS AT THE GATES

by **Richard Bankowsky**

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE

by **Gene Graham**

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LITTLE, BROWN

society's power to destroy. That was the deportation of Charles "Lucky" Luciano from New York to his native Sicily in 1946. While he was in prison he had cooperated with the U.S. Navy by arranging with the Mafia to ease the path of American troops invading the island, and the Navy was proud of the result. It wasn't the only time that American intelligence used criminals to help the war effort. War, and intelligence, are dirty businesses and criminals are sometimes best at dirty skills.

Luciano not only kept his bargain. He made an extravagant, enormously profitable best of it to reestablish the flagging "honored society" and arrange the links which would assure a thriving drug trade to the United States. He was something of an organizational genius, in McCoy's view. Whether or not McCoy is correct in thinking that the network couldn't have been built without him, he did indeed succeed in building it and forging the key bond to the Corsican syndicates, the underworld society in France on which the drug structure now rests.

Once the connections were made, the shifting drug pattern became virtually indestructible, because it produced such vast profits that it could buy the indulgences needed to perpetuate itself.

The Corsicans were also entrenched in French Indochina. When Middle Eastern supplies of opium became inadequate for the burgeoning heroin trade, they had the contacts to tap the Southeast Asian sources developed in the first place as the result of British colonial greed. The British fought two wars for the right to create a lucrative opium market in China in the mid-nineteenth century. The Communist government of China wiped it out, quite ruthlessly, but the evil tradition remains deeply imbedded in the economies and customs of China's southern neighbors.

McCoy shows with devastating narrative skill how, again and again, the need for money and the lust for power led both colonial and independent Asian governments to turn to the opium trade. During the French Indochina war, a government, for the first time, it seems, deliberately violated its own laws against the trade for military purposes. "Operation X" of the French secret service aimed at securing the support of the Indo-

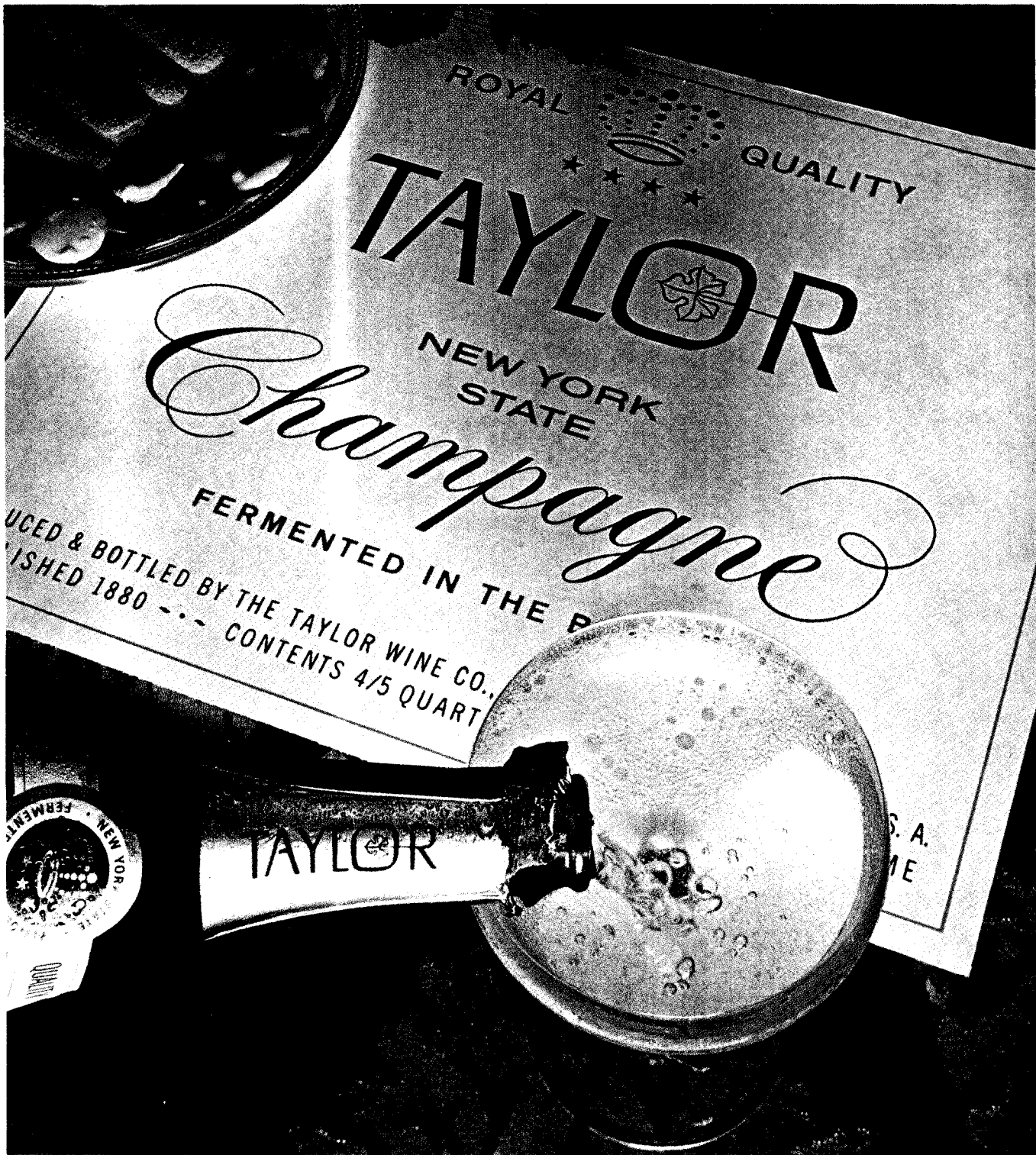
chinese hill tribes in the fight against the Viet Minh. It transformed the occasional opium cultivation by the tribesmen into a production upon which they came to depend for their livelihood. It also provided the transport and marketing arrangements on which the pattern of the Southeast Asian trade still rests.

Traffic dwindled when the French army left at the end of the war. Ngo Dinh Diem, America's choice to keep South Vietnam separate and anti-Communist despite the provisions of the 1954 Geneva accords, battled and defeated the Binh Xuyen gangs. The French had entrusted Binh Xuyen with the opium business in Saigon in return for information and clandestine help. U.S. authorities approved, and cheered Diem's victory over the kingdom of vice. They didn't understand how intricately and inseparably opium and political power were entwined in Saigon.

Diem learned faster than the crusading Americans. Though his regime was puritanical in some superficial ways which irritated the Saigonese—dancing was banned, for example—he allowed his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu to revive the Saigon rackets for the same reason France had used them. There was no other way to get the money to buy the informers to enable the authorities to keep the Communists from penetrating Saigon to the point of collapse.

President Kennedy did realize that the corruption which finally permeated the Diem regime would never allow South Vietnam to become healthy enough to resist the Communists on its own. So Washington dropped Diem, and he went to his death in 1963. But the rackets did not fall with him. The structure remained for the unavoidable use of whoever sought to cling to power in South Vietnam without a solid popular base—so far, beyond the ability of any South Vietnamese to build. Eventually, inescapably, the Americans accepted and came to use the one weapon which—more than B-52's, more than antipersonnel bombs, more than search-and-destroy sweeps, more than pacification—had proven effective in holding Saigon together.

McCoy does *not* say that the Central Intelligence Agency, in charge of the war in Laos and undercover operations in Vietnam, actively engaged



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in the opium traffic to acquire funds, as the French did in Operation X. He says that "only the Agency itself can answer" whether that happened or not, an innuendo which is all the more unfortunate and unwise because the charges he does make are amply founded and documented. It is a self-destructive failing of a certain kind of investigative journalism to attempt to provide all the answers, by deduction and implication, so that doctrine can be fully served, when what can be proven is enough. McCoy has proven enough to demonstrate his major thesis:

That the U.S. government has been involved in the narcotics traffic in Southeast Asia on at least the level of coincidental complicity by: (1) allying with groups actively engaged in the drug traffic; (2) ignoring the activities of known heroin traffickers; (3) knowingly allowing American aircraft, aircraft crews, and other material to be subverted for the transport of opium and heroin.

The CIA flatly denied this. In a formal critique of the book delivered to the publishers, the Agency said, "The truth is that CIA has never been involved in the drug traffic and is actively engaged in fighting against it. . . ."

The denial is disingenuous. No doubt the CIA never wanted to be involved with drugs. There has never been the slightest bit of evidence produced that the CIA as an organization or any of its directly employed American agents engaged in the drug traffic. But, as McCoy shows, the CIA knew perfectly well that the French had organized the hill tribes of Laos to support their war by encouraging opium production, and the CIA knew perfectly well that opium continued to be an essential lubricant in getting the Meos to fight our "secret war." It knew that General Ouane Rattikone, removed only last year as chief of staff of the Laotian army, which is otherwise totally dependent on the United States, supplemented American subsidies with regular and substantial opium profits. He boasted about it openly.

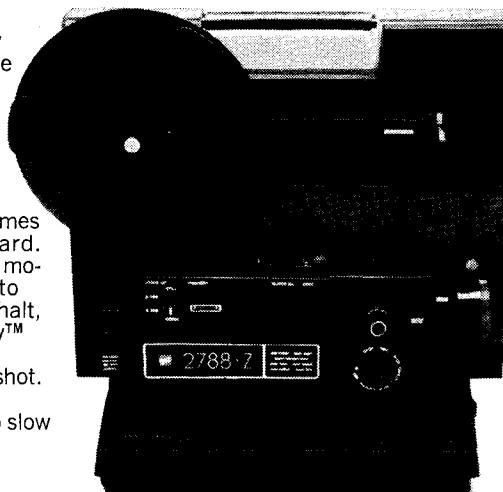
The CIA knew perfectly well that the remnants of the Nationalist Chinese armies left behind in northern Burma and Thailand used opium for money to buy guns with which they not only conducted U.S.-sponsored raids into the People's Republic of

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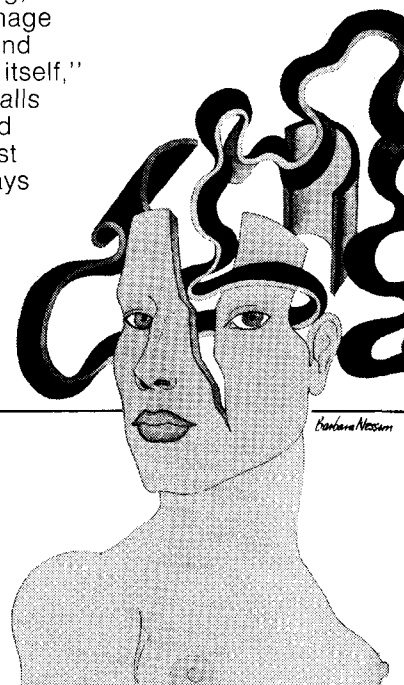
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China but also defended their opium trade against competitors. The CIA probably knows more about the involvement of top Thai generals, with whom the United States works closely, in the opium-heroin net than McCoy was able to find out, although he made astonishing penetrations into the dank jungle of secrecy that is high-level Thai corruption.

The point is that the CIA didn't care, and didn't think it was supposed to care. It made something of a matter of pride about not being prissy and moralistic and lily-fingered about local customs and the habits of local leaders and their methods of winning and holding power. It stuck to its own business of fighting Communism, however that business might best seem to be done.

As McCoy says: "Unlike some national intelligence agencies, the CIA did not dabble in the drug traffic to finance its clandestine operations. Nor was its culpability the work of a few corrupt agents, eager to share in the enormous profits. The CIA's role in the heroin traffic was simply an inadvertent but inevitable consequence of its cold war tactics."

Because of its dedication to what it considers its proper business, the CIA has been offended and upset at charges which it says "could create an accepted myth that the CIA has been involved in the drug traffic. . . . We believe that the effect of Mr. McCoy's book is to do a disservice to this fight [against drugs] and to dishearten the many sincere people in CIA who are at least as concerned about this menace as Mr. McCoy."

So it has been with many of our institutions in the saga of Vietnam. Honest public servants, doing what they thought was right, have been disheartened to discover the unintended results of their efforts. But the results are there.

The book has flaws. It tends to be repetitious at points, because the pattern it traces is complex and is constantly doubling back and overlapping. More serious, McCoy accepts some secondary and deductive sources which cannot be considered irrefutable. But he also has many new firsthand sources and specific details which are more than sufficient to make his case, and a marvelously well organized section of documentary notes and an index, which reinforce the book's authority.

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The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



...but just look at her now!

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The most serious flaw, to my mind, is a leftish bias quick to note the undeniable motive of anti-Communism in the decisions which helped the drug trade flourish, but never aware of the Communist motives and actions which prompted the reaction. For example, McCoy shows how French Socialists worked with the CIA in the immediate postwar period (strengthening the Corsican syndicates in the process) against the Communist drive for power. It was, he says, serving "U.S. interests." It never seems to occur to him that French Socialists, and many other Frenchmen, opposed Communist power in France in their own interest, and for reasons vivid in their own experience, refreshed even today as they watch the life of Czechoslovakia and the plight of intellectuals in Russia. It never seems to occur to him, as he writes disdainfully of Western Europe's apprehension "over Soviet gains in the Eastern Mediterranean," that Western Europe saw Eastern Europe occupied and tyrannized, in blatant violation of formal treaties. It never seems to occur to him that people who have watched the Brezhnev doctrine in operation are not thinking primarily of America's wishes when they resist expansion of Soviet power.

But the reporting is generally solid and it supports to a substantial extent McCoy's devastating conclusion: "Indeed, in the final analysis the American people will have to choose between supporting doggedly anti-Communist governments in Southeast Asia or getting heroin out of their high schools."

It is probably misleading to assume, as McCoy does too easily, that smashing the Southeast Asia pattern will smash the heroin trade. But he has demonstrated, I think conclusively, that the trade cannot be liquidated so long as the United States supports the corrupt regimes of Southeast Asia. That is what the book is about, and it was McCoy's purpose in writing it, just as it was Daniel Ellsberg's purpose in releasing the Pentagon Papers, to convince the American public that the United States cannot win the Vietnam War but none of its leaders have the courage to end it.

Ellsberg failed, in the sense that President Nixon has managed to allay public distress and keep the war going by changing tactics. In part, that failure was due to the fact that

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controversy over publication of the papers diverted the attention Ellsberg wanted to focus on analysis of the war. There has also been a controversy over the publication of McCoy's book, this time created by those of his friends who denounce Harper & Row for allowing the CIA to see the galley proofs before public release. It is a poor precedent, though in the circumstances it doesn't seem heinous to me. It would be much worse if McCoy's proponents cause him to fail in his real purpose by turning his book into a "censorship attempt" issue instead of an issue of war and drugs.

Another lesson emerges from the book, which McCoy doesn't have room to discuss but which would be a worthier subject of debate about the CIA than whether Harper & Row should have given it a prepublication chance of rebuttal: that is whether, apart from the moral revulsion and ill

repute brought on the United States by CIA "dirty tricks," there is any net gain of any kind as a result of their operations. Intelligence is certainly necessary. Intelligence evaluation is crucial. But McCoy's book, and many other disclosures, create at least a very serious question about the value of the operational side of the CIA. What has the United States achieved from the CIA-run war in Laos? What did the United States get from the abortive coup attempt in Indonesia, or the Bay of Pigs? What was the final benefit of the CIA-mounted revolution in Guatemala? It is true that the CIA probably didn't do anything the Russians don't do, but it is time to ask whether fighting fire with fire even works. *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* shows the evil it unwittingly produces. The next question is whether anyone can show that undercover operations actually do any good.

the little-bloke patriot of *Coming Up for Air* and *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, with a fondness for words like "decent" (or even "innately decent"), "human," and "sane," mostly as applied to "Englishman." Finally, of course, there was Orwell the anticommunist fabulist of *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

How is one to indicate the diversity—the essential subtlety—of plain-and-simple Orwell without these self-defeatingly crude and unjust caricatures? How can one honor the integrity of this spiritually self-made man, while also honoring the resourcefulness, even the canniness of that self-making and remaking? In this first volume of their projected two-volume biography, Peter Stansky and William Abrahams have found a brilliant way out, but it is small wonder no other Orwellian has chosen their way before them. For the method is as demanding on an author as it is rewarding to a reader. Marshaling the facts to challenge as well as to corroborate Orwell's own accounts, Stansky and Abrahams have painstakingly documented his life up to 1933 when he was almost thirty and had just published *Down and Out in Paris and London*, his first book.

Characteristically, Orwell made it known that he wanted no biographers. As a prophet of sorts, perhaps he foresaw his cultists. He took a hard line on hagiography: "Saints," he wrote in a piece on Gandhi, "should always be judged guilty until they are proved innocent." No fear of idolatry here. Stansky and Abrahams would have been Orwell the skeptic's dream: totally informed biographers as irreverent as their subject himself—and as generous as he could be at his best. Dare one ask for writing of distinction, for style, in these days when literary biography tends to thump like lumber being sorted in the attic? The ghost of Orwell gets this bonus, too. But the point is, biography constitutes only half of *The Unknown Orwell*. In detailing Orwell's obsessed struggles to make himself *definite*, Stansky and Abrahams have also written a remarkable social history of the flawed world in transition that produced him—or rather, half-produced him, leaving him the agonizing task of giving birth and rebirth to himself.

The self-invention of Orwell is a fact acknowledged by his *nom de*

SUCH, SUCH WAS GEORGE ORWELL

by Melvin Maddocks

THE UNKNOWN ORWELL

by Peter Stansky & William Abrahams
Knopf, \$8.95

George Orwell was that most complex of human beings: the man who passes for being plain and simple. "Good prose is like a window pane," he insisted, like a sworn enemy of all ambiguity, arguing: "One can write nothing readable unless one constantly struggles to efface one's own personality." Yet how forcefully, how conspicuously that self-effacement strikes a reader even twenty-two years after Orwell's death. And how downright contradictory those plain-and-simple Orwells can seem. For, in fact, there were several of them, all rather astonishingly different.

Every writer becomes to a certain extent his own work of art. Orwell presented a marvelous physical persona of unassuming forthrightness. Baggy corduroy pants and a tweed jacket with elbow patches outlined a slouch of passionate diffidence. But his face was Orwell's masterpiece: pale blue Puritan eyes above a lined grimace which surrounded like bleak parentheses the ashes of a neglected

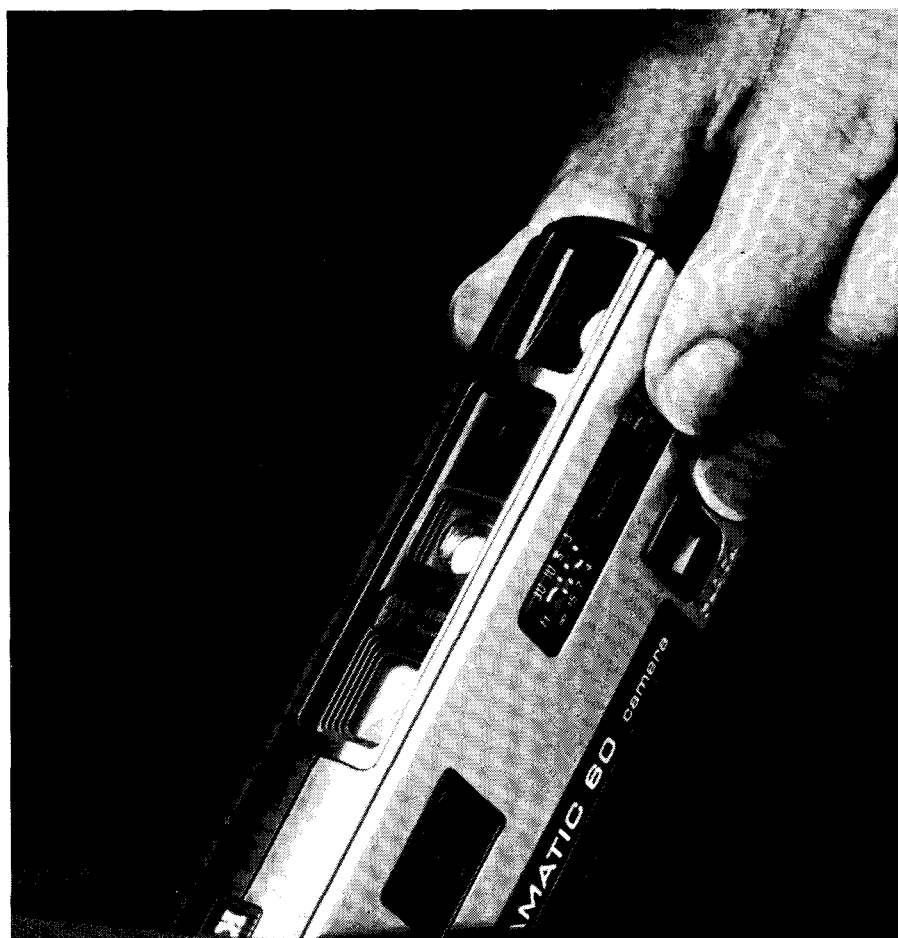
cigarette. It was a face that deserved Orwell's own line as a caption: "I hold the outmoded opinion that in the long run it does not pay to tell lies."

Honest Orwell was—famously and undeniably so. But he was also undeniably (and less famously) inconsistent. Indeed, if he had been as plain and simple as he presented himself, would he have been a writer at all? Even the casual Orwell reader will recognize at least four variations—critics' caricatures behind the author's master caricature of a blunt, singular mask. There was Orwell the general anti-Establishmentarian, the proud misfit who could stomach neither the English public school (*Such, Such Were the Joys*) nor the British Empire (*Burmese Days*), nor, for that matter, all the rest of life's "smelly little orthodoxies." There was Orwell the international socialist, the misfit-come-to-a-manifesto during the Spanish Civil War, who would write in *Homage to Catalonia*: "One had breathed the air of equality. . . . The effect was to make my desire to see socialism established much more actual than it had been before." There was Orwell

plume. A pen name, one may assume, can be a device not only to allow a writer to move free from his readers but from himself. Until, at twenty-nine, he rather casually proposed his *nom de plume*—Orwell is the name of a river in Suffolk—to Victor Gollancz, the publisher of *Down and Out*, Eric Blair had lived and written under his given name. Yet he himself later confessed that for the first twenty-five years of his life he was writing a story in his mind in which he—or rather an alter ego—played the central role. Stansky and Abrahams make it clear that Blair's first, indispensable act as an artist was the creation of Orwell: "Blair was the man to whom things happened; Orwell the man who wrote about them."

The Unknown Orwell, among other things, is an essay on art as an act of distancing. On the basis of their interviews with his family, his schoolmates—including Anthony Powell, Henry Green, and Cyril Connolly—and even an old headmaster's wife (who left "the impression at times that the role of 'Mum' was being played by Sarah Bernhardt as Queen Elizabeth"), Stansky and Abrahams suggest that Blair's childhood was not quite the disaster Orwell remembered. He added "anger and nostalgia" after the fact in quantities not entirely justified. Doubtless he ran across bluish milk, rancid margarine, and the cane in what Connolly called "that incubator of persecution mania, the English private school." But the memory of Blair at St. Cyprian's and Eton (as reconstituted by others rather than Orwell) is of "a very ordinary schoolboy"—a bit of a prude—who "conformed readily enough to tribal customs and costumes" and affected a "'Woosterish' drawl." He "worshipped Kipling" while learning A. E. Housman almost by heart. If he was "perpetually sneering" (Connolly again) "at 'They'—a Marxist-Shavian concept which included Masters, Old Collegers, the Church and Senior reactionaries,"—then to be "outspoken and cynical" was the Eton style.

It was unusual, but hardly without precedent, that an Etonian should become a Burmese policeman rather than an Oxford undergraduate. In Orwell's case there was an impelling lack of money; there was the example of his father in the colonial service in India; there was the marked disinclination of Orwell himself for



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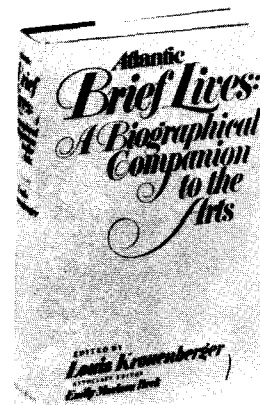
more school routines. He has said that he was looking for "real life"; also that he was trying to escape his vocation as a writer which he had recognized at the age of five or six. But here again it is Orwell speaking for Blair. While Stansky and Abrahams agree that as "a police officer in the service of Empire he was truly outraging his nature," they find that "outwardly at least" he was "exhibiting no qualms"—that there was "no trace of liberal opinions" until later.

As public schoolboy, as Empire policeman, young Blair simultaneously hated the roles he had to play, and thought he wasn't good enough for them. He had the early makings of a not untypically British failure: the "Tory eccentric," as Conor Cruise O'Brien put it, "with a taste for self-immolation." But in the rather heroic act of metamorphosing himself into Orwell, Blair also metamorphosed his free-floating guilt—Stansky and Abrahams once call it "the fantasy of being guilty"—into art. Nothing in this book is more fascinating than Orwell's belated but total self-apprenticeship to becoming a writer. His "native gift—at the level of language and composition—was remarkably small," Stansky and Abrahams judge. "Pallid, jejune, and awkward" sum up other people's impressions of early, unpublished Orwell. Yet upon resigning as an imperial policeman, Orwell plunged unhesitatingly into what for him was one and the same cause: "making himself into a writer" and "unmaking himself as a gentleman."

Once he had mastered his "gift for transforming the experiences of his life into moral and political examples," Blair-Orwell had also discovered the way to come to terms with himself. But the process took five, virtually compensationless years. From 1927 to 1932, while more or less staked by his mother to the special comforts and discomforts of English middle-class life, Orwell made systematic descents (one night to three or four weeks at a time) into the lower depths. He mixed with the tramps of London. For two months he washed dishes in Paris. He made himself a victim: he made himself a writer.

Down and Out in Paris and London can be read as the secretly jubilant testimony of a masochist who has learned how to find his peace.

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Stansky and Abrahams lend a comic pathos to Orwell—this man who so hated bad smells—as he “prepared his clothes, dirtied them, made them authentic-seeming”; as he worked up his “tramp outfit” like a character actor. How he loved to be called “mate”! But Orwell was infinitely more than a putter-on of woeful disguises. “My starting point is always a feeling of partisanship, a sense of injustice,” he wrote. He was, especially as writers go, a good man. He created his own character in the fullest sense of the word. If he never quite found the script for that character, he was only proving a major Orwellian theme: the tragic “distance that exists between institutions and the life they are designed to maintain.”

Where did he belong—this Etonian Burmese policeman, this “literary gent” who washed other people’s dishes? Perhaps one’s final impression is that he was lost in time. Orwell, Connolly proposed, was a revolutionary in love with 1910. He could

never break the habit, Richard Hogart added, of “seeing the working classes through the cozy fug of an Edwardian music-hall.” More than principles he longed for old-fashioned values. But not on the cheap. Orwell staged his life as a kind of trial by combat in which he risked everything to prove his right to opinions he was not even quite sure he had. His strength and his weakness were to seem more reasonable than he may have been.

There was a “suicidal perversity” to Orwell, Stansky and Abrahams concede, but “also a kind of heroism: a willingness to undergo whatever the experience of the abyss required.” Forever wanting to join yet remaining alone, forever wanting to believe yet doomed to skepticism, Orwell finally becomes our Everyman as well as Blair’s stand-in—the face in the mirror reminding us how difficult it is for men without real roots (that is, all late-twentieth-century men) to be good, or even to be themselves.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

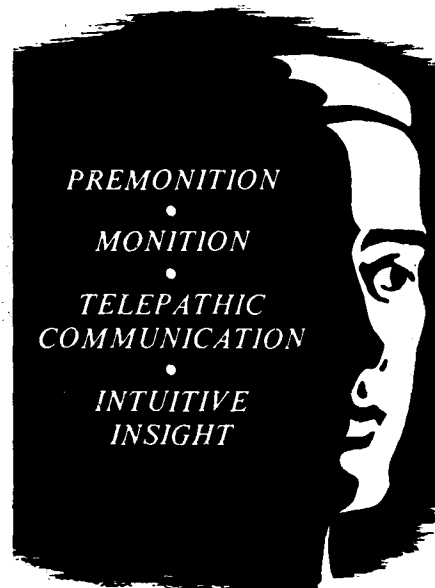
by Edward Weeks

THE TREE WHERE MAN WAS BORN:
The African Experience
by Peter Matthiessen & Eliot Porter
Dutton, \$17.50

This collaboration brings together two talented American naturalists, each of whom, Matthiessen in his illuminating text, Porter in his glorious colored photography, are intent on making us share their experiences in East Africa, extending from the Upper Nile in Sudan to remote Lake Rudolf on the Kenyan frontier. “African pre-history,” writes Matthiessen, “is an edifice of probabilities, and its dates are continually set back as new archaeological sites emerge.” Their reason for centering on East Africa is their belief that adventurers from the north wandered into it at least ten thousand years ago; and, secondly, because within the boundaries of their experience are the Maasai who “care for nothing but cattle, water, and women, in that order”; the Dorobo, the Small People with their poisoned arrows, whose existence is threatened by the clear-

ing of the forests; the Elephant Kingdoms and the Serengeti, that vast open space with its great herds, which, despite the pessimistic forecast after the collapse of colonialism, still survive.

Peter Matthiessen, who began as a fiction writer, has become through his travels and study of anthropology a walking book of knowledge. But his speculation about human prehistory tends to clot his prose, leaving the reader behind. However, if one does not fuss over his technical terms and reads with a skipping eye, the firm truths are there: about the generalized *Homo* who used hand axes half a million years ago, about the early worship of cattle by the migrating people who subsisted on their milk and blood drawn from a vein, and of how when men of Asia brought wheat, barley, sheep, and goats to the Lower Nile, the desert expanded and the drought was advanced “by the goats which ate the thorns that had sewn tight the land that soon unraveled into sand.” Much fateful history is packed into those few words.



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Entwined with this curiosity about the dim past is Mr. Matthiessen's second and to me more engrossing theme: his observations of the natives, the landscape, the wildlife he encountered on his two expeditions to East Africa, the first in 1961 when he scouted in a Land Rover of his own, and his return eight years later when he joined up with the Eliot Porter party to explore the dangerous no-man's-land surrounding Lake Rudolf. Here his prose reveals the punishing heat and the deep anxiety when the party has lost its way and water and gasoline run low; the excitement of pursuing a migrating herd of four hundred elephants, and having left their Land Rover to get closer, of silently being stalked by a large bull who broke his charge when less than a hundred feet away. "You don't want them any closer than that," said his companion, "not when you're on foot"; revealing also those sudden arrested moments of African beauty. "On foot," he writes, "the pulse of Africa comes through your boot. You are an animal among others, chary of the shadowed places, of sudden quiet in the air." Matthiessen is a profes-

sional and his thumbnail sketches of those who helped him on his way, men like John Owen, director of the Tanzania National Parks, the Adamson brothers, recluses both, who have known Africa for half a century, and young Iain Douglas-Hamilton, who has studied elephant behavior at closer range than anyone else, are a pleasing human thread. From them he gets the prescience of the natural forces, the hatreds, and the hunger which threaten to change what is.

Eliot Porter's purpose is to point up the text, as he does with his opener, a baobab tree more than two thousand years old, and again, with a picture of a leopard and cub feasting on their kill in a tree crotch, but independently to capture for the unacquainted the power and sweep of this vast untamed land. His sense of composition is flawless, whether he is photographing the fury of Murchison Falls, the calm power of the Mountain of the God, or the green softness of the mosses and ferns in Mount Kenya forest. How did he ever persuade six giraffes to pose for him like gawking sightseers? The thorn trees

at sunset and the Maasai herdboys are Oriental in feeling, and Mr. Porter's capture of the elephant scratching himself against an acacia tree, of the cheetah making her kill at full speed on the open plain, of the zebra so full of curiosity, and of hippos dozing after their immersion in the Nile, are masterpieces of the telescopic lens. His three shots of Mount Meru are breathtaking: the first for its perspective—the dark green hillock in the foreground merging so perceptibly into the great peak with its necklace of clouds; and in the two that follow of the ghost forest, the blues, the light greens, and the brackish little pool are exquisitely delineated and without a blur. Taken together these two artists have discovered for me an Africa I have never seen or properly appreciated before.

NELSON THE COMMANDER
by Geoffrey Bennett
Scribner's, \$12.00

There are certain national heroes—Nelson, Napoleon, Lincoln, and Queen Victoria—whose achievements and mistakes are reassessed for each new generation as fresh material comes to light. This new full-bodied study of Nelson is the first by a professional naval officer since Admiral Mahan's classic biography published seventy-five years ago. Captain Geoffrey Bennett, D.S.C., R.N., fought in the Mediterranean and in the South Atlantic in World War II and later served as naval attaché in Moscow with access to Admiral Ushakov's files. One would expect him to write of the life aboard ships with a practiced eye, and especially in the battle scenes his vigorous text is enlivened by the eyewitness accounts of the men and officers engaged. He is very fair with the French, whom he quotes to show how often they were handicapped by Bonaparte's ignorance of the sea, and he does not hesitate to criticize his hero when he thinks Nelson was in the wrong.

From the first, Captain Bennett distinguishes between Nelson the man and Nelson the commander. No captain, he asserts, was ever more considerate of his crew, or more humane in his treatment of the defeated, and he cites examples. While the British were blockading the Spanish fleet in Cadiz, Nelson shifted his flag to the newly arrived seventy-



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Mary Rosenberg wears hers as a shirt-jacket.

four-gun *Theseus*; her crew had played a prominent role in the mutiny at Spithead and the ship was "destitute of stores of every kind." Where a lesser man would have stood on discipline, Nelson saw to their immediate needs for fresh food and rum, and the crew's gratitude was expressed in this note dropped on the quarterdeck: "Success attend Admiral Nelson. God bless Captain Miller. We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them . . ." It was signed, "Ship's Company."

Early in the volume the author explains how a British crew was recruited and what it meant to command and fight a floating fortress of a hundred guns. With this knowledge we are better able to appreciate Nelson's audacity under those two able admirals, Hood and Jervis, who secured his promotion. At Cape St. Vincent when the Spanish fleet was struggling to get out of reach, Nelson in defiance of the *Fighting Instructions* wore his ship out of line, reversed course, and overtook the enemy. Admiral Jervis reacted instantly to this initiative, signaling other ships to break the line and pursue, and after the victory congratulated Nelson on his daring. It was Horatio's foresight which prompted him to do the unorthodox, on the Nile, in Copenhagen, and most triumphantly at Trafalgar, where he divided his fleet into two javelins both aimed at the enemy's center.

Captain Bennett, contrary to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, comes down hard on Nelson when, during the worst two years of his infatuation with Emma Hamilton, Nelson's passion and his dislike for his C-in-C Keith kept him ashore when he should have been at sea, entrapping Napoleon's abandoned army in Egypt. Nelson was guilty of other impulsive mistakes, the execution of Caracciolo being one of them; his readiness to expose himself in amphibious landings which cost him his right arm we must forgive, as the author does, because of his superb courage and stoicism in the suffering that followed. Among the curios in this colorful book is the claim of Soviet historians that Nelson learned his tactics from the Russian Admiral Ush-

akov when for a brief period they were wary collaborators in the Mediterranean, a claim which Captain Bennett very sensibly punctures. Horatio Nelson was his own inventor with a magnetic leadership no other admiral has ever rivaled.

THE CLOCKS OF COLUMBUS:

The Literary Career of James Thurber by Charles S. Holmes

Atheneum, \$10.00

James Thurber has written so entertainingly about himself in his own books, *The Thurber Album* and *The Years with Ross*, and is so hilariously quotable, that anyone daring to do his biography is faced with a dangerous comparison, and, I must add, a comparison which Professor Holmes has skillfully avoided. Instead of trying to match the wit and fantasy of his hero, Holmes in a friendly, thorough way has traced the evolution of James Thurber from a shy, romantic unprepossessing boy in Columbus, Ohio, to that uninhibited, confident author and artist whose humor was the best of our time.

James, the second son of a spirited, imaginative mother and an unassertive father, had to contend with Midwestern restraint and a physical handicap. At the age of eight he lost the sight of one eye in an accident which was to leave him forty years of seeing before total blindness shut down. He found his consolation in writing, and the class prophecy which he produced for the eighth grade, the author tells us, "anticipates with uncanny accuracy the subject matter and the comic method of 'The Secret Life of Walter Mitty.'" At Ohio State University he was an unkempt loner until two men came to his rescue: Professor Joseph Taylor, who imbued him with a love for Henry James, and Elliott Nugent, a classmate, with whose encouragement James spruced up, became the editor of *The Sundial*, the college paper, and a college figure with romantic notions about girls. The writer on whom he was modeling himself was a journalist, Robert O. Ryder, editor of the best paper in Columbus, and a master-hand at succinct, quietly satirical paragraphs. Ryder occasionally poked fun at the quiddities of American women, which Thurber in his maturity was to enlarge into a major war, but first he had to outgrow his

streak of sentimentality. This he did in Paris, where he earned his keep as a decoding clerk at the Versailles Peace Conference, and later as a reporter on the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune*. His letters home to Nugent show how adolescent his inner life still was until his mid-twenties.

Thurber's first wife was an ambitious girl who prodded him and kept prodding until he made his gamble as a free lance in New York. His short stories aimed at the *Saturday Evening Post* had all come back and now so did the paragraphs and the short fantastic sketches which he submitted to that new magazine, the *New Yorker*. Thurber's affiliation with the *New Yorker* began as an editor, not as a writer, in the period of Robert Benchley's ascendancy, and in Professor Holmes's words, it is a joy to follow. Benchley's protagonist was the well-meaning bumbler, usually himself, as harassed father or husband, but in his sketches Thurber reshaped this figure to his own wilder, more sardonic temperament. Then followed the friendship with E. B. White, a partnership which led to their first book, *Is Sex Necessary?*, a collaboration in which Thurber had much to learn from the seemingly unstudied clarity and precision of his partner's prose. Unbelievable as it now sounds, it took White years to pressure Ross into publishing and finally appreciating Thurber's drawings.

Thurber's success is set off with superb quotations and I agree with the author that the early peak came in *My Life and Hard Times* with its "chaotic situations, and the strange blend of the realistic and the fantastic which are the hallmarks of his work." And neither blindness nor middle age tamed his spirit. In his later years he was, as Holmes says, "the closest thing we have had to a national humorist-spokesman since Mark Twain and Will Rogers." In the long hours of insomnia that come to us all, Thurber amused himself by inventing in dictionary style what he called "bed words." I quote two of my favorites: "KISSGRANNY. 1. A man who seeks the company of older women, especially older women with money; a designing fellow, a fortune hunter. 2. An overaffectionate old woman, a hugmoppet, a bunnytalker." "FUSS-GRAPE. 1. One who diets or toys with food, a light eater, a person without

appetite, a scornmuffin, a shuncabage. 2. A man, usually American, who boasts of his knowledge of wines, a smugbottle."

LIKE THE LION'S TOOTH
by Marjorie Kellogg
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95

Not since Richard Hughes's *High Wind in Jamaica* has a novel about children so played upon my sympathies as this new book of Miss Kellogg's. The clues to the story come fast in the opening pages, for Miss Kellogg's children, her hero Ben West, so self-reliant for his eleven years, and the two Amazonian teenagers, Madeline, the shoplifter, and Julie Williams with her burning rage, are the victims of parental cruelty, which in our society is not confined to the slums. It takes craftsmanship to convey in a few strokes and without offensiveness the brutality to which these kids are subjected and the defense which they build up in their minds and which prompts them to behave as they do. Young Ben is the second child in a family of five, his mother's favorite, the protector of his retarded younger brother Philip, and for all these reasons the target of his father's sadism when that sailor turns up at home between voyages. Sara, Ben's mother, has no defense against her husband and in desperation she sends her three boys to the Children's Shelter, the polite name for a reform school, where Mr. Rose, the director, and Mr. Rooney, the psychologist, are incompetent. It is here that Ben meets the Amazons and is adopted by Madeline, and when Ben and Philip are visited by their mother, the school psychologist sees in a tragic moment of truth "the tripartite merge before his eyes: the son into the mother, and the child into the boy, as though none of them could be complete without the others."

Ben endured the school with only one thought—to get back to the battered apartment in Brooklyn and to take his mother and the kids out of reach of the old man. His runaway is a heartache. For the purpose of the book the adults in the story are mediocrities, or worse; it is the problem children who have the spirit, the resourcefulness to bluff or steal their way, the anger and the compassion which band them together in circumstances as cruel as Dickens ever knew.



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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE STEPFORD WIVES by Ira Levin. Random House, \$4.95. The author of *Rosemary's Baby* has plotted himself into a corner from which he can escape only by the classic Gothic cop-out. He causes a reasonably bright, justifiably wary heroine to rush into the precise area from which she would flee as from a roaring lion.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE FIRST MRS. MEREDITH AND OTHER LESSER LIVES by Diane Johnson. Knopf, \$7.95. Eccentric in style, full of tart editorializing and ironically conflicting versions of what may have happened, this biography of Mary Ellen, daughter of Thomas Love Peacock and wife of George Meredith, nevertheless succeeds in its purpose, which is to show the rough time an intelligent, talented woman had in Victorian England.

THE ORIGINAL SIN by Anthony Quinn. Little, Brown, \$7.95. Is one really to believe that Mr. Quinn has been haunted by the visible, vocal, disgruntled ghost of his eleven-year-old self? Or is the ghost an adroit actor's conversion of painful memories into objective dramatic form? Either way Mr. Quinn has produced an unusual and disconcerting autobiography. It begins with his parents bushwhacking about with Pancho Villa and ends with Mr. Quinn professionally respected, Hollywood rich, and protesting, most unconvincingly, that he has finally written off the bedeviling collection of grudges acquired on his way from slum to penthouse.

THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE by Colin M. Turnbull. Simon and Schuster, \$7.95. Mr. Turnbull reports on life among the Ik, a small African tribe that he calls "as unfriendly, uncharitable, inhospitable and generally mean as any people can be." This description is flattering; as the account rolls along, the Ik prove to be a truly remarkable abomination. They are not, however, incomprehensible, for their vile behavior arises from affliction. They had been nomadic hunters, with the

short time sense and loose family structure characteristic of such groups. Recently they were cornered by the authorities of Uganda, ordered to stay out of the new game preserve, and advised to take up farming on rocky, drought-ridden mountains which would have thwarted even experienced agriculturalists. The Ik, hardly knowing a hoe from a had-dock, could only scabble about and hope to delay starvation. Since their inherited ethical system took no account of such a situation, tribal life degenerated into suspicion, brutality, and total selfishness. Mr. Turnbull's book is grim reading both for what it tells about the ruin of the Ik and for what it implies about the possibility of social collapse in any people.

DICTIONARY FOR THE DISENCHANTED by Bernard Rosenberg. Regnery, \$4.95. A modern imitation of *The Devil's Dictionary*, with all of Ambrose Bierce's pseudoscholarly verbosity but very little of his wit.

PORTRAITS FROM NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LIFE by Edward S. Curtis. Outerbridge & Lazard in association with the American Museum of Natural History, \$25 to December 31; \$35 thereafter. Curtis was a superb photographer who began making pictures of Indians in the 1890s and ultimately published an enormous and invaluable record of what was already a vanishing culture. This selection of pictures from the monumental original set is altogether rewarding to the eye, and includes essays by A. D. Coleman on the work of Curtis and T. C. McLuhan on his life.

THE CLANG BIRDS by John L'Heureux. Macmillan, \$5.95. This satirical novel concerns a group of young, conscientiously progressive Catholic priests, garrulously searching for a way to perform usefully in a vocation to which most of them have discovered they are unsuited. Assisted by a bevy of equally nervous nuns, they chase ineffectual good works while the whole party rolls out of the clergy like water on a downslope. Amusing on the surface, the book is basically serious in its examination of wasted energy and moral uncertainty.

IN SEARCH OF DRACULA by Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu. New York Graphic Society, \$8.95. As all

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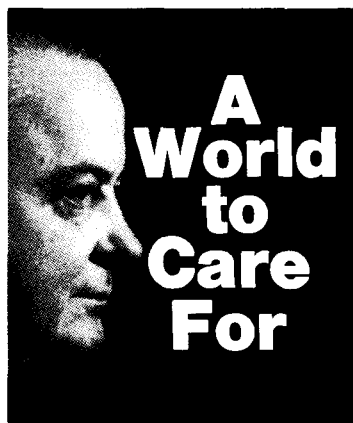


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true friends of the undead are aware, there really was a Dracula—a fifteenth-century warlord who was in life a far more dangerous nuisance than his descendant in literature. The authors have disentangled the activities of this ruffian from the fantasies subsequently attached to his name, and in doing it, have provided a quick, if somewhat confusing, history of the Balkan states on the fringes of the expanding Turkish Empire. Maps, genealogy, and illustrations.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VAMPIRE by Anthony Masters. Putnam, \$7.95. Mr. Masters has sorted through anthropology, psychiatry, mythology, and even idle gossip, and packratted a mass of information on the vampire superstition. As to the reasons for the belief, the reader can take his pick of a dozen guesses, educated and otherwise. Illustrations and bibliography. Happy Halloween.

THE HIGH PRIESTS OF WASTE by A. Ernest Fitzgerald. Norton, \$8.95. Mr. Fitzgerald is that civilian engineer employed by the Pentagon, the man who reported to Congress on the military's extravagant mismanagement of money, and was briskly sacked. His book naturally includes his own experience, but is less a personal complaint than a careful explanation of where the taxpayer's money goes, why more and more money produces less and less efficient returns, and who profits by the situation. It is not easy reading, but the information it contains is worth digging for.

THE VISCONTI HOURS by Millard Meiss and Edith W. Kirscher. Braziller, \$35 until Christmas; \$40 thereafter. An exceptionally lovely picture book, reproducing the illuminations done around 1400 for a prayer book belonging to the Visconti family of Milan, who had the good luck to obtain the services of two quite different but equally imaginative and accomplished artists.

Portions drawn from these recently published books have appeared in *The Atlantic*:

SUPERMONEY by 'Adam Smith.' Random House, \$7.95.

NORMAN MAILER by Richard Poirier. Viking, \$4.95 and \$1.65.

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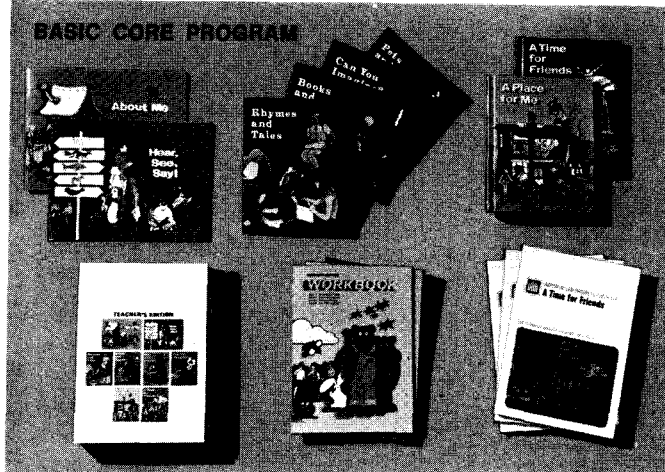
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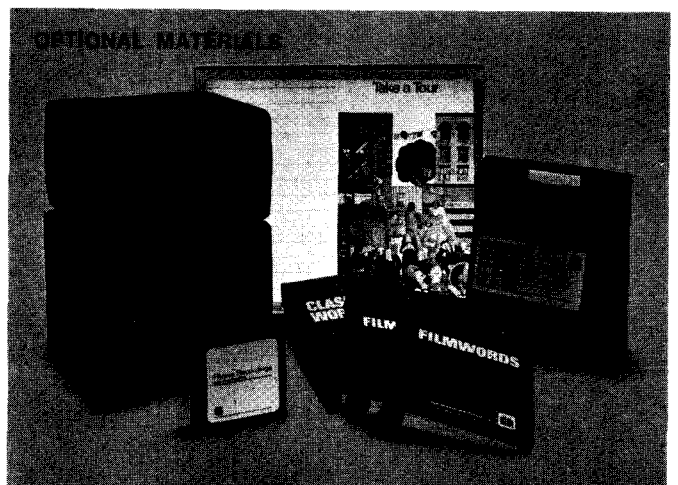


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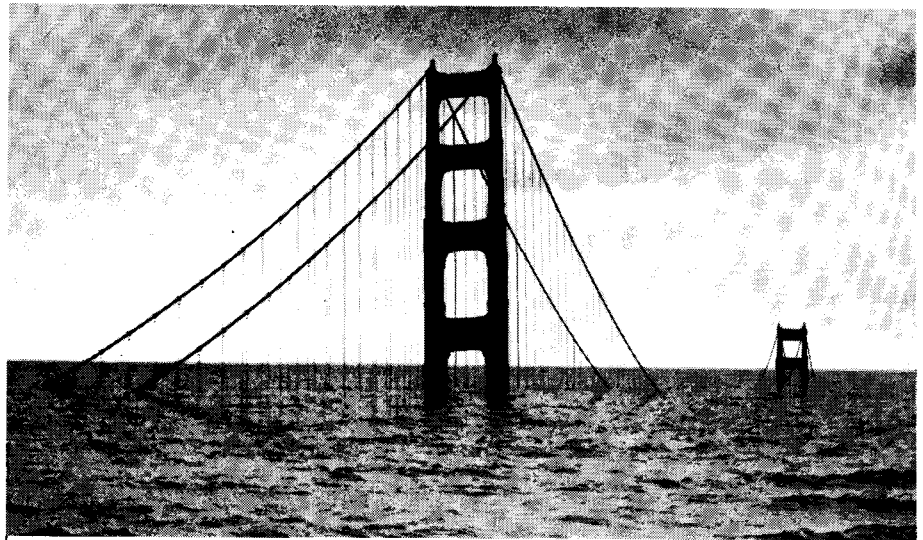
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A probability report.

The Sierra Club doesn't say that our planet is likely to go under at any moment through our heedlessness. The composite photograph above merely depicts a possibility.

The probability is fairly remote.

Every day, however, we are making environmental changes with consequences we still don't understand or even suspect.

Take heat, for example.

Everytime we build a city block of high-rise buildings, we change the wind pattern so there's less wind to carry the heat away.

Everytime we heat or air-condition these buildings, use an electric appliance or light, drive a car or manufacture a product, 100% of that energy eventually winds up in the environment as heat.

And it's not only cities.

We know that when we clear a forest, the land beneath absorbs more heat. And this also happens when

we plow fields, defoliate vegetation or take the life out of the soil. (One acre of grass, for example, has a potential cooling effect up to that of a 10-ton air conditioner.)

We are eliminating natural cooling systems and creating urban heat islands where the climate is hotter, rainier, cloudier, more humid and, of course, dirtier, too. These artificially created climates, called "micro-climates" are already altering their immediate surrounding environment. And, if we create enough of them, we might alter the temperature of the entire earth.

One day as we approach the global heat limits, the polar ice caps could begin to melt, flooding some cities of the earth.

There are limits to the alterations we can make on our ecosystem. We would do well to slow the pace of change so we can determine these limits scientifically, before we discover them accidentally.

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